The ATLANTIC ADVOCATE

GREAT NAMES
by LORD BEAVERBROOK

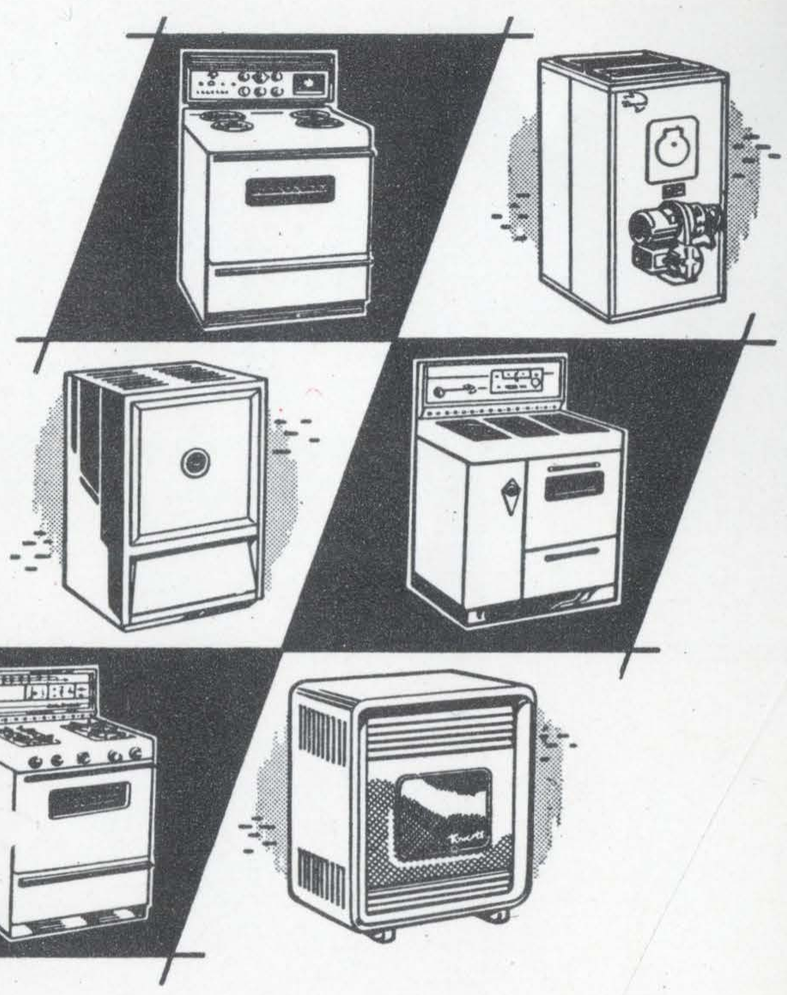
THE VOICE OF THE ATLANTIC PROVINCES

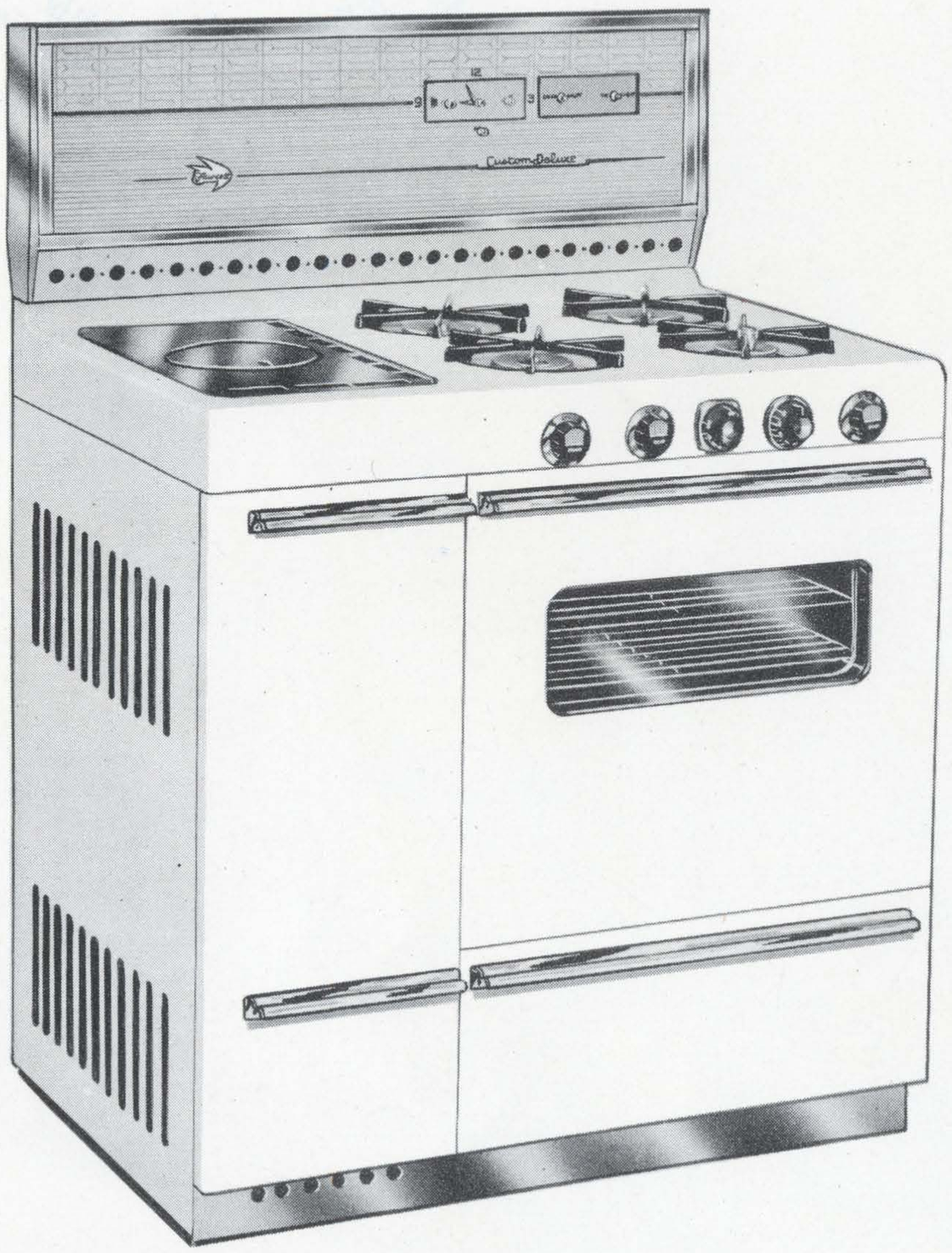
Vol. 51, No. 3 NOVEMBER, 1960 35 cents

MARGARET ANN IRELAND } See page 19

THE MAGAZINE OF NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND

Fawcett





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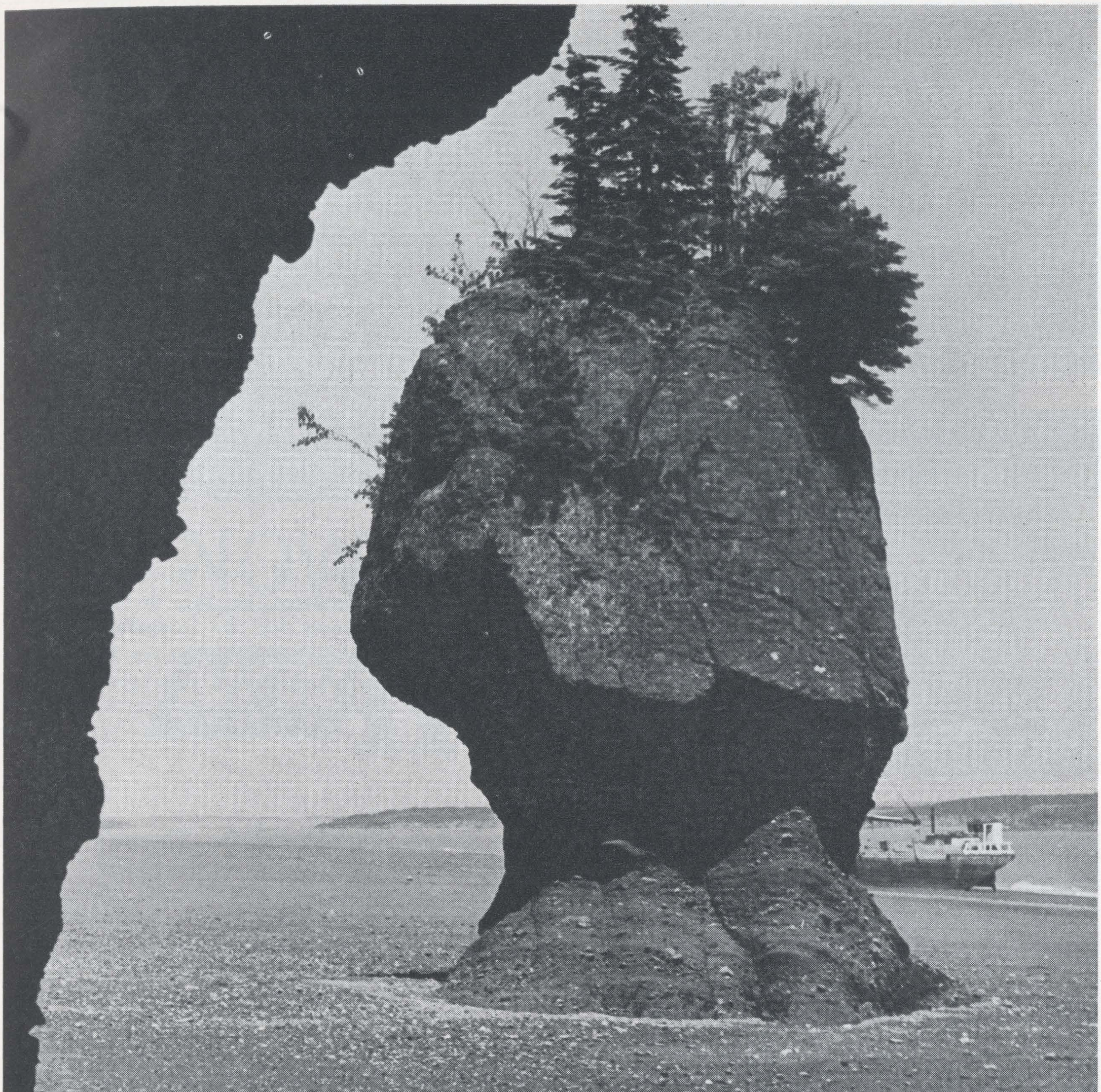
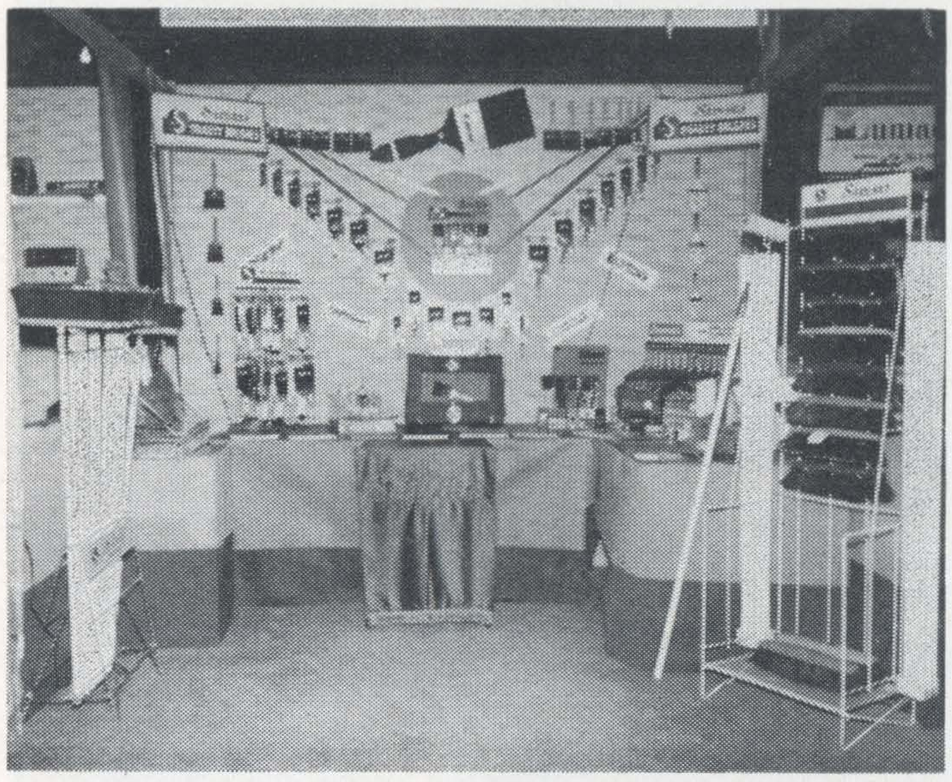
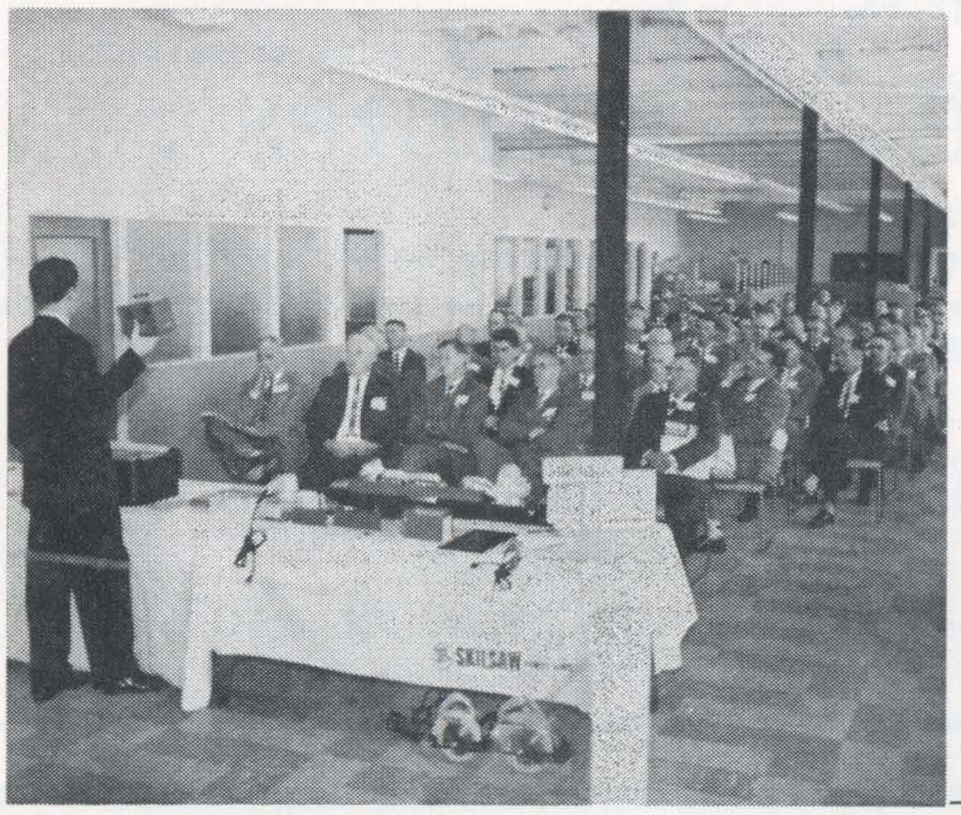
The cover illustration shows the pianist Margaret Ann Ireland, against a background of Moscow buildings. See page 19.



Hopewell Cape, New Brunswick





Thorne's Practical Plan for Better Dealer Service

Pictured at left are a few of the 80 manufacturer's exhibits at the Thorne's Hardware Dealers Show and Merchandising Convention held in the spacious warehouse of Thorne's Hardware Ltd.

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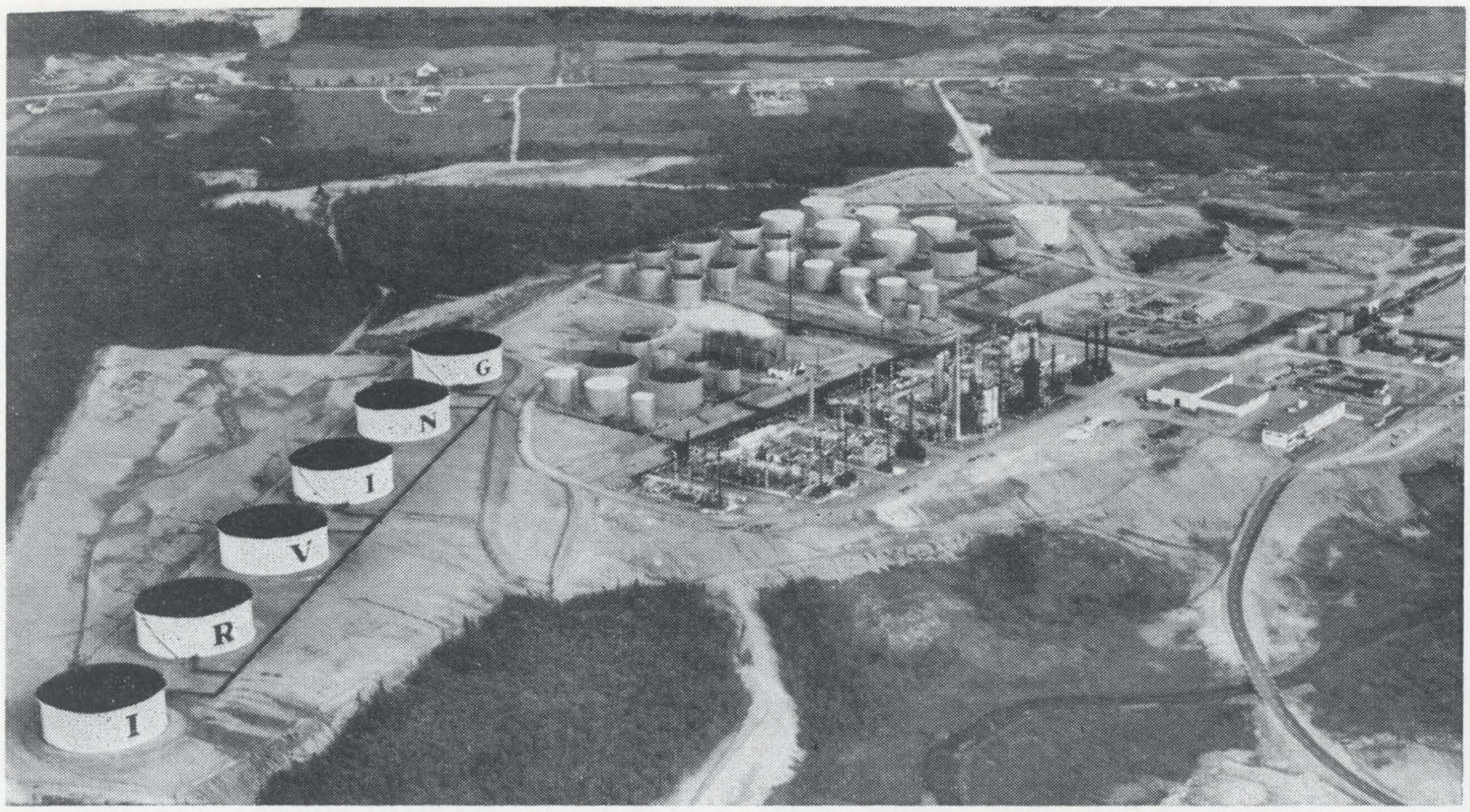

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LETTERS

Captain Stairs

Sir:

In your October issue is a most interesting story of the life of Captain W. F. Stairs, written by Jack Golding. Capt. Stairs evidently earned greater recognition from his native countrymen than he has to date received.

One aspect of the story puzzles me, however, and that is, according to the dates given in the story, the captain was only 23 years old when he succumbed to fever. His accomplishments were so many and so varied that this is most difficult to believe. Since no other dates are given in the story (nor indeed how much time the different phases of his career occupied) no check on his age is possible.

From what can be gathered from the story, Stairs must have attended school until he was at least 18. This leaves five years for him to help build a New Zealand railway, go to Africa and be cited for gallantry and lead a party in ascending Mount Ruwenzori, then return to Britain, spend some time there switching regiments to gain a captaincy. At the age of 22 or 21, from the information available, he was appointed to lead an expedition into the heart of Africa to plant Belgium's flag in Katanga, duties which he carried out with rare skill, commanding in his party a marquis, a Belgian army captain and a military doctor (and goodness knows how many other whites and non-whites, Mr. Golding does not inform us).

All this adventuring might possibly have been packed into a five-year period, although I doubt it—and especially the years between 18 and 23. I doubt too that a 22-year-old would be given so important a mission as securing a colony. But if Stairs did accomplish all these things in a life-span of 23 years, then Mr. Golding has done him considerable injustice by neglecting to comment on the fact.

J. H. BLACKMAN
Box 35, Orillia, Ont.

¶ Mr. Golding's article was incorrect in the date of Captain Stairs's birth. He was born in Halifax on July 1, 1863. As a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers he was selected by Stanley in 1886 to accompany him on the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, which occupied the years 1887 through 1889. He returned to England with Stanley, and in May, 1891, with permission of the War Office, took command of an expedition of the Belgian Katanga Company He died the following year at the age of 29.—Ed.

A Rare Combination

Sir:

A story or picture which appeals stongly and calls forth gratitude is like receiving an unexpected gift. The story of Nika, in the September issue of *The Atlantic Advocate*, is a rare combination of talent and understanding of those, our "small and unoffending brothers". The story is beautifully written and the illustrations so alive and so amusing.

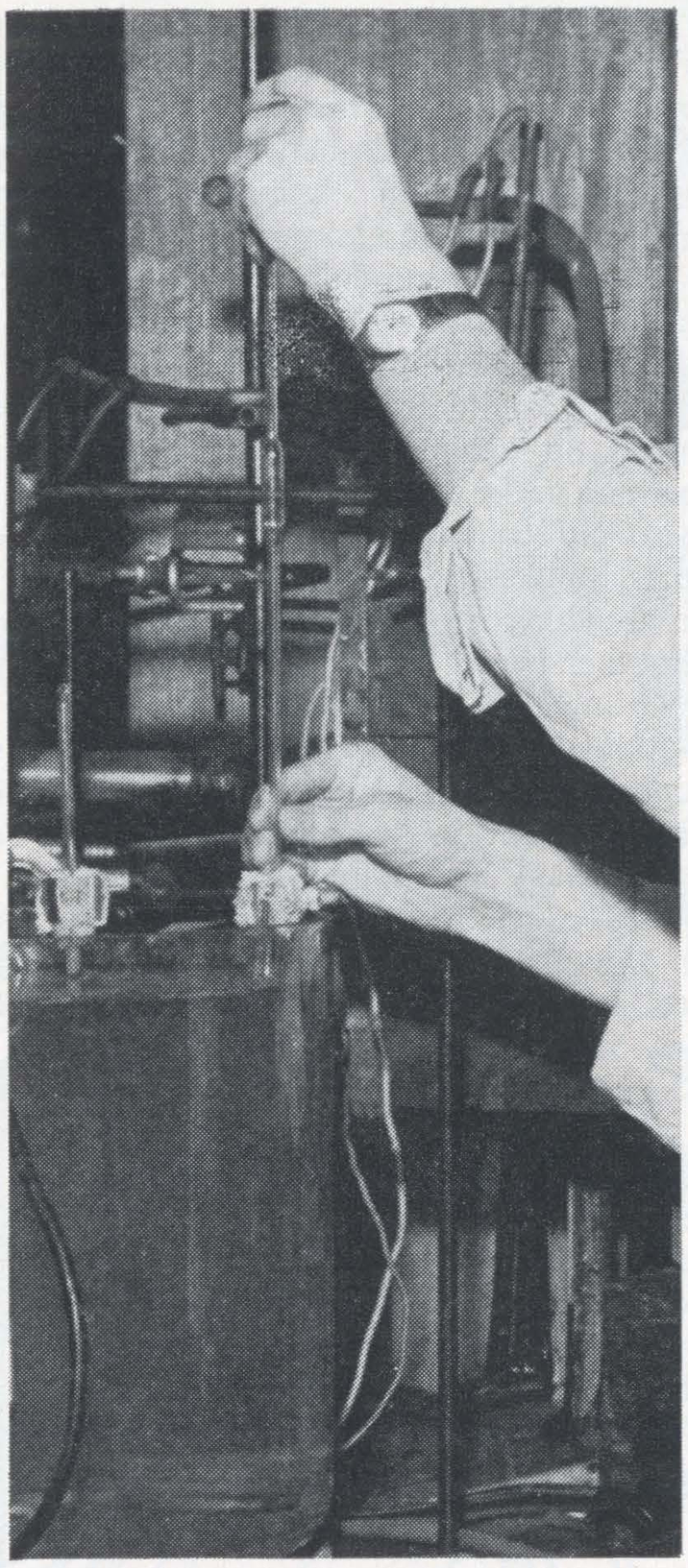
This is one copy of your very excellent magazine which I shall keep, so that I may enjoy the story many times, and I just love those pictures.

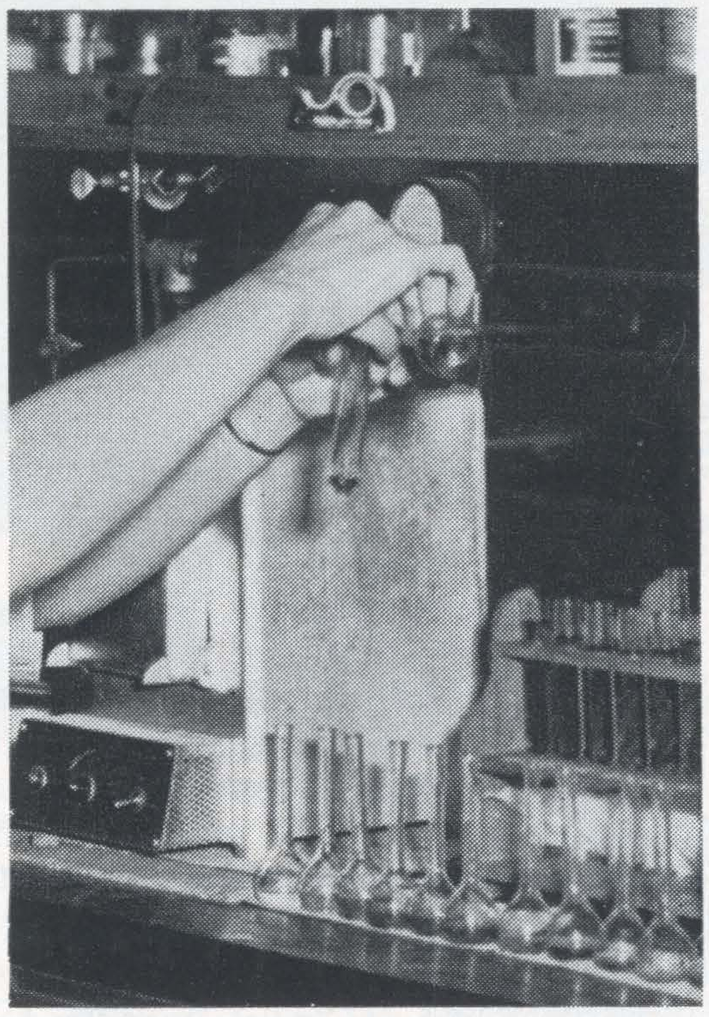
ELINOR M. PALLISER
Shediac Cape, N.B.

Continued on page 96

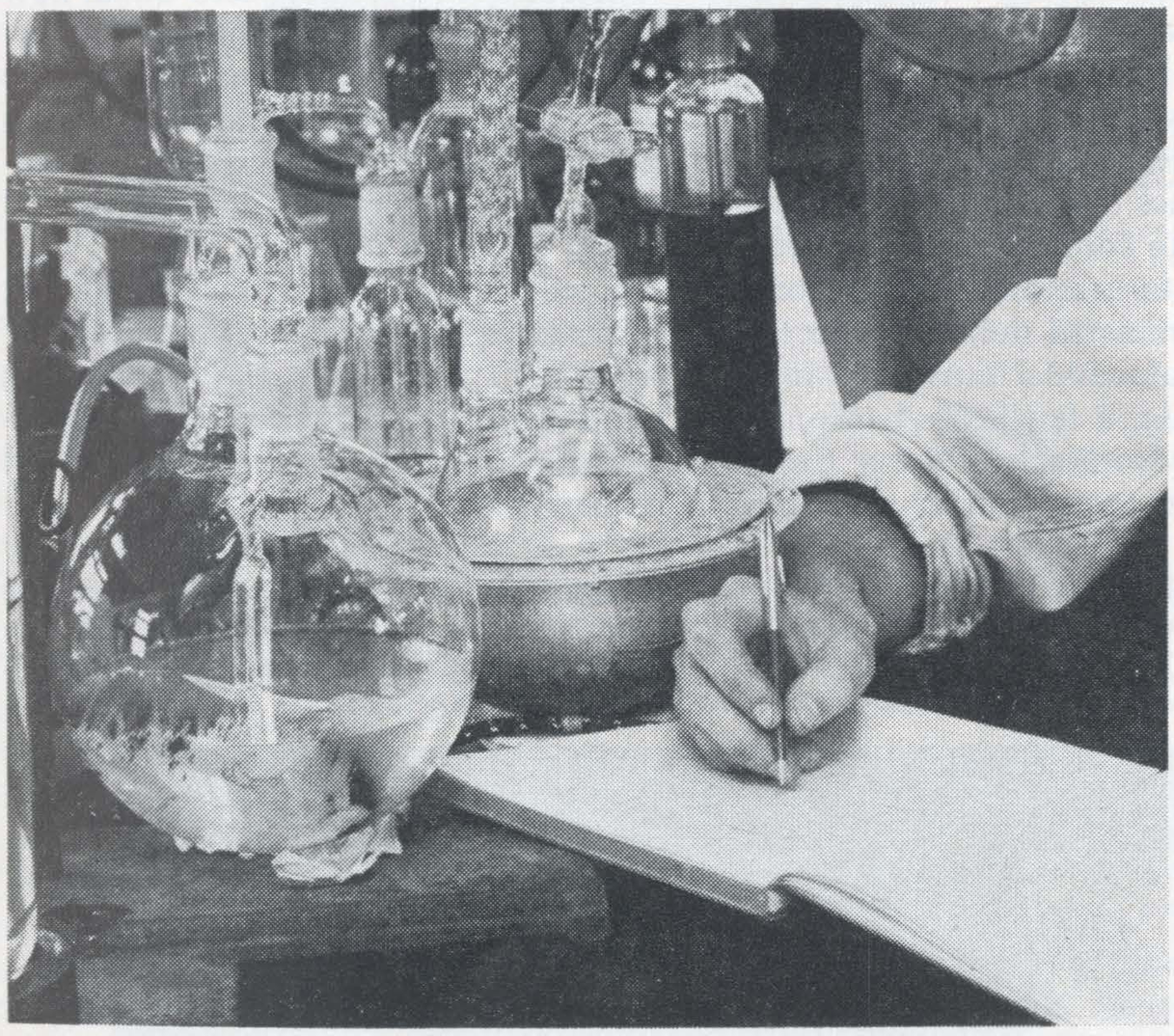
UNB

ESTABLISHED 1785





Throughout the University, the enquiry goes on—for some, a personal acquaintance with historically proven fact, for others research on unexplored frontiers of knowledge. In the greatly expanded faculties and laboratories "Up the Hill," the student benefits from modern facilities and competent, dedicated instruction. From this environment emerge a self-reliance, a self discipline and an enthusiasm which, in years to come, will help provide for the nation's needs for gifted men and women of the arts and sciences.



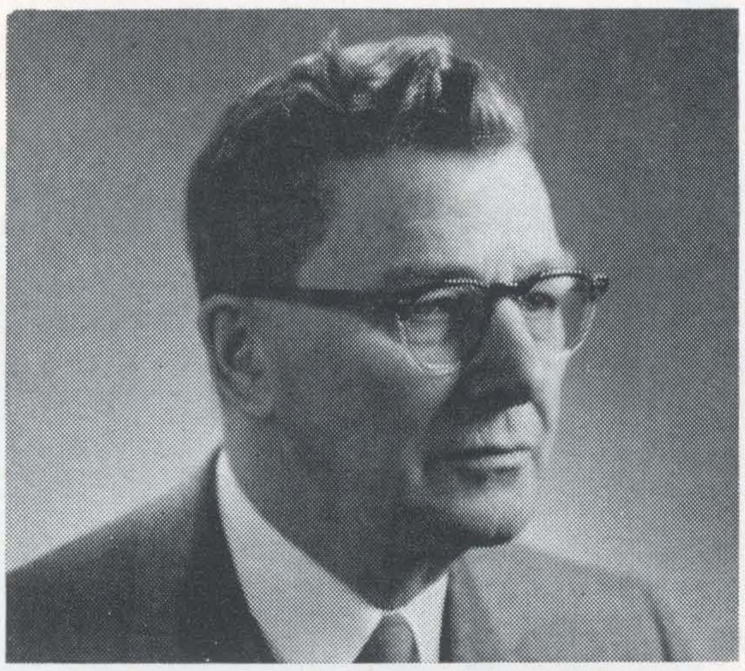
The University of New Brunswick

FREDERICTON, N.B.

'a prod of the peavey'—an editorial

HON. HUGH JOHN FLEMMING'S election victory at Royal is an event of major importance to the Maritimes. The advocacy of the Chignecto Canal and the rejection of the Rand coal recommendations were the main planks of his campaign platform.

It is true to say that his two opponents, Mr. H. A. Fredericks of the Liberal Party, and Mr. George H. Wheaton of the



Hon. Hugh John Flemming, M.P.

C.C.F. Party, both backed the Chignecto Canal and repudiated the Rand recommendations. But only Mr. Flemming, as New Brunswick's representative in the Cabinet, could bring about the construction of the one and the rejection of the other. And he has pledged himself to do both.

☆ ☆ ☆

The other three by-elections of October 31 brought no ray of sunshine to Mr. Diefenbaker, though the results were not so bad for him as they might seem to be at first glance.

The Liberal victory of Miss Judy Lamarsh at Niagara Falls was something of a foregone conclusion; the Liberal victory at Labelle was a battle between the Liberals and the Union Nationale, rather than the Progressive Conservative Party, the Conservative candidate, Paul-Emile Lesage, being Union Nationale secretary in the provincial riding. At Peterborough the Tory candidate, Harold Mathews, bumped up against a sort of political Superman in the person of Walter Pitman, 31-year-old collegiate history teacher, a former university wrestling champion, who could charm the birds off the trees with either piano, clarinet, or just simply by raising his voice from a platform in support of the New Party's antidotes to unemployment and other ills the flesh is heir to. He was undoubtedly assisted by the heavy unemployment now prevailing locally. The result was that Pitman won by a majority of nearly 3,000 votes, and Mathews led the Liberal by nearly 5,000.

The results regarded in this manner do not present a peremptory challenge to Mr. Diefenbaker. At the same time, they offer no easy assurances for future complacency, and they certainly point to the need for restoring the confidence of the people. Nothing would have him succeed in this intention better than that he should complete the aid to the Atlantic Provinces envisaged in the Atlantic Resolutions.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dean Rand, in his Report, has adopted the role of a very expensive mortician, with a plan for burying the Canadian coal industry—or at least a large part of it—at the public expense. He has proposed subsidies which would make it highly profitable for Dosco to sell coal in the Maritimes and Eastern Quebec, but impossible to compete in the markets of industrial Ontario and western Quebec. He has thus eliminated the best hope for the large-scale sale of Maritime coal which is its possible use, a few years hence, by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission. He offers Dosco subsidies on sales up to their highest total received in subventions during their fiscal year 1959-60, and subsidies can continue for ten years provided Dosco reduce their output within that time to not more than 3 million tons —although their pits have a capacity for 5,200,000 annually.

Therefore, to take advantage of the Rand recommendations, Dosco have only to close three of their mines and grab New Brunswick's coal market.

Dosco's president Albert L. Fairley calls for a full implementation of the Rand recommendations. In this way he could turn losses into profits of millions of dollars a year.

On the other side of the picture, thousands of miners will be thrown out of work in Nova Scotia, and, if the recommendations were implemented, the New Brunswick coal industry would be ruined. Mr. Fairley seems to be rather jumping the gun by closing the mines before he gets the legislation.

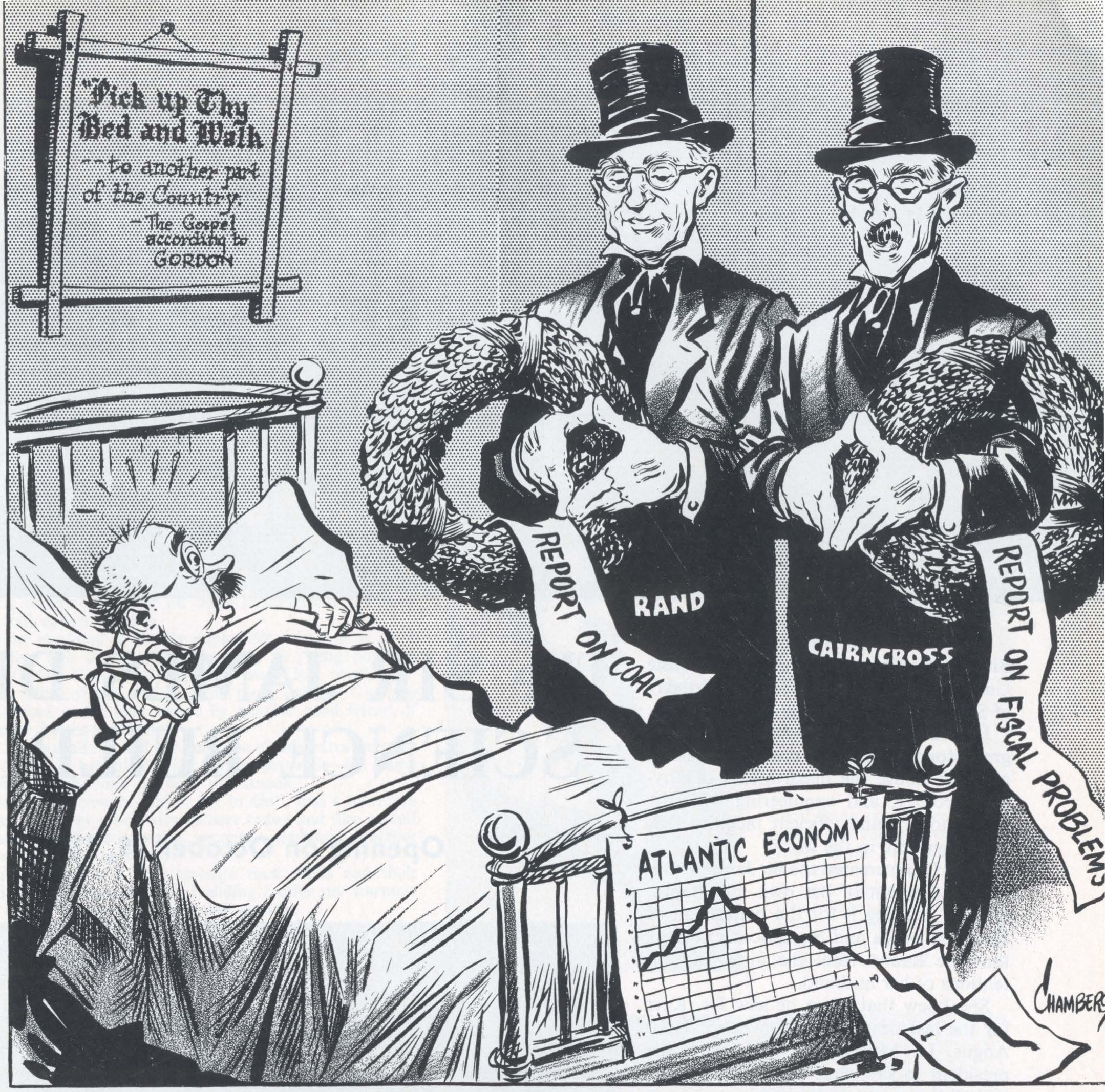
Robert C. Coates, M.P.

The quest for the Chignecto Canal now passes to Ottawa. Mr. Flemming is chairman of the Chignecto Canal Committee and its prime protagonist. He goes to Ottawa as New Brunswick's representative in the Federal Cabinet with the pledged intention of seeing it built.

He will be encouraged by the support of the group of Maritime Members of Parliament who form the Continuing Committee of the Chignecto Canal Committee under the chairmanship of Robert Coates, M.P.

NOVA SCOTIA CHIGNECTO CANAL COMMITTEE—K. C. Irving addresses the meeting, which was attended by a strong contingent of Nova Scotian Mayors, M.L.A.s, and Members of Parliament. Left to right: Dr. J. A. Langille, M.L.A., K. C. Irving, R. A. Dakin, chairman, Robert C. Coates, M.P., Michael Wardell.

'We've come to comfort you.'



The Continuing Committee came into being at the meeting of the Nova Scotia branch of the Chignecto Canal Committee which took place at Amherst on October 14, and was largely attended by Mayors, M.L.A.s and Members of Parliament. It was the result of the general desire of the Committee to retain a "watching brief" now that its main work has been completed, with the survey into the feasibility of building the canal in the hands of the Federal Government in partnership with the Government of New Brunswick. It was felt undesirable that the Chignecto Canal Committee should appear, at this time, to be taking the form of a pressure group, and equally inexpedient for it to disappear entirely.

There are very real misgivings as to the speed and vigour with which the Government of Canada is pursuing its obligations in respect of Chignecto. Hon. Hugh John Flemming as Premier of New Brunswick had demanded for the Chignecto Canal the top priority on the national agenda. On June 22 last, five days before the result of the provincial election in which Mr. Flemming was defeated, Hon. D. J. Walker, Minister of Public Works, made the following statement in the House of Commons:

> **"After consulting many times with Premier Hugh John Flemming, and the Government of the Province of New Brunswick having undertaken to pay one half of the cost thereof, the Federal Government has agreed to a survey being proceeded with to determine the feasibility of building the Chignecto Canal."**

Hon. Louis J. Robichaud succeeded to the premiership of New Brunswick and undertook to honour the obligations entered into by Mr. Flemming, and he made the building of the Chignecto Canal the first demand of the new Government. He raised the canal issue vigorously at the Dominion-Provincial conference last July, had personal consultation with Mr. Walker, and arranged to nominate two engineers to represent his Government in the promised joint survey.

He sent in their names. They were the names of two practical engineers of the highest skill, experience, and integrity. They were John Park, Junior, president of the Saint John Dry Dock, and Per Hall, president of Foundation of Canada Engineering Corporation, the firm which has carried out a comprehensive preliminary study of the canal, together with an estimate of the further investigation into land, soil, and tidal current conditions necessary to determine the most suitable route and to confirm the cost estimate.

☆ ☆ ☆

Four months have passed, and none of this work, essential to the promised survey, has been so much as started. It is distressing to Maritimers to have to harbour the suspicion that the Federal Government has not earnestly and honourably applied itself to doing what it promised to do through the voice of Public Works Minister Walker in the House of Commons on June 22.

We have the fullest confidence that the new Minister of Forestry will waste no time at Ottawa before breaking up the jam with a prod of his peavey.

The SIR JAMES DUNN SCIENCE BUILDING

Opening on October 29, 1960

Lady Dunn officially opened the new Sir James Dunn Building at Dalhousie University on October 29, the birthday of Sir James, who was born in 1874.

It is a magnificent great structure of grey stone which has cost $2\frac{1}{2}$ million and will house the departments of physics, geology, and engineering with the most modern and efficient facilities that exist anywhere in the world.

Lady Dunn created the Sir James Dunn Foundation out of her own inheritance, and she is using it for the betterment of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in ways that she knows fulfil the aims and intentions of her husband.

She knew that when he saw Dr. Kerr for the last time, at the funeral of Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, he asked the president to say what he would do if he had all the money in the world.

Dr. Kerr replied: "Sir James, we need a science building so badly that I would choose to have it before anything else."

Sir James looked at him with a twinkle in his eye, and said: "One of these days you'll get it."*

That is how Lady Dunn came to make this great gift, which will render a major service not to Dalhousie University or the Maritimes alone, but to Canada as a whole, in the scientific training of the generations to come.

At a special Convocation to celebrate the opening, at which The Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe presided, twelve famous scientists were honoured with degrees. They were: P. M. S. Blackett, Sir J. D. Cockcroft, T. W. Eadie, W. M. Ewing, J. S. Foster, C. J. Gorter, G. Herzberg, W. F. James, J. H. L. Johnstone, W. B. Lewis, H. Margenau, A. H. Zimmerman.

At top, the scene at the Convocation. At, right, Dr. A. E. Kerr, president of Dalhousie University, Premier Robert L. Stanfield, Lady Dunn and Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe.

* *The Atlantic Advocate,* October, 1957.

Following is the text of the address by Lady Dunn who formally opened the new Sir James Dunn Science Building at Dalhousie University, Halifax, on October 29, 1960.

The Sir James Dunn Science Building has been a dream for a very long time—but at last we are here today to officially open its doors and begin its operations, which we all hope will be such as to equip young aspirants to go forth from these same doors to conquer the many challenges that will confront them in the field of future science.

I most earnestly thank all those who have endured with me and suffered somewhat due to difficulties that eventually have been overcome through their ceaseless efforts.

I owe a great deal more than I can ever repay to Lord Beaverbrook, who continually urged me to carry on and discharge all the undertakings that he well knew had interested Sir James as they had discussed them many a time over the very long years of their devoted friendship.

Lord Beaverbrook never fails to pay tribute to Sir James as he constantly testifies by his presence on these occasions.

I am so very proud to be able to announce that Lord Beaverbrook has just finished writing a living story of the life and times of Sir James.

It is filled with the various facets of a life which started ever so humbly and swept up to the heights of greatness.

Lord Beaverbrook is like the great masters but he paints his pictures not with the brush but with the pen and the pure genius of his imagery in this story constantly calls to my mind a vast ocean—there is the impression of turbulent, surging grey seas and then the tranquillity of calm sparkling blue waters—but over all there is something not easy for me to express but deeply moving.

If there is anyone qualified to vividly depict Sir James it is Lord Beaverbrook, as these two began their friendship as young boys on the North Shore of New Brunswick and they never lost touch.

I shall hope that many of you will read this book entitled *Courage* —It should be published in the near future by another good friend of Sir James—Brigadier Michael Wardell.

As the partner in the shadows and the sunshine of this extraordinary man—Sir James Dunn—I am filled with justifiable pride—his name should secure a place in the long memory of Canada.

"To live in hearts you leave behind is not to die", and I therefore believe that Sir James is very much with us here today and like myself is uplifted and comforted by this grand assembly, gathered together to celebrate with me his 86th birthday.

To all the students who will pass through their trials and their triumphs at the Sir James Dunn Science Building I offer my warmest and most sincere wishes for their success and renown.

I am quite sure that they will do their part in bringing very special distinction to their Alma Mater.

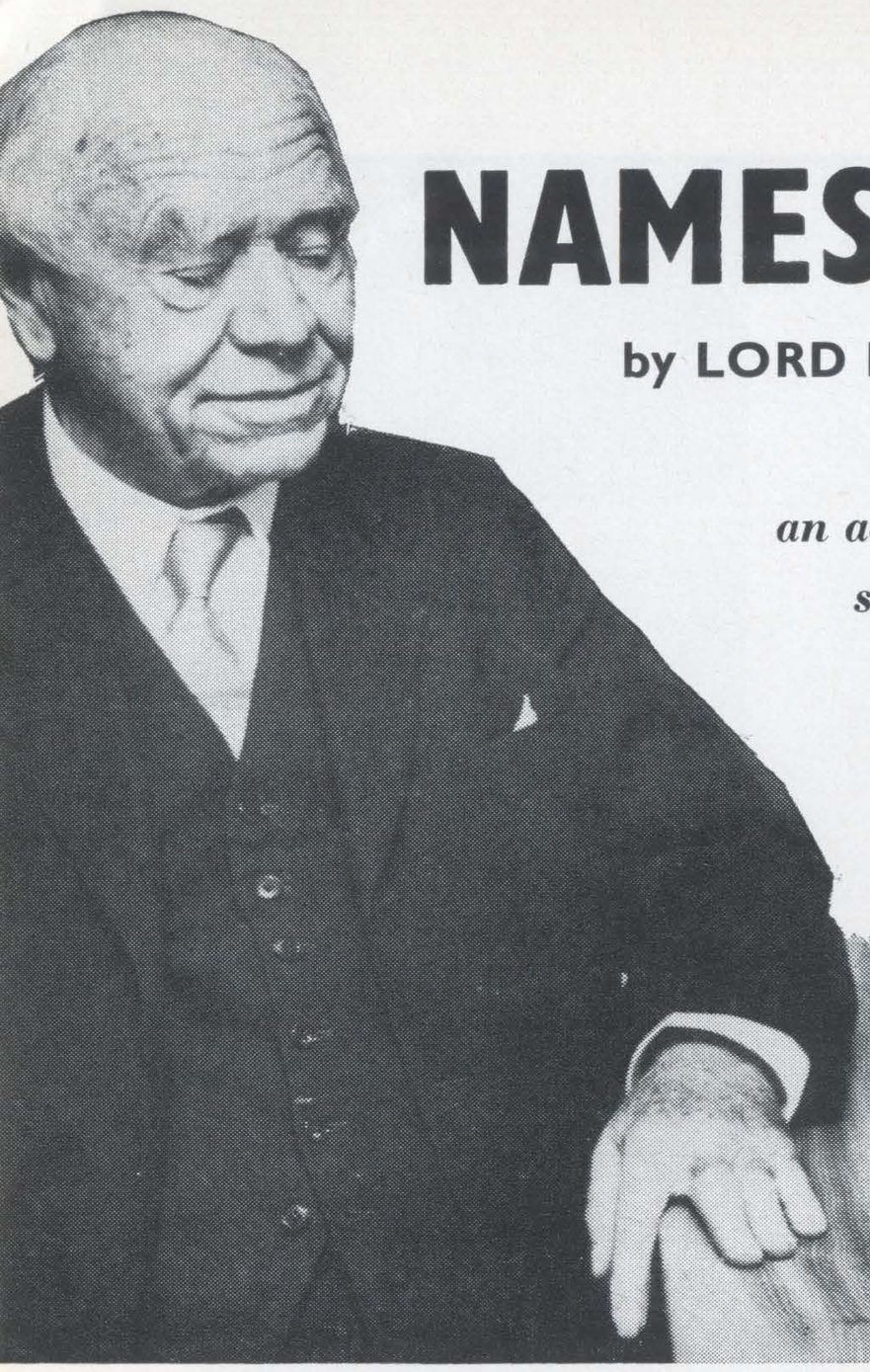
I thank you all with affection and gratitude for being here today.

Lady Dunn regards with loving admiration the portrait of Sir James in the main hall of the new science building that bears his name. Below, left to right: Major-General the Hon. E. C. Plow, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Lord Beaverbrook, and Premier Robert L. Stanfield.

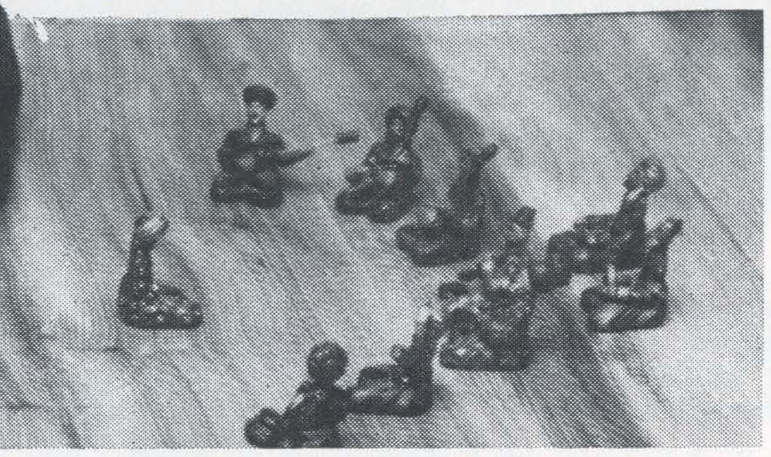
NAMES AND FACES

by LORD BEAVERBROOK

an address to the
students of the
University of New Brunswick



Lord Beaverbrook with the ivory figures presented to him by Stalin.



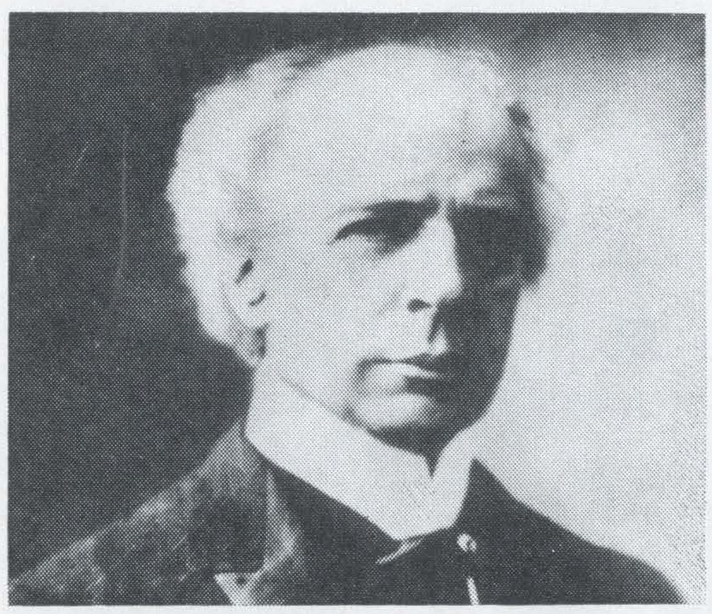
Lord Beaverbrook, as Chancellor, was welcomed by Steve Hart, the president of the Students' Council, with the words: "You, Sir, will go down in history, if I may use a rather well-worn word, as one of the most dynamic men of this age. We are sincerely proud to be so intimately associated with you . . . and we sincerely say: *Thank You.*" Lord Beaverbrook's speech was recorded by the U.N.B. Radio Society.

I THANK THE PRESIDENT of the Students' Council for the very warm welcome, but I assure him I don't want to go down in history. [*applause and laughter*] I want to remain an observer of current events. [*applause*]

Now this is a magnificent audience, possibly as responsive an audience as any man could wish for. I wish you had *all* been here at Convocation last week, when the audience was very thin. And yet our New Brunswick Prime Minister made a most remarkable speech. It would have been really worth your while to have heard it. He is a brilliant speaker. And what a lot of good speakers we have had at Convocations. We had Kennedy, probably the next president of the United States. There are different views on that subject. We have had Keiller Mackay, the Governor of Ontario. He made a most dramatic speech. I rather came to the conclusion as I listened to him that he had memorized it, and that was a wonderful achievement. And then there was Diefenbaker, a very emotional speaker. When he got up to speak here from this platform his hands were trembling. He had some notes, and these notes were wavering, but, in a moment all his nervousness was gone and he made a fine speech.

Our New Brunswick Prime Minister, Robichaud, a remarkable young man, reminded me the other day of Laurier. Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a statement to me on one occasion that Mr. Robichaud and every other politician should remember. It was in 1911 when he was being challenged by Borden over our relations with the United States, the same old question that is still uppermost in our minds. He was at the Conference in London, and I said to him: "Sir Wilfrid, how are you going to meet the challenge of Borden?" and he said to me: "Young man," (for I was young in those days, old as I am now). "Young man, remember, governments are born to die." Every politician should recollect that sentence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier: "Governments are born to die."

You may, those of you who are sitting in this audience, you young men and young women, may fifty years hence recall this man Robichaud in much the same way as I am recalling to your historical recollection the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier

And I say it to you now, one word of advice. Learn to speak. You may say to me, why in hell didn't you learn to speak yourself? [*laughter and applause*] If you want to learn to speak, you must study speakers. Here is the place where you can do it. Right here at the Convocation. For we are going to bring more good speakers like Keiller Mackay and Robichaud and Diefenbaker and Kennedy.

Now you all know the wit of Churchill. Churchill once gave me, or a friend of mine, a recipe for how to make a good speech. "In order to speak brilliantly", he said, "you want a pair of strong spectacles and a good fountain pen." Well, I have never agreed with that method of speaking, nor do I recommend it to any of you.

Hon. Louis J. Robichaud

Churchill was, in my time, when I was first in the House of Commons and afterwards in politics, the most unpopular man in England. So unpopular was he that when he was brought into Lloyd George's war government, Lloyd George's throne tottered, because he had brought in this unpopular figure. And think now of the man who is the most popular man in the world, and that is Churchill. He was at that time most unpopular, but always filled with wit. And when Lloyd George was going to France, crossing on a destroyer with all the danger of German submarines, Churchill wrote him a letter and he said: "I hope that you will come back again safely, for if not, then your colleagues will eat me."

He is a splendid wit, is Churchill. I recall the procession following Queen Elizabeth through the streets of London at the Coronation. There was a queenly figure, a large woman with a fine countenance, slightly dark, but a magnificent looking woman. She was being driven in an open carriage and as the crowd cheered and cheered we realized here was passing the Queen of Tonga in the royal procession. She was sitting, of course, on the back seat of her carriage that was drawn by horses, and she was sitting

there all alone, but in front of her with his back to the horses was a rather small man. Somebody said: "Who is the little man and what is he doing there?" Another, not Churchill, replied: "She is from the Cannibal Islands. That's her lunch." [*laughter*]

Churchill is the greatest figure that Britain has thrown up since the days of the first Elizabeth. He was staying in my house with me in the South of France where I go when my asthma gets too bad. It never gets bad in Fredericton. But it gets bad in London, and then I go down to the South of France and set up in my house there. Churchill was there. He was bordering on eighty years of age, and he was running a horse for the first time in his life. He had never been a racing man. Never. Always he had been free from the temptations of the race track. I myself had once been a racing man. I won't tell you how much it cost. Because it cost more than Aitken House. Churchill had a horse named Colonist, a magnificent name. I don't think he had ever been to the race track, but his restless spirit had spurred him into buying a horse called Colonist which he was running, and the damn horse won. And he was jubilant. What a fine horse he had bought! He knew what horseflesh was! He had selected this beautiful horse! I said: "No." You see I spoke of the jockeys jokingly. I said in the way of heavy humour: "The jockeys had a meeting before the race and they all decided that your horse was to win. Out of compliment to you." Well, you couldn't tell whether he liked best of all the far-fetched idea that the jockeys wished him to win or that he had selected the best horse on the race track.

We have many, many records of our leaders. Many records. You should go to the Library at the University and to the Gallery, the Library up the hill, the Gallery in the valley. You will see wonderful things in the library if you look about. You will see for instance some ivory figures representing an orchestra. Beautiful ivory figures. Possibly those ivory figures belonged at one time or another to a great Czar of Russia. Maybe Peter the Great for all I know. For I'll tell you why. They were given to me by Stalin. A present from Stalin. Now I am sure that Stalin didn't realize when he had given them to me that they were coming to the University of New Brunswick, but there they are. And you should look at them. He gave them to me at a banquet in the Kremlin. It was during the war, when I was there representing Churchill's government. I had gone to negotiate a Churchillian treaty with Stalin. We gathered in the Kremlin every night at half past six. I had to have my food at half past five because I had to hurry up to the Kremlin to be there at half past six, to face the great master. And we went on and on and on into the night. I had to

Sir Winston Churchill

change my habits altogether. Sleep by day, eat my dinner in the middle of the day in order to be at the Kremlin by half past six. When our negotiation was through, Stalin gave us a great dinner, a dinner which was attended by all the Russian leaders, or all those who aspired to be leaders, and there were quite a group. We gathered in one of the vast rooms in the Kremlin, a room which had once been the gathering place of Czars and ladies, lovely ladies at the court, and there we were a mighty band chattering, chattering, chattering—the noise that was going up was like as if we were a gossiping group of women almost. No harm in that. [*laughter*] I am bound to say I like gossip. There we were chattering, chattering, when suddenly far, far off, distant, more distant than the length of this rink, three figures appeared. Stalin in advance, with his trousers shoved into his great army boots. Behind him walking three or four paces to the rear, Voroshilov, the head of the Russian Army and MacKoyan or Mikoyan (according to whether you speak Scotch or not), following respectfully in the rear. Silence fell on the company. Not a Russian spoke. Complete silence while the great man was advancing. And I understood why. He carried in his hand the power of life and death—and a power that he frequently made use of. So they were indeed silent, wondering possibly how the great leader would look upon them.

Well, we sat at dinner and we were served very good food. There were only five of us that had been meeting with him in the Kremlin, night after night, Stalin and his Chief of the Foreign Office, and Litvinov, who was the interpreter, and Harriman and myself, Harriman representing the United States government. Just the five of us, night after night. I sat on Stalin's right, being the head of the British delegation. "Russians to the right of us, Russians to the left of us", and I noticed quite early in the dinner that Stalin's food was being brought to him by a servitor; the food seemed to be the same as we were getting, but I felt quite sure it was cooked separately. And when the wine was brought, it was very good. It was Russian champagne. I prefer French myself, but there it was. It was worth drinking anyway. And as the champagne was brought, I saw the waiter, a soldier, come with a bottle, uncork it in the presence of Stalin, set it down in front of him. And Stalin at once put a tumbler over the neck of the bottle. I wondered why. So through an interpreter I asked him: "Why do you put a tumbler on top of your bottle? And he said to me: "To keep the bubbles in." But I knew very well it was to keep something out. He was a bit suspicious of some of those Russians, who might have liked to change the dynasty. However, after a bit, I said to him: "Will you give me a little out of your bottle?" I was determined to test his quality to see if he was getting better stuff than I was getting. So he gave me a glass and it was just the same so I didn't bother with his bottle any more. I was content with my own share.

Marshal Joseph Stalin

He was a great tyrant. Khrushchov is quite different. I don't think he is killing anybody. I don't think he is governing with machine-guns. On one occasion the unpredictable Stalin said to Khrushchov: "Dance a Russian dance," in front of the multitude of commissars and Khrushchov did dance. I don't think that Khrushchov makes any Russians dance a Russian dance; he reserves all that nonsense for the United Nations down in New York.

Premier Nikita Khrushchov

There he makes them dance. He is certainly making a big change in the United Nations.

I am bound to tell you that I am one of those who believe the United Nations is doomed to destruction. It seems to me the United Nations goes the way of its grandparent, the League of Nations. The League of Nations, of course, was set up by the triumphant governors of the world who won the war in 1914-18 for us and then lost the peace. The head of them was Clemenceau, the Frenchman. He was called "The Tiger". And he was a wonderful character. He had all the makings of a tyrant. He didn't shoot his enemies. He just put them in fortresses and kept them there for the duration of his premiership. But he was a most attractive fellow and full of fun. The American was the President Wilson. He was the president of a university—and he got to be President of the United States. Isn't that strange? [*laughter*] Well, Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George set out to make the peace. Clemenceau was greatly troubled by Wilson. Wilson had sent to the Germans fourteen points for peace, without consulting his colleagues, and Clemenceau said: "Fourteen points! The good God only gave us ten! Why should the president of the United States give us fourteen?"

When the negotiations were going on Clemenceau formed a poorer and poorer opinion of Wilson. Lloyd George he always regarded as a pretty tricky fellow. At last he said: "This is monstrous! Wilson talks like Jesus and acts like Lloyd George."

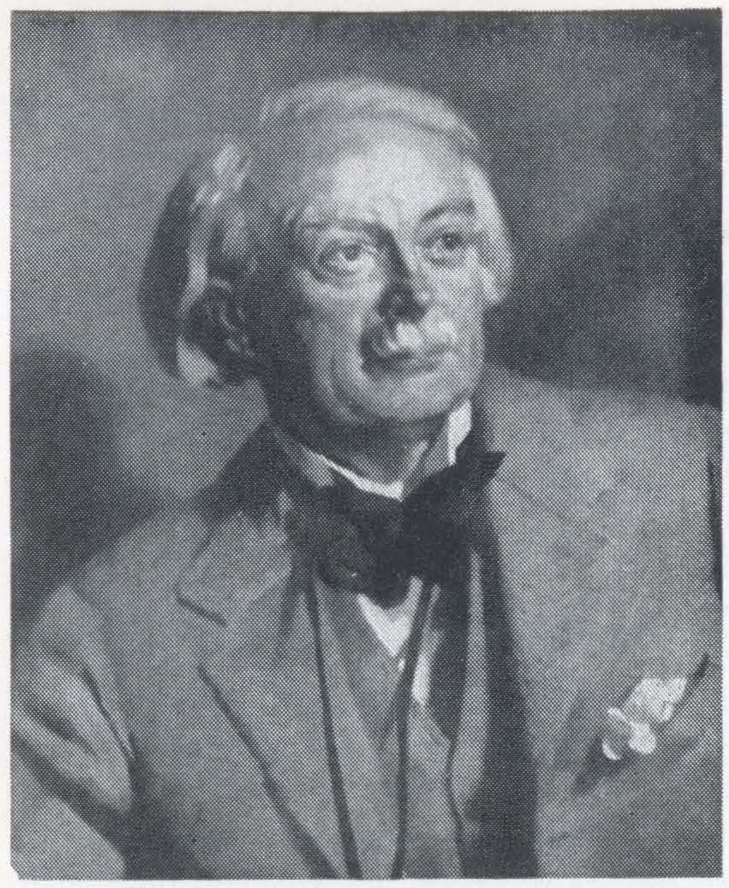
I admired Clemenceau very much. He had to deal with Orlando, the long since forgotten Prime Minister of Italy, and Lansing, who was the U.S. Secretary of State, for Wilson had disappeared over the Atlantic leaving Lansing to carry on. The old man Clemenceau was adjourning the early morning meeting, when Orlando said: "Now then Mr. Premier, we hope we won't meet too soon after lunch, because I would like to have a short sleep. In fact my doctor advises it." Lansing hearing this said: "Well Mr. Premier, I like to have a short sleep before dinner. My doctor advises it." "Oh indeed," said The Tiger, "then we will not meet until half past three. Orlando shall have his sleep after lunch. We will adjourn at half past six. Lansing will have his sleep before dinner. And as for George and me, we will sleep while they talk."

Study the life of Lloyd George. It was a wonderful achievement. This boy from the little village in Wales who didn't have the benefit of a university education, yet ruled England with absolute power and authority for several years. Lloyd George was a wonderful character, and also, like Clemenceau, a great wit. And when he was heavily defeated in 1929, when his political career seemed to be at an end, when there was little to hope for, he said: "Wilson's dead. Orlando is dying. I am not feeling any too well myself!"

Now I have had many experiences and I restrain myself, I don't like to tell them all. But I have one last experience to tell you before I leave you once again. It was in my early middle age and I was building up two newspapers in London, building them up very vigorously, when suddenly a third newspaper came on the market for sale. It was the *Evening Standard*. So I bought the *Evening Standard*. A large sum of money but there you are, I bought it because I thought it would make a nice stable companion for the two newspapers that I already owned. Well, when a newspaper is taken over, there is always great unrest amongst the staff. They start wondering if they all are going to be retained.

Premier Georges Clemenceau

Some of them don't want to stay anyway. There are differences about personalities, politics and so on. And there was a wonderful leader writer on this paper. His name was T. W. H. Crosland. He wrote a book called *The Unspeakable Scot*. You can get it up in this magnificent library. I was very anxious to retain Crosland because he was a wonderful leader writer. He never went near the *Evening Standard* office, or rather I don't think he ever went into the office. But he took up his position in the pub opposite in the early morning and when called upon, told the subject of his leader, he would write the leader in just exactly the space in a very few moments, send it over and then get tight.



Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George

I wanted to keep Crosland. I wanted to keep him very much. And the editor told me, well if you want to keep Crosland you'd better see him. So I invited him to come to my house and he came. And I said to Crosland: "I want you to stay." Crosland said: "Well, I want to know about the policy of the paper." "Well," I said, "you can. You must conform in general to the Conservative policy." For I have always been a supporter of the Conservatives in England. It is different in Canada. I said: "Conform to Conservative policy. Never say an evil word about Bonar Law and always do what you can for Churchill, and it will be all right. You will have complete freedom." "Complete freedom?" he asked. "Absolute," I said. "Freedom to do and say what you desire." So Crosland agreed that he would go on with the leader writing. The next morning the first editorial under my control of the *Evening Standard* written by Crosland began: "Lord Beaverbrook is like a presentation clock. He is never quite right."

☆ ☆ ☆

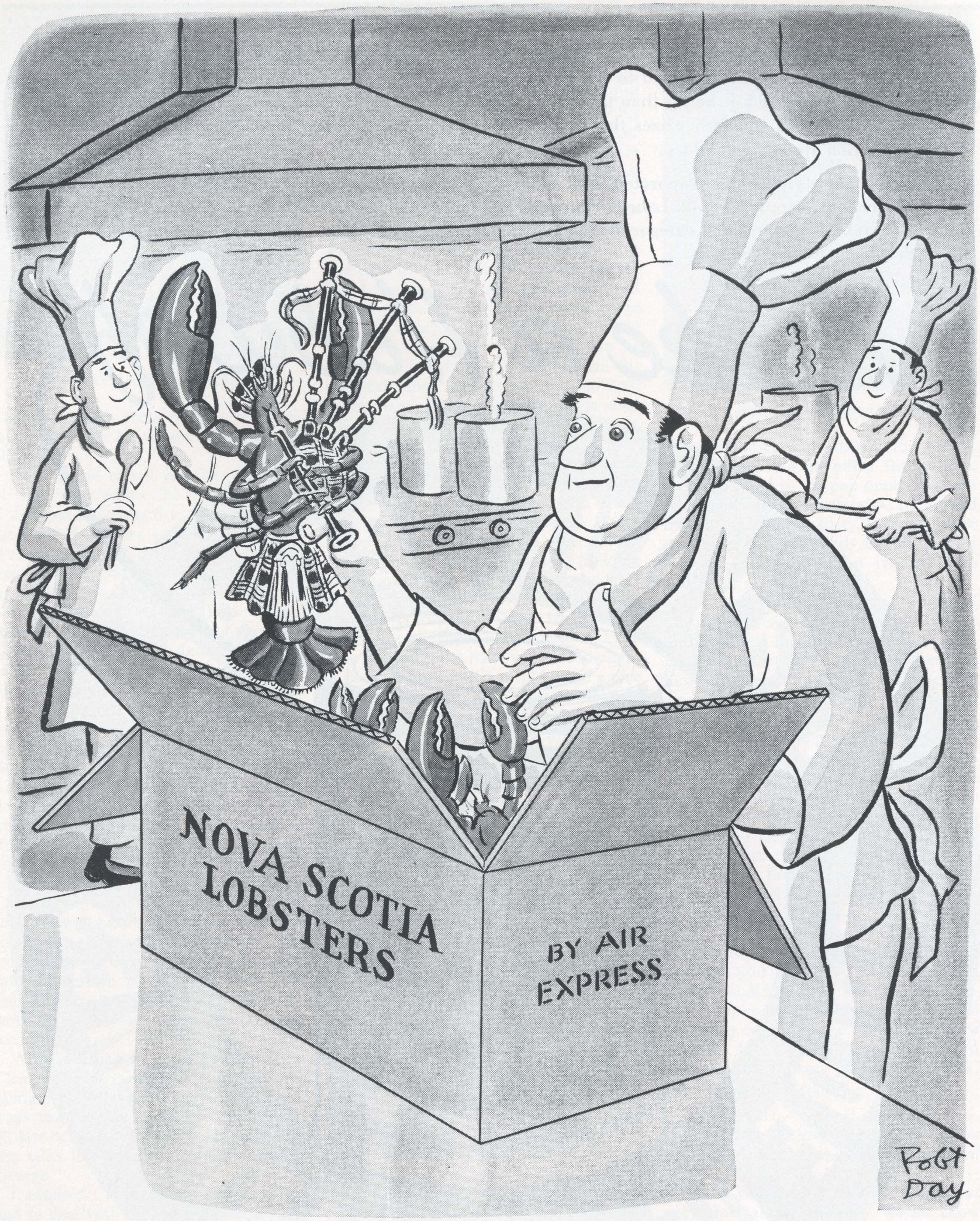
Amidst the cheering and applause, Steve Hart, President of the Students' Council said:

Thank you, Lord Beaverbrook, for your very entertaining remarks. We all know that Lord Beaverbrook likes to take walks in the woods in the countryside in the autumn and due to the over-zealousness of our New Brunswick hunters, we thought that perhaps he should have some protection. We would like now to present this small token to His Lordship. (*presents a red coat*) Lord Beaverbrook (*putting it on*): "Where's the hat?"

HOUSEWIVES ALL OVER THE ATLANTIC PROVINCES

are sending in entries like mad to the Perfection Recipe Round-Up. The word is out—who is to say that one cook is better than the other? The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and anyone can win the cash prizes that Central Creameries are offering in connection with the Perfection Recipe Round-Up.

Send your recipe using evaporated milk today to Box 6000 Charlottetown, on the back of a Perfection Evaporated Milk Label. You could win more than $500 in cash. Baking — Cooking — General. Those are the categories and the grand prize could come from any of them. Don't delay. Send yours in now.



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THE SOVIET UNION 1960

The Story of a Concert Tour

by MARGARET ANN IRELAND

The author is one of Canada's foremost pianists, an artist acclaimed by leading critics in Canada, England, France, West Germany, Denmark, Sweden, The Netherlands and the Soviet Union.

A TRAVEL AGENT IN Saint John looked aghast when I asked him last February to get me a one-way ticket to Moscow. And the route I planned to take between home and Moscow was a devious one. I wanted to go through Holland, West Germany, and Denmark before taking the final flight from Copenhagen to the U.S.S.R.

His concern vanished when I explained that I was booked for my fifth concert tour in western Europe during March, and that the Soviet Ministry of Culture in Moscow had just invited me to tour the Soviet Union in April. So it seemed a simple matter for me to extend my schedule and fly, after the last concert in Copenhagen, direct to Moscow. I needed only a one-way ticket because the Soviet Ministry of Culture would pay my fare back to Canada, as well as all my travelling and hotel expenses within the Soviet Union. I was to be paid, in addition, a fee for each concert, some of it in dollars (the dollars were later transferred to my bank in Canada). The remainder of each fee was to be paid in Russian roubles, from which I would pay for my own food and extras. I used up the surplus roubles at the end of the tour in buying sheet music, records and souvenirs, to bring home with me.

I have come home to countless questions. People in Canada have a tremendous curiosity about what lies behind the Iron Curtain. And for good reason. There are such divergent comments in the press, and unless you are actually planning a trip to the U.S.S.R., you perhaps might not have read a book like John Gunther's *Inside Russia Today* (which, by the way, is an excellent factual book that makes exciting reading).

What can one assess in the short space of a month? I can tell you about the Soviet Union only in terms of my own experiences. These fell within the realm of art and of human relationships. My

Margaret Ann Ireland, sight-seeing in Moscow's Red Square. The bulbous towers of St. Basil's Cathedral are at left in the background. At right is the never-ending line of people entering the Lenin Mausoleum. Beyond is the clock-tower of the Kremlin.

Edmond Marco photo

In Vilnius, Lithuania, Miss Ireland discusses a score with the famous Armenian conductor Ohan Dourian. Later they performed Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto with orchestra.

tasks, as I saw them, were to reach people in two ways; through the catalyst of music in the concert halls, and through personal goodwill in the everyday world. These tasks sound simple enough, but you can imagine what a challenge this presented. I was faced with twelve concerts in six Soviet cities, in the largest halls of the Soviet Union. I was booked for appearances with leading orchestras, for solo recitals involving different programmes, and in addition most of the concerts were to be broadcast. In all, I was to play to twenty thousand people and broadcast to millions more. The challenge seemed to assume larger proportions than just personal responsibilities. But I need not have worried. The Russians themselves made my tasks easier than I could have imagined. They make wonderful audiences. And as human beings I found them warm and likeable.

It all began on the last day of March when I flew from Copenhagen to Moscow, on a Scandinavian Airlines plane, over snow-covered fields and forests looking, from the air, like our own central New Brunswick. The sunset cast a reddish glow over the Moscow airport, and as we landed I could see an airport sentry, dressed in a long belted tunic coat, with fur hat and leather boots, pacing back and forth. Then I was out of the plane, walking across the snow towards two smiling girls. One held out to me a bunch of waxy anemones, the first hint of spring to come. This girl was to be my interpreter and travelling companion during the next month. The other girl was an official of *Goskonzert*, the state concert agency, which handled all the arrangements of the tour. My interpreter, Larissa Netto, is a charming girl of twenty-eight, who works in the foreign department of *Goskonzert*. Last January she travelled with the Canadian singer Lois Marshall. We got along famously during the whole tour, and I could not have wished for a nicer or more helpful travelling companion.

We drove into Moscow as the lights were winking on—over an extremely wide highway, along avenues lined with immense new apartment buildings (mile after mile of them, many with shops occupying the ground floor space) then through darkening streets, on either side buildings of cream and yellow and orange concrete, and finally the dark red walls of the Kremlin, the vast Red Square, and off the Square, the hotel.

I was ushered into my hotel suite, which, like others I was to encounter everywhere, was distinguished by high-ceilinged rooms and a certain Edwardian opulence. Large oil paintings hung forward, at a slant, from ceiling mouldings. Heavy red hangings covered the long windows, and tasselled lampshades gleamed rosily. A massive desk took up seven feet of wall space. The sofa and chairs were covered with white dust-sheets. A round table in the centre of the sitting-room was covered with a heavy cloth on which reposed a decanter of water and glasses. The bathroom was cavernous. Rooms I occupied in other hotels in Russia were similar and I was quite comfortable once I adjusted to this new concept of comfort.

I spent a day at Moscow, practising at the venerable Conservatory, attending a luncheon given for me by our Canadian Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Mr. David Johnson, and making final arrangements for the tour. Larissa and I boarded the midnight train for Leningrad. The Leningrad Express was Hitler's personal train, and is considered to be the best in the U.S.S.R. It has heavy walnut panelling and ornate lighting fixtures.

The next morning we stepped off the train at Leningrad into forty below zero weather, brilliantly sunny and desperately cold. The delegation that met us looked like large bears in their bulky coats and fur hats. These men were the directors of the Philharmonia, along with members of the Soviet press. In Leningrad—in fact in all Russian cities I visited— I was always met by similar delegations bearing bouquets of flowers, and I was always seen off at stations and airports by the same groups in the same fashion.

And always, everywhere, my hand was kissed. I liked this concession to western European custom. It is so much better to have a hand kissed than crushed by a thousand exuberant handshakes, particularly if you are a pianist.

From my hotel window in Leningrad I looked across the street to the great Philharmonia Hall. Crowds of people were milling about at the entrance, and Larissa said: "Do you see, they're trying to buy tickets for your concert tonight, but even standing room was sold out two weeks ago!"

The Philharmonia is magnificent—white marble columns, ruby red velvet, great glittering crystal chandeliers. Anton Rubinstein and Liszt played here, and as I rehearsed on the Steinway in the empty hall, I felt around me a deep sense of stillness and timelessness.

That evening Larissa and I stood behind the stage and peered through the velvet hangings toward the great sea of faces out front. I could see students ready with their scores, army officers with shaved heads, and my heart began to pound. Larissa hugged me and gave me a push that sent me flying on stage. I bowed and sat down at the piano.

I was not alone on stage. Looking up, I saw a woman in a black suit and string tie making an official pronouncement, then calmly accepting applause. She bowed to me, and I launched into a programme of Schubert, Beethoven, Chopin, Ginastera and Prokoviev. Between groups this "announcer" would introduce the following numbers to the audience, although they all had printed programmes. But this, in some cities, is Russian custom.

My second surprise of the evening came much later. I discovered that Russian audiences, if they are enjoying themselves, expect an extra half-programme of encores. As the tension mounted, a rhythmic clapping began—an exciting and almost barbaric sound when you get over two thousand people clapping in unison, some shouting, "Bis! Bis!" as the French do, others running down the aisles with slips of paper to give to the announcer, with requests for encores.

Three nights later, again in the Philharmonia, I gave another programme of Bach, Brahms, Chopin, the Canadian composer Arnold Walter, and Villa-Lobos. I was still playing at twenty minutes past eleven, which speaks volumes for the audience's eagerness, warmth and intensity of concentration. They are romanticists; it shows, for instance, in their requests for encores—Chopin, Schumann, Liszt. And it shows, too, in their warm response to music and musicians.

In Leningrad, I met the distinguished American composer Aaron Copland, who with Lukas Foss was completing a tour for the U.S. State Department, conducting some Soviet orchestras. I not only spent a delightful evening with these men, talking "shop", but I treated myself to a busman's holiday by listening to their rehearsals with the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra. Incidentally, this orchestra is the best in the Soviet Union.

Leningrad (the old St. Petersburg) is an elegant city. Some buildings are coloured green or pink. The Winter Palace is magnificent. I visited the Russian Museum and the Hermitage (which houses perhaps the finest collection of French Impressionists in Europe). In all the galleries and museums I visited I was amazed to find throngs of people choking the rooms and the corridors.

We left the elegant Leningrad for Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, by plane. In fact, after that initial train journey we travelled almost everywhere by plane. Soviet domestic planes have unpressurized cabins and they fly very low. Russians

Edmond Marco photo

In the Bolshoi Hall of the Conservatory, Miss Ireland acknowledges the applause at her Moscow début. Emil Gilels, the great Russian pianist, sat in a box at the right of the stage. The microphones were used to broadcast the recital throughout the U.S.S.R.

suck on lemons as an antidote to airsickness. There is a stewardess, whose duties are vague. No meals or drinks are served on these domestic flights, so at each airport you rush to the canteen to munch on cold sausage and drink glasses of steaming tea. At one airport canteen I saw a man, dressed in dusty overalls, devouring great quantities of black caviar, which he piled on slabs of bread and downed with beer. I still shudder at the abandon with which he ate that caviar.

Russian food is heavy but good. People don't seem to mind about getting fat, especially in the Ukraine, where most of the women are rather plump. No wonder, since sour cream is a basic ingredient in cooking! You find it in *borsch* and *stroganoff*, over *blinis* and fried cheese. It is even served for breakfast and eaten with a spoon from tall glasses. Food is often heavily peppered. As a result salt bowls are placed at tables, but never pepper. The main meal of the day is served in the early afternoon. I did not realize this, when I arrived at the Kiev apartment of a famous film actor, Efim Beresin, for what I thought was luncheon. I fell upon the delicacies, heaped on the table, with utter abandon. Fish of all kinds, salads, preserved fruits, rice, olives, pickled eggs covered my plate. Feeling replete, I was startled to see a thick soup appear on the table, with accompanying piles of dark bread. I ate what I could and shuddered to think what lay ahead. The courses followed in inexorable profusion—chicken cooked with pepper, more dark rice, plums and preserved apples, fruit compote served in cups and saucers, sweet cakes, and finally tea. The others drank quantities of Crimean wine, then vodka, but I, filled with *hors d'œuvres* and alarmed at the thought of an impending rehearsal, drank nothing.

Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, "Mother City" of all Russia, has a hint of the Middle East about it; small wrought-iron balconies, arched doorways, beautiful parks and gardens, the lovely winding curve of the Kreschatik, Kiev's main street, and the majestic Dnieper which flows to the Black Sea.

Kiev is a city of churches. Many are still used as places of worship, others are public monuments. I saw the great Church of St. Vladimir, with carved woodwork, gorgeous icons and painted murals; and the smaller Church of St. Andrew, built by the Italian Rastrelli, who was responsible for building many of the finest churches in old Russia. Here the lighted votive candles showed that the Russian Orthodox faith is still kept alive, at least by some of the older people. The younger generations, of course, do not, for the most part, recognize the Christian Church. This fact was driven home to me by a simple statement of Larissa's. We saw a line of older women with empty tins, waiting for extra milk supplies. Larissa told me that these women wanted milk for Christmas cooking. I suggested that since it was April, she must mean Easter cooking. Larissa had never heard of Easter, and when I told her, very briefly, what it meant, she thought it was "an interesting story". Only State holidays are recognized. But religious festivals seem to be kept alive by the old people.

"Back-stage was bedlam." At Kiev, in the Ukraine, Miss Ireland has an animated conversation with Yuri Timoshenko, the film actor. Left to right in the foreground are the Director of the Kiev Philharmonic, Miss Ireland, Larissa Netto, the interpreter, and Mr. Timoshenko. Standing in back is the announcer at the Kiev concerts.

In Kiev I played in the Hall of the Palace of Culture, perhaps the largest concert hall in the Soviet Union. It appeared to be about the size of Massey Hall in Toronto. I was to play with the Kiev Philharmonic Orchestra under Rachlin (one of the U.S.S.R.'s top conductors), and we were to perform the great favourite, Rachmaninoff 's Second Piano Concerto.

Back-stage was bedlam. The dressing room, which I shared most casually with Rachlin himself, swarmed with people. Children eating apples wandered in and out. A film producer made frantic phone calls. Photographers stood on chairs. Rachlin changed his shirt; I sat tense while someone sang "Tipperary" at me. Then it was time to go on, and somehow we put all the confusion behind us and drove our warhorse before an excited audience. After the concerto the orchestra filed off the stage to allow the audience free rein for encores. People rushed down the aisles, shouting for favourites, and I was left with sixteen hydrangea plants and masses of Easter lilies to cart off stage. (Actually they were on stage until the end of the concert). Afterwards they were sent to my hotel room. On leaving Kiev I gave the flowers to friends in the Philharmonic and to the Hotel staff.

Back-stage afterwards I was greeted by a fellow Canadian, a violinist from Winnipeg. Vic Palmer is on a Canada Council scholarship for one year's study at the Kiev Conservatory. I asked him why he had chosen Kiev. He says that the best Russian traditions in violin pedagogy are kept alive there. Vic hopes to teach these principles when he returns to Winnipeg.

I think that the Canada Council shows a broad view in granting a scholarship of this sort to a deserving teacher. I should like to see the Canada Council go a step further by promoting exchanges of *performing* artists between Canada and the Soviet Union, and other countries too. Both Britain and the United States have reciprocal exchange agreements with Russia, and I think it is high time we had too. (My own invitation came direct from the Soviet Ministry of Culture, and it is an isolated case). I should like to see a definite *plan* for the exchange of performers put into effect.

In Kiev I was entertained most lavishly. After my concert, Yuri Timoshenko, another well-known film actor, gave a supper party at a Kiev restaurant. Yuri is a matinee idol with a special flair for comedy. He is tall and lanky, with flashing dark eyes and a quick, volatile temperament. He speaks fluent English. When Leonard Bernstein, conductor of the New York Philharmonic, visited Kiev last year, he was so charmed by Yuri that the two men spent all their free time together.

Yuri Timoshenko is well-known wherever Russian films are shown. He is always surrounded by mobs of people. This may explain why we had an "audience" in the restaurant. An eager crowd of onlookers watched our every mouthful—awkward, when you are eating mutton skewered on swords! And in restaurants almost everywhere we listened to Stan-Kenton-like jazz and watched the more vigorous, non-cheek-to-cheek dancing of the Russians. I was astonished to hear the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" played by restaurant orchestras in the early hours of the morning.

Leaving Kiev we flew on to Kharkov, the second city of the Ukraine. This industrial city of about a million was almost totally destroyed by the Germans during the Second World War. Since then it has been rebuilt, and it emerges as a massive new city with square, functional buildings, its streets thronged with people. On we flew to Vilnius, capital of the Lithuanian Republic of the U.S.S.R., then by train to Riga, capital of the Latvian Republic. Both Vilnius and Riga, although

part of the Soviet Union for about twenty years, retain their own languages and customs; television programmes and newspapers use the Republic's languages, as well as Russian.

In Riga, the beautiful old Baltic city, the members of the Riga Symphony Orchestra crowded around me to ask about Janis Kalnins of Fredericton. I was moved that after twenty years he is remembered there with such affection.

Here in Riga I bought some fascinating handmade souvenirs: bowls and plates of carved wood, candlesticks, small lacquered *palekh* boxes with Russian legendary figures painted in glowing colours on the lids, and handwoven cloths.

Spring had come to Moscow when I returned for concerts in the Conservatory and in the vast blue amphitheatre called the Tchaikowsky Hall. I felt very small indeed on that enormous stage.

The day I arrived in Moscow was Lenin's birthday anniversary, April 22. From my hotel window I could see, across Red Square, a line of people extending three-quarters of a mile waiting to enter the Lenin Mausoleum. I discovered, as the days went by, that this line is almost never-ending. I joined it, and was put at the head of the line to avoid waiting. I walked past the glass coffins containing Lenin and Stalin, in the refrigerated gloom of the black marble crypt, with red lights trained on the wax-like faces of the two men.

Then it was over—the concerts, the parties, the glamour and the glory of it. During the month I had been touched, time and time again, by the human qualities of these people. I had talked quite freely to hundreds of people back-stage, on the streets, in restaurants and private apartments. Strangers had given me gifts and mementos all along the way. I hear that Van Cliburn was presented with a live dove; I received several china ones (the dove being their emblem for peace).

I found immense satisfaction in exchanging ideas, with young people especially. They seem to be energetic, ambitious, materialistic. In living standards they appear to be striving for what we have already achieved. They found my clothes and shoes fascinating. Their shoes are heavy and inferior in quality. Terribly expensive, they cost $40 a pair. Clothing is drab and again very expensive—$90 for a girl's inferior spring coat. In fact, most consumer goods are priced high. But for all their uncompromising attitude to the frivolities of life, the women are making very definite concessions to femininity. Their "every-day" stockings, for example, look like heavy-gauge nylons, and many young women wear make-up. I noticed that women everywhere are conscious of hands, and beautifully manicured red nails are a common sight.

On the other side of the price ledger, I found that books, records, and sheet music are cheap (best quality long-playing records are seventy cents each). And rent is low. I talked to a woman who pays, for a two-room apartment in Moscow, seven dollars a month.

This topsy-turvy scale of economics probably works out adequately enough for most families.

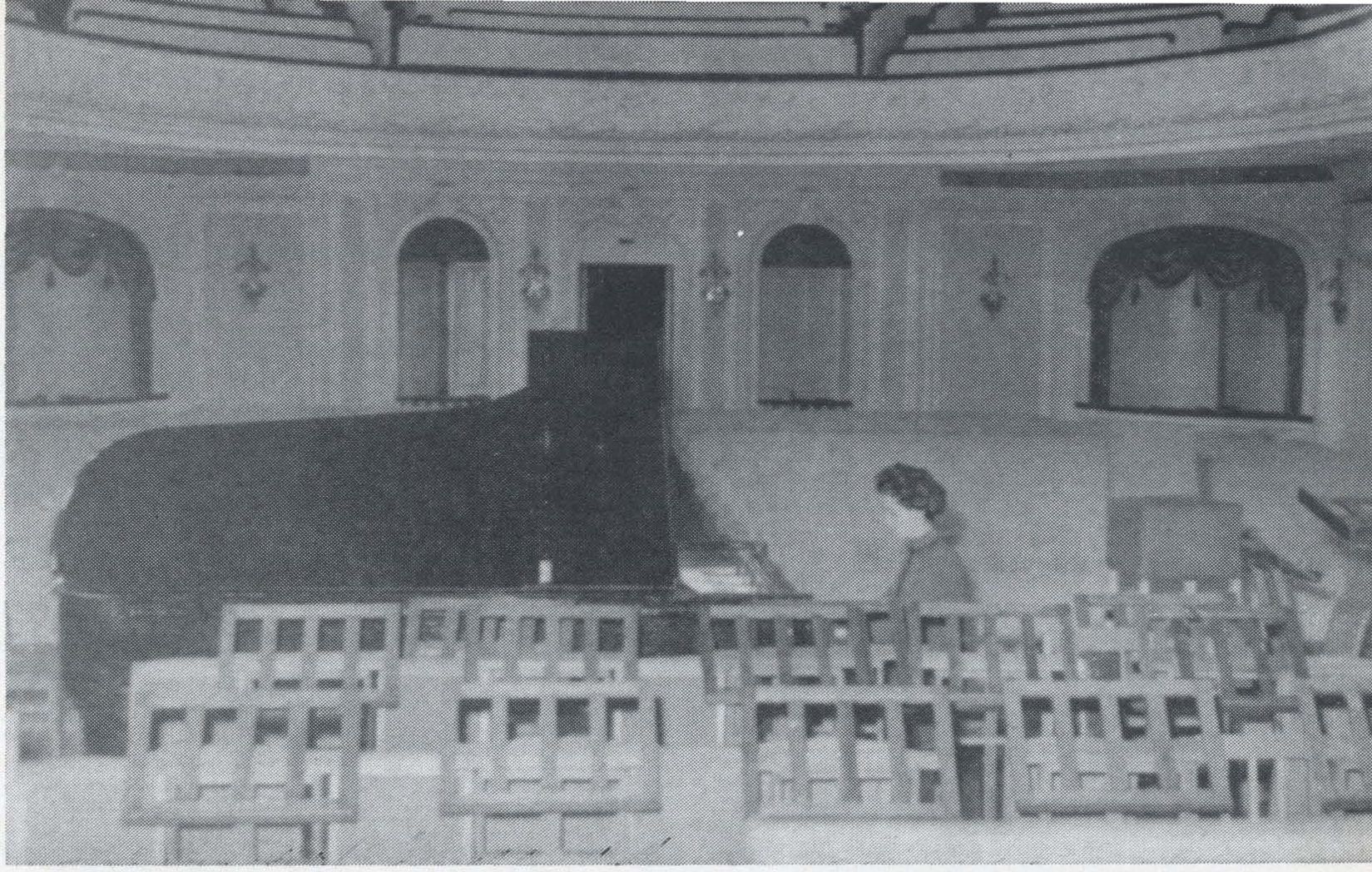
You have too, the double income; a large majority of Russian women work. The shops are crowded, and there seems to be money flowing, but not enough consumer goods to satisfy demands.

Although I had played to so many thousands and broadcast to millions more, it did not lesson the impact of these close-range exchanges with people, some with the Soviet Union's best musicians, including the great Russian pianist Emil Gilels, who has played in Canada and the United States.

I was leaving now with new friends and a full heart. Their fervent response to music, their personal generosity, and their desire to be friendly have given me, at least, hope for the future. We ought to be able to cultivate our own gardens, living side by side, without throwing rocks across the fence at one another.

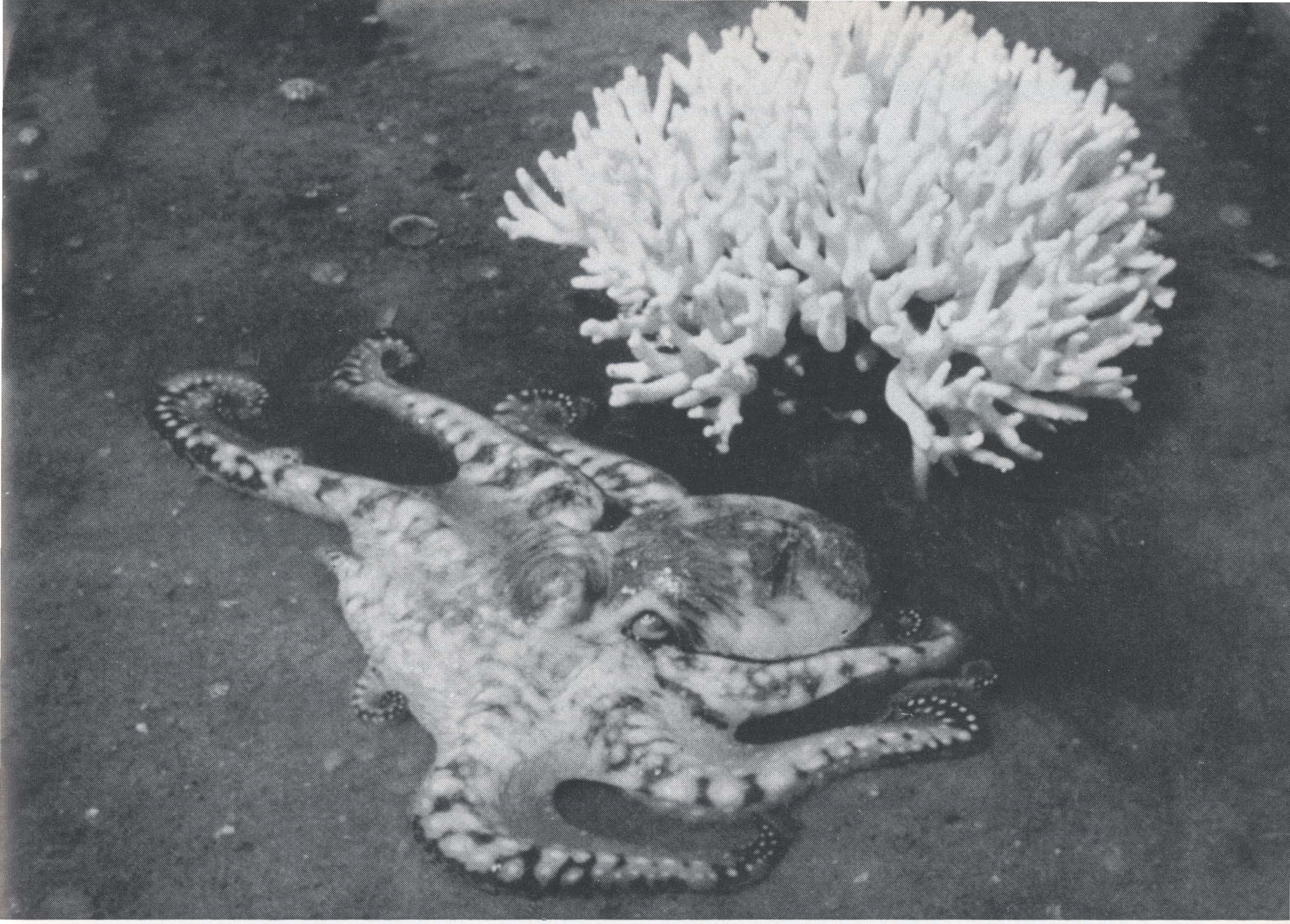
And perhaps these mutual exchanges in the arts can do some good. I like to think so.

From the plane window I watched the faces of the people who had come to see me off, and Larissa stood there, crying into her handkerchief. The last sight of all was that blue handkerchief waved in a final farewell.



Edmond Marco photos

Above, Miss Ireland rehearses in the empty Bolshoi Hall of the Moscow Conservatory. The seats are covered with dust-sheets. Below, Miss Netto and Miss Ireland shop for toys for the pianist's two children at Children's World in Moscow. Miss Ireland bought Russian dolls for her daughter, Nicola. Miss Netto is demonstrating a wooden toy, which Miss Ireland bought for her son, Cyrus.



THE CRAB EATER

by BRUCE WRIGHT

The Crab Eater was hatched in a hole in the coral on the African shore of the Indian Ocean. He was but one of a swarm of young octopuses that hatched from the eggs still held in a protective loop of a tentacle of their mother. She had guarded the eggs jealously during the incubation period, never leaving them for a minute lest the reef fishes nose into the hole and find them.

As is normal in sea life, most of his brothers and sisters were caught and eaten by the teeming life of the reef before they were a week old, but the Crab Eater survived by pure chance. He spent the daylight hours securely barricaded in a fissure with the entrance plugged with rocks and shells that he pulled in after him, and only came out at night to hunt.

He lived on a coral reef surrounding a small island covered with lush green forest and coconut palms. Between the reef and the glistening white sand of the beach was a shallow lagoon where seaweed covered the bottom. This type of bottom held little attraction for him because it had few escape holes, although it was teeming with crabs—his favourite food. The young of the spiny lobsters, crabs, and the occasional small fish made up the bulk of his diet. Smaller specimens of his own kind were also welcomed with open arms.

Small bluish reef herons with yellow toes and white throats stalked about the tide pools at low tide and speared small octopuses that were caught away from cover, and ringed and golden plover danced along the line of breaking surf. Curlews prowled the sand of the beach, and terns from the Arctic and the Antarctic wheeled over the Crab Eater's pool. He lay, with his tentacles curled symmetrically beside him, beside a small lump of coral. He had been caught by the tide in a pool where there were no holes in which to hide, and his only protection lay in his ability to change colour to match the coral. Now he turned a soft golden yellow to match the coral and the sand on which he lay.

Moray eels are the greatest danger to small octopuses, and the fact that there were none in the pool where the Crab Eater lay did not guarantee his safety. They do not hesitate to travel over the dry reef from pool to pool in search of prey.

This was once well illustrated by an experience of a friend of mine who was skin-diving on the reef and had speared several large parrot fish. They were cleaned on the reef and the blood had trickled back into the sea. My friend was standing on a rock some distance from the fish when he saw a large moray eel nine feet long come up on the reef and start towards him. He turned and ran to his boat and the eel pursued him for over one hundred feet, and came up to the boat. He hit it over the head with the butt of an oar and it went back into the sea. It is small wonder than that the Crab Eater, who was by now about four feet across, feared even the small specimens of these savage creatures.

He had already had a brush with a small one that cost him two of his eight tentacles. The eel bit them off when it found it could not drag him out of his hole. Most young octopuses of his size were short one or more tentacles from eel attacks, but they were in the process of growing them back.

Inside the reef a dugong browsed on the seaweed, and its snorting blow was heard over the lagoon. Its great head, so reminiscent of a walrus without tusks, rose from the clear water and sent the terns into screaming dives to investigate. It munched away calmly on its mouthful of seaweed, but it glanced around warily each time it surfaced, as the dugong is much hunted on this coast. As the sun went down a Bush Baby, a kind of lemur, sounding like a half-strangled chicken, began its loud, imperious calls from a mango tree on the point.

The tide turned just after dark and the outflow through the gap in the reef ceased and slowly reversed its direction. With the rising tide a huge shape loomed out of the deep water beyond the reef and headed for the gap. A Great White Shark, the most deadly of all sharks to large sea life, slid into the lagoon. Cruising slowly in circles it was not long before it located the dugong cowering in terror under a coral head. The helpless sea cow was butted into the open and the great jaws closed over its neck with the terrible shearing bite that can cut through anything that lives. The shark decapitated the dugong and swallowed its head, and paid no further attention to the carcass.

The great dorsal fin circled in the bloody water and then moved on up the channel. The shark's keen sense of smell had brought it warning that there was other food about. A large lump of meat was lying on the bottom in the middle of the channel, and the shark took it on the first pass. The huge fish was jerked to one side as a steel cable tightened in the corner of the terrible jaws and the shark hook took hold in its vitals. A bell attached to the set line jangled and a native sped up the path to warn his *bwana*. The shark raged and fought all night, but the heavy line was secured to a tree and the steel leader withstood the assault of even those huge teeth. The tide ran out and with it the shark's life, and the final rifle shot was hardly needed.

The headless body of the dugong was carried by the same tide out to the reef where it stranded in the tide pools. The tropical sun was not long in causing it to burst open, and soon the area was a swarming mass of crabs making bear-hugs at anything that moved within their reach. The Crab Eater had seen the movement of many crabs past the entrance of his shelter during the day, and as soon as darkness fell he slid out of the hole and followed. The great mass of meat that was the body of the dugong did not interest him at all, but the hundreds of crabs that were busily devouring it were another matter. The area was ideal for the Crab Eater as it abounded in holes and crannies where he could lie in wait to seize a passing crab, and it was not long before he had caught one almost as big as himself. After a desperate struggle he had finally killed it and drawn it into a deep hole to eat at his leisure.

A native poling his outrigger canoe across the lagoon paused and shaded his eyes to watch the terns and gulls circling and diving over a point on the reef, and he turned his bow toward it. He waded over the reef and examined the carcass and the swarming crabs. Returning to his canoe he lifted from the bottom two thin, pointed sticks about three feet long and began to probe the holes in the reef where the crabs were thickest. He flushed many crabs, but he was not interested in them, and persisted. Presently he grunted and reached down with his second stick.

The Crab Eater had finished his meal and was digesting quietly when a thin pointed object appeared at the mouth of his hole. It worked its way through the blockade of stones he had piled up and touched one of his tentacles. He seized it quickly but it withdrew with sudden and surprising strength. A moment later it came back again and probed about and the point slid along the bag of his body. He assumed that expression of devilish concentration that the horizontal pupils of his eyes gave him as they contracted, and he turned the colour of old port with yellow spots along his tentacles.

The pointed thing was now followed by a second through his entrance. He fought them with his tentacles, and carried one to his beak to bite it, but that was his undoing. With a sudden surge of strength it forged ahead and penetrated the web between the base of his tentacles and began to twist around wrapping itself in the web. Furious now, the Crab Eater blew forth a cloud of sepia and bit and squeezed the two thin rods. He reached to his full extent along them and sought for something more substantial to grip, but there was nothing there. Suddenly they gave a mighty backward wrench, and as he was engaging them with all his tentacles and one rod was wrapped in his mantle, he was jerked clean out of the hole and hoisted clear of the water. A violent contraction of his siphon sent a sepia jet ten feet in the air as he climbed furiously along the rods toward the man holding the other ends.

The native now held the butts of both rods in his left hand and with his right made a quick grab for the Crab Eater's body, avoiding the flailing tentacles. With a jerk of his wrist he turned the mantle inside out, and within a minute the Crab Eater was dead. That night I met him on Bob de la Fontaine's bar. We ate him and he was good.

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The Vanishing Schooner

by

G. J. GILLESPIE

Schooners racing

SHED A TEAR for the vanishing schooner!

Of a once mighty fleet that sailed out of Nova Scotia fishing ports only a handful is left, and those few won't be with us much longer. When their days are finished it will be the end of an era which had its beginning nearly a century ago when Lunenburg County sailormen pioneered the Canadian fishery on the Grand Banks and inscribed a legend on the fabric of the nation's history.

There is more than a whisper of sadness in the reminiscences of the salty men of Lunenburg County as they recall the days when the high spars of bankers riding at anchor in Lunenburg harbour could be counted like the lofty trees shading the streets of the old fishing port.

While no one likes to talk about it, everyone knows the spoon-bowed vessels of graceful lines and with dories stacked like saucers on their decks are nearing the end of the final act. When the last of the surviving eleven schooners bows out, about the only constant visible reminder of the era of the big bankers will be the imprint of the *Bluenose*—the most famous schooner of them all—on the tail side of the Canadian dime.

Soaring building costs, changes in methods of fishing, growth of the dragger and long-liner fleets, coupled with demands by industry for more speed in the catching and delivery of fish, all have contributed to the decline of the schooner. Another potent factor in preparing the way for the fade-out of the big vessels is the question of man-power. Dorymen are hard to come by in these more streamlined days of fishing. Gathering ocean harvest on the stormy banks has been made easier, and most fishermen prefer the more comfortable life of performing their work from the deck of a trawler or longliner to bouncing about a sullen Atlantic in an open dory.

High building costs and the lack of dorymen have probably been the main causes contributing to the bleak future for the schooner. To put a schooner on the fishing grounds today would cost more than $200,000—about seven times the cost of the famous Bluenose.

However, don't get the idea that just because schooners are on their way out that their role in the fishing industry isn't still important. It is.

Take that from genial, burly Willoughby Ritcey, owner of five of the surviving schooners. That pleasant-spoken head of a Riverport, Lunenburg County, fish company—a past president of the Canadian Fisheries Council—is quick to defend if any one challenges the worth of a schooner.

"You can't beat 'em for salt fishing," declares Mr. Ritcey. "In trawl fishing from a dory you can make a selection of fish that can't be done by trawlers. We get large cod by dory fishing. There is no doubt but the schooner is best suited for the salt fish trade."

Two of Mr. Ritcey's schooners are about twenty years old. The other three were built since the end of the Second World War. There is still a lot of life in them and he will continue to fish them as long as he has men to man them.

The remainder of the large bankers have Lunenburg as their home port. There are a few smaller schooners operating out of other Nova Scotia fishing ports, including two sailing out of Shelburne.

While the story of the fishing schooner forms a part of Nova Scotia's saga of the sea, its main chapters were written by the men of Lunenburg. It was here in this town with its neatly-painted homes and snug harbour, settled in the long ago by Hanoverian Germans, that the province's multi-million-dollar fishing industry had its birth.

It was no mean task that faced pioneers of Lunenburg when they put ashore here in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was a hostile land where fierce Redmen lurked in the forest shadows and the untouched wilderness had none of the amenities they had left behind in their homeland.

The pioneers had given up settled towns and productive farmlands to start life anew on a foreign soil. But it wasn't to the land they turned, it was to the sea. Those men of vision saw their destiny in the sombre Atlantic.

"The high spars of bankers . . . in Lunenburg harbour could be counted like the lofty trees shading the streets of the old fishing port."

Their homes built and stockades set up to repel attacks by Indian war parties, the pioneers turned to fish to supplement their food supplies and to bring in additional revenues. Small boats were built and the rich, inshore waters were exploited for their abundance of fish.

As the years grew into decades, fishing became Lunenburg's basic industry. By the time Napoleon's legions were rampaging across Europe in the early years of the nineteenth century, sons of the pioneers were carrying on a flourishing dried-fish trade with the West Indies. Rum, tobacco, coffee and many other products were brought back as return cargo to further the economy of the thriving town. While natural trade channels existed, it was the thrift and energy of the men behind the enterprises that made the ventures prosper and brought independence and security to the inhabitants of the young community.

Lunenburg continued to prosper as the years rolled on toward the middle of the nineteenth century. It was an age of change. Steam power was beginning to revolutionize industry; gold was discovered in California; the doors of Japan were about to open to western commerce, and England and France were readying themselves for a show-down with Imperial Russia.

And while things were changing in other parts of the world, so were changes coming to Lunenburg. Fishermen of the town were beginning to look beyond the inshore fishing grounds to the farther-away Grand Banks, which had been exploited since the fifteenth century by hardy seafarers from Portugal.

Larger schooners were needed for crews to venture into the distant waters. Lunenburg shipwrights soon provided the answer. New vessels—craft of fifty tons or less, and less than half the size of latter-day bankers—were soon carrying Lunenburgers to the offshore banks where the vessels could remain for weeks until their holds were filled with salted fish.

By the late 1860's, the deep-sea fishing fleet in Lunenburg County had nearly 150 schooners averaging fifty-seven tons each. Their crew totalled about 1,800 men. Coupled with the nearly 1,500 men sailing the inshore ships, more than 3,000 Lunenburgers were directly engaged in fishing during that period.

As the nineteenth century passed into its last quarter, shipbuilders of Lunenburg were shaping sleek-hulled, fast-sailing and seaworthy vessels able to weather the worst seas that fierce Atlantic gales could stir up. The seas could impose few limits on them. In fact, in the last fifteen years of the century some Lunenburg schooners rounded treacherous Cape Horn to hunt seals in far-off Bering Sea. The Lunenburg schooner *Geneva* sailed from Halifax to Victoria, B. C., via Cape Horn in 108 days. Even the gallant *Marco Polo**—a Saint John-built ship of clipper fame, whose bones now rest at the foot of a sinister ledge off Cavendish, P.E.I.,—couldn't have beaten that.

Lunenburg's trade with the West Indies continued to flourish, and by the turn of the twentieth century vessels from this port were spreading their sails in Atlantic winds along the trade routes to Europe.

Years moved on toward the fateful August of 1914 when the Emperor of Germany unsheathed his sword to defy the world. By that time the Lunenburg fleet had nearly 140 deep-sea bankers

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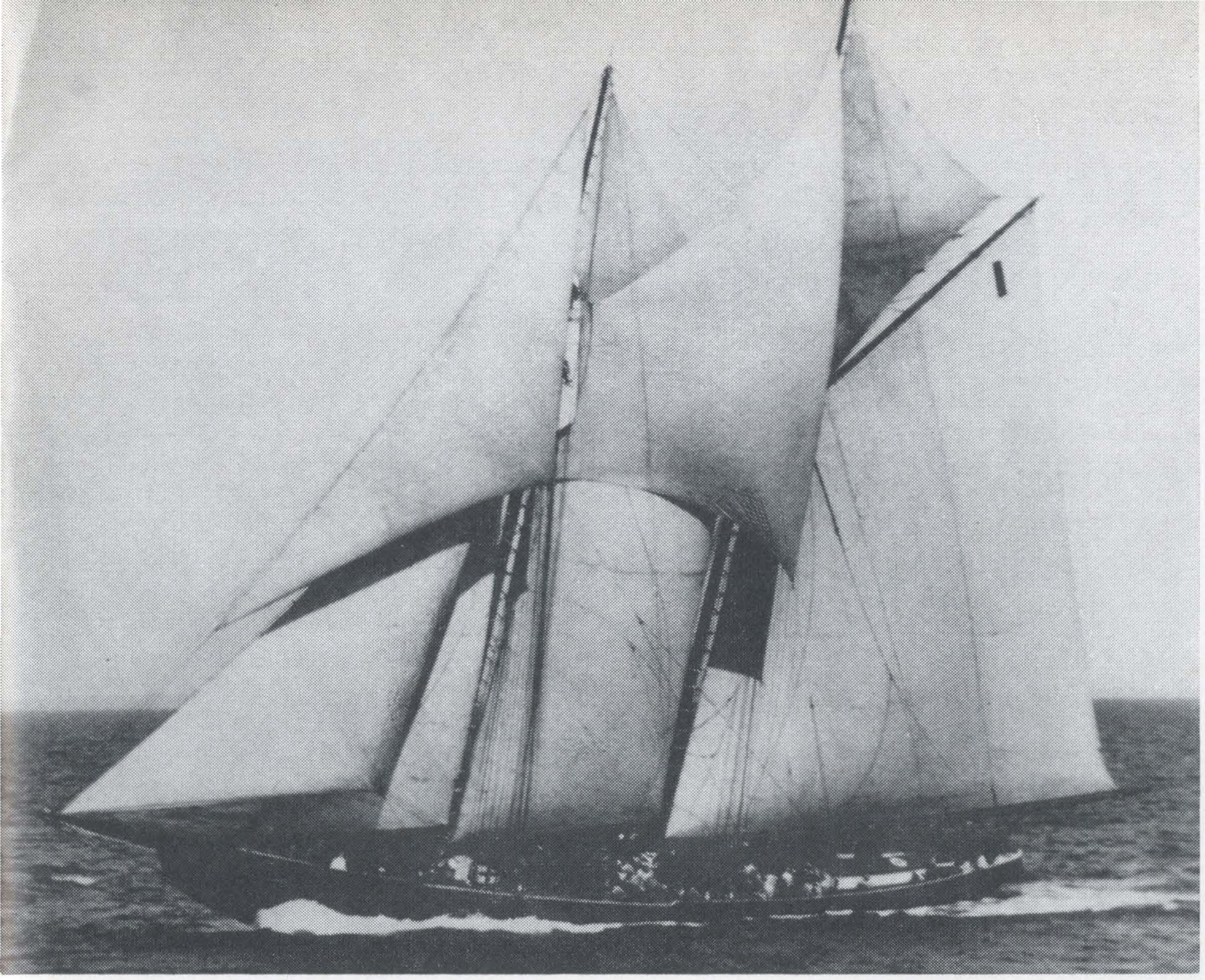
* see *The Atlantic Advocate,* March, 1957



"The story of the fishing schooner forms a part of Nova Scotia's saga of the sea."

harvesting the fishing banks. Despite the war, the vessels continued to sail. Several of them were sunk by enemy action. In the summer of 1918 alone, eight Lunenburg bankers were destroyed by submarines and surface raiders. Luckily, no lives were lost.

Memories of those sailing heydays in war and peace bring nostalgic thoughts to the minds of the the elder Lunenburgers of today who recall those stoutly-rigged ships with their great spread of sail heading seaward from the snug haven of the harbour.

There was a spirit of competition, too, when two or more vessels left harbour at the same time. Skippers never passed up a chance for a race. They carried all the canvas a ship could bear. "What she won't carry, she can drag!" was their motto.

The late Capt. William Frederick Wallace, Canada's greatest writer of sea lore, had this memory of racing bankers. "I have seen them, on many occasions, with the vessel crowded down with so much canvas on her that the whole lee rail was buried in foam and the sea was splashing half-way up the sloping deck."

As the giddy 'twenties merged into the grimmer and hungrier 1930's, the doom of the sailing schooners was at hand. Powerful diesels were being installed in the bankers. Tall spars were cut, the wide spread of canvas was reduced to short sail, and engines drove the vessels at ten to twelve knots.

By the time the Second World War came, nearly all vessels were motorized. At the war's end the famed fleet had dwindled in numbers. Some schooners—including the *Bluenose*—had been sold, others had worn out and others had been lost.

The post-war period saw the dragger fleet increase, and witnessed the birth of

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NOVEMBER

A waning moon with weary, tawny hand
Flinging faint streams of light across the land.
A vagrant wind, a scudding cloud of gray,
And flocks of wild geese honking up the bay.

A poor belated robin in a tree,
The crisp and frozen grasses on the lea,
A single russet apple on its bough,
The frozen furrows and the frosted plough.

The inglenook, the firelight's flickering ray,
An old familiar tale, a roundelay,
A bed of down, a prayer—too quickly said—
And mother's kiss in blessing on my head.

MARGARET FURNESS MACLEOD

the long-liner. Those latter craft, measuring sixty feet or less in length and powered by heavy motors, combine speed and efficiency. Requiring only four men—oft-times three—to operate, they prowl the banks to return in a few days with heavy catches of fish. Some of the high-line catches have exceeded 70,000 pounds. A good average is around 20,000 to 25,000 pounds of fresh fish.

Now as time has gone ten years beyond the half-century mark, the once-great fleet has dwindled to eleven vessels. When the last schooner vanishes from the seas is a matter of a relatively short time. But when the last banker either finds a grave in ocean depths or moulders away on some lonely beach, its epitaph will be the final word of as glorious a story as has ever been written in the sea annals of a province or nation.

It will be a story of ghostly ships, of storm and hardship, of stout-hearted men who treated danger as an imposter, bringing wealth and prestige to their native country. In the story will be the names of such ships as the *Sadie Knickle*, *Sylvia Mosher*, *Uda Corkum*, *Clayton Walters*, *Mahala* and *Joyce M. Smith*—all of which went down within thirteen months off Sable Island, carrying 128 fishermen to their deaths. Written indelibly in the tale will also be names of hundreds of other vessels which sailed out of Lunenburg. The *Palatia*, *Quisette*, *Mattawa*, *Clintonia*, *Caroline*, *Muriel B.*, *Narcissus*, *Glenola*, *Glad Tidings*, *Dinzella*, *Molega*, *Minerva*, *Donald Silver*, *Delawana*, *Donald F. Cook*, *Canadia*, *F. Nova Zembla* and all their sisters will be on the long list.

And the story will be replete with men's names, too. Names such as Capt. Ben Anderson, one of the first Lunenburg skippers to venture to the Grand Banks; Capt. Elias Walters, master of the *Nyanza*, both long dead and gone; Capt. Roland Knickle, sturdy master of the *Alcala;* Capt. Jimmy ("Old Foxy") Hirtle, who sailed by the stars and quoted Scripture; Capt. ("Old Dit") Young, who pulley-hauled his schooner home with tackles on the rudder when a mighty sea smashed the steering gear; Capt. "Chris." Iversen, still remembered on the Lunenburg waterfront as the "hardest sail-dragger" of the fleet, and a host of others.

High on the list of those men of Lunenburg who sailed its ships will be Capt. Angus Walters, master of the *Bluenose*, who fought to have the nation preserve the famous schooner as tribute to the fame she brought to Canada and as a memorial to deep-sea fishermen. Capt. Walters lost his fight. The *Bluenose* was sold and in 1946 was ground to death on the teeth of a Haitian reef.

Yes, the schooners are about all gone, but they will leave imperishable memories —memories that will survive as long as the unfathomable sea challenges the imagination of men.

The tower of University Hall, Acadia's best-known landmark, dominates the campus.

ACADIA

A Maritimes Tradition in Higher Learning

by DENNIS F. GORDON

THE PEACEFUL, LEAFY campus of Acadia University, set between the Fundy dykelands and the rolling hills that shape the lovely Annapolis Valley, may leave an impression of langour and rural charm with the casual visitor. The tranquillity is there, but by itself it creates a deceptive picture. For behind it, based on robust old traditions, exists an atmosphere of lively learning that sent graduates forth to climb to the heights of their professions or to enrich the life of nearly every town and hamlet in the Maritime Provinces with daily duties well performed.

Acadia grew from the first stirrings of intellectual renaissance among the New England Planters and other early Nova Scotians*, and it has continued to grow. Its history is long by our standards, but its outlook and methods are up to date.

Nineteen weeks was all it took to add a $750,000 men's residence to the more than thirty buildings, old and new, on the campus at Wolfville. All the techniques of modern construction contributed to its quick rise; it opened this fall in time to provide 118 students with living quarters and the usual rooms for studying, conferences and recreation.

The procedures were a little different but the objective was the same as when donated timber was brought by ship to Wolfville from villages along the shores of the Bay of Fundy and Minas Basin, when boards and laths came from Liverpool, Truro and Onslow, nails, glass, oil and putty from Saint John and Halifax to erect the first college structure in 1843. The original building filled an "imperative need", for the first students had to share facilities of Horton Academy; the latest structure was born of "urgent" necessity for living accomodation. It was ever thus: over the years the demands of the growing institution have generally contrived to keep a jump ahead of the funds available for fulfilling them. But a forecast by Joseph Howe has been well fulfilled. During a rather bitter debate on educational grants from governments—they are not satisfactory yet—Howe said: "more socks and mittens will be knit on the hills of Wilmot, more tubs of butter made, more fat calves killed . . . and Acadia College will still stand on the hill."

The new residence, named Chipman House, is in the vanguard of a long-range development programme that will transform the face of Acadia. The "Bland Plan", master scheme for the growth of facilities on the one-hundred-acre campus, was drawn up by Professor Bland of the McGill University faculty of architecture.

All future residences—three are planned for men, including Chipman House, and three for women—are to be built on the south side of the campus, that nearest the hills. New science buildings—among them Elliott Hall, the new chemistry building named for Dr. M. R. Elliott of Wolfville,

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* The original institution was Horton Academy, founded by the Baptists of Nova Scotia in 1828 as the first instalment of a "literary and theological seminary".

A string quartet fiddles away the afternoon under the watchful eye of Prof. Janis Kalejs. Acadia stresses fine arts to leaven its academic bread.

the distinguished physician who retired in 1959 after twenty-nine years as chairman of Acadia's Board of Governors—are to be grouped on the west side of the lower campus, arts and theology buildings on the east side. A multi-level library is to be built on the steep slope of the hill just north of Acadia Street. Also planned for the next few years are a new chapel to be provided by the Manning Trust, an engineering building, a gymnasium extension, a home economics building, a conservatory of music and a new arts building.

Acadia has always striven to be a residential university and now there are five residences, three for men and two for women. For eight months of the year they are home to students who at present have classes, lectures and laboratories in three science buildings; in University Hall, the arts, theology and administration building; home economics; fine arts and other buildings.

As well, there are a library, students' union building, greenhouse and central dining hall. In that dining hall, incidentally, more people are fed by the staff each day than are fed from the kitchens of any restaurant in Nova Scotia. Feeding is big business, demanding more supplies than the housewives of Horton could provide, or could be had from the college farm. That, in the beginning, was an integral part of the educational plan because on it, the early authorities believed, students could find employment which would keep them from misusing their leisure time.

Acadia is growing, but mere bigness is not an objective.

"The thing I feel should be stressed, more than anything else, is sound scholarship," says Dr. Watson Kirkconnell, the eminent scholar who has been Acadia's president since 1948. "We have no objective to become a big institution, but we do want to be good."

The number of languages with which Dr. Kirkconnell is conversant is a campus legend, but he is modest about his linguistic achievements. "I'm still learning English," he says wryly. But he does admit to a knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, German, Hungarian, Polish, Icelandic and Italian. His Russian, he says, is getting rusty. For years he subscribed to *Pravda* and *Izvestia* to keep abreast of Soviet doings, for he has a reputation as one of Canada's best-informed and most outspoken anti-Communists. But he has dropped in recent years from the list of readers of Russian newspapers.

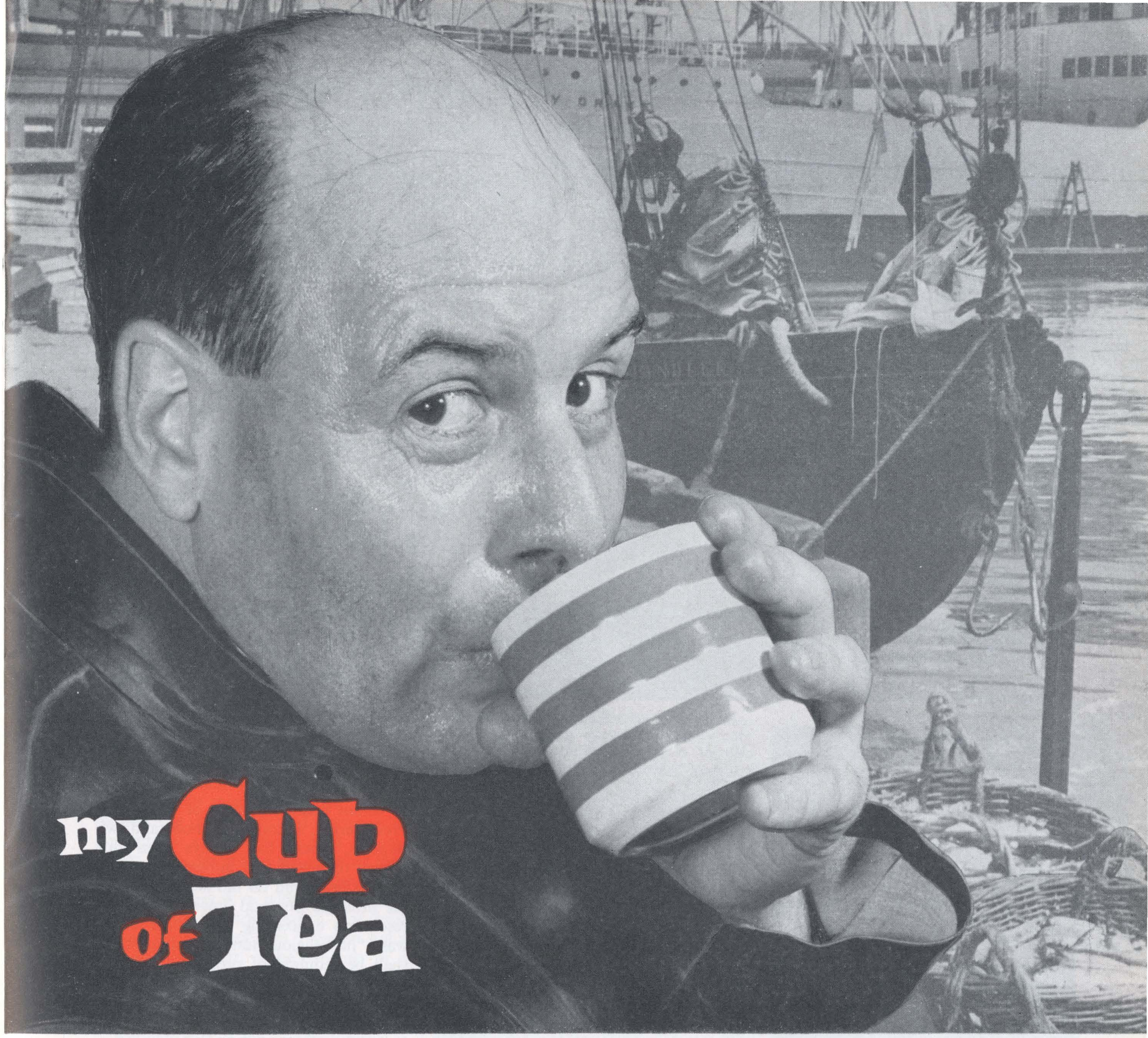
"I couldn't keep up with it. Every year seems to get busier."

He learned to hate Communism during his eighteen years teaching English and Latin at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, where he was much in contact with foreign-language groups. He was repelled by the tactics the Communist minority in each group used against those who had become loyal Canadians.

Dr. Kirkconnell, now sixty-five, is reluctant to take personal credit for Acadia's steady advance, the new buildings and the expanding faculty and student body.

"These are not the work of one man," he says.

He became president succeeding Dr. F. W. Patterson, another of Acadia's great builders, whose tenure lasted a quarter century, from 1923 to 1948. Dr. Patterson guided Acadia through a period of rapid expansion during the 1920's, through the Great Depression of the 1930's when



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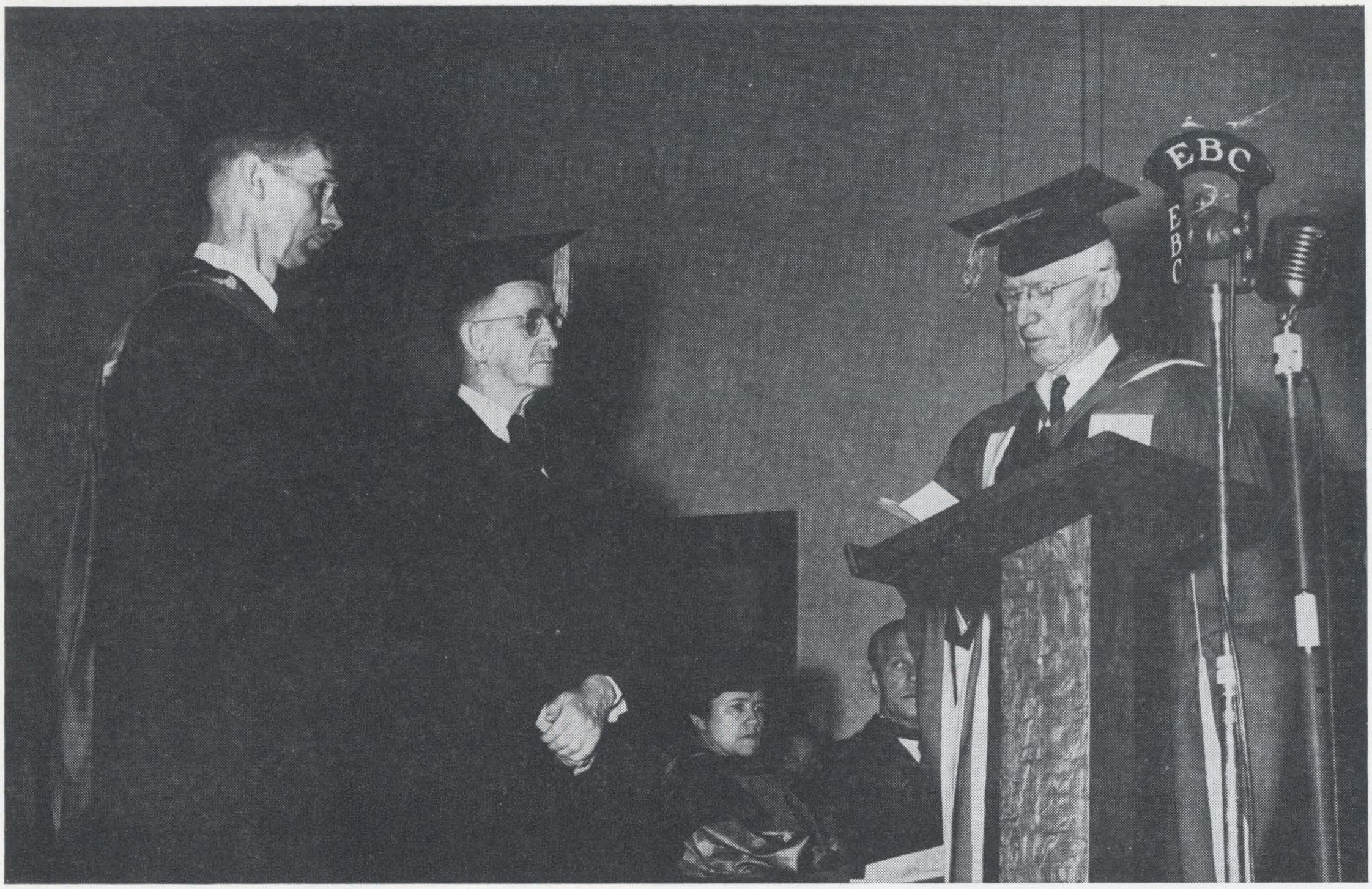
And with Gauze Tea Bags, you get all the wonderful King Cole flavour in a hurry !

KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE



After an eventful quarter century in office, Dr. F. W. Patterson, right, hands over the university's presidency to Dr. Watson Kirkconnell, left, in a 1948 ceremony. Centre is Dr. M. R. Elliott of Wolfville, who was chairman of the Board of Governors for twenty-nine years until he retired in 1959.

Prof. Ralph Lent Jeffery

tightened purse strings made him give up such projects as his pioneer university radio station, the uncertain days of the Second World War and the post-war influx of veterans. After Dr. Patterson retired as president he contributed another seven valuable years as the university's financial field agent, scouring the country for funds. His victims developed a system of warning the next in line that Dr. Patterson was about to pounce, but to little avail. After a down-to-earth chat by Dr. Patterson, the prospects usually paid up.

Dr. Patterson, now eighty-three, was perhaps best known for his memory, which served him as a useful tool in fund-gathering. He could recognize a student of Acadia from years back, and amaze him by reciting a list of his classmates.

Dr. Kirkconnell is proud that Acadia is tied for first place among Canadian universities in per capita production of scholars, those who found a place in the *Directory of American Scholars*, and is in third place for the proportion of scientists it has contributed.

Such records are the result of dedication by Acadia's faculty of sixty-five full-time professors and a number of part-time lecturers. One of the most distinguished faculty members is a newcomer this fall, Professor Ralph Lent Jeffery, a seventy-year-old native of Yarmouth who graduated from Acadia in 1921 and retired this year from the mathematics faculty of Queen's University in Kingston, Ont. Professor Jeffery is president of the Canadian Mathematical Congress, chairman of the associate committee on pure mathematics of the National Research Council, and one of the most outstanding mathematicians in North America.

In the early days when Acadia students were supposed to be part-time farm hands, the student body was less than two score; now it is 925. Then, in the first graduating class, there were four degree winners, all of whom became doctors or lawyers: a Presbyterian, a Roman Catholic and two Baptists. There has always been this variety of beliefs and adherences in the student body and on the faculty because the principle first laid down on the first resolution concerning the college to be was: "no religious tests or subscriptions shall be required of professors, fellows, scholars, graduates, students or officers." The college was to be "open and free to all and every person whatsoever, without regard to religious persuasions".

And religious differences were rampant then, although that they were not the only division against which the fathers were on guard is borne out by the declaration that "no distinctions among the scholars and students arising from wealth or external circumstances" shall be permitted to appear.

That was twenty years before anyone got around to establishing responsible government in the Maritime Provinces. However that democratic spirit was inherent in the institution, as it is today. The original purpose of the founders of Acadia was to "adapt the course of study to the state of society and the wants of the people, and to place those means of instruction as much as possible within the reach of all persons."

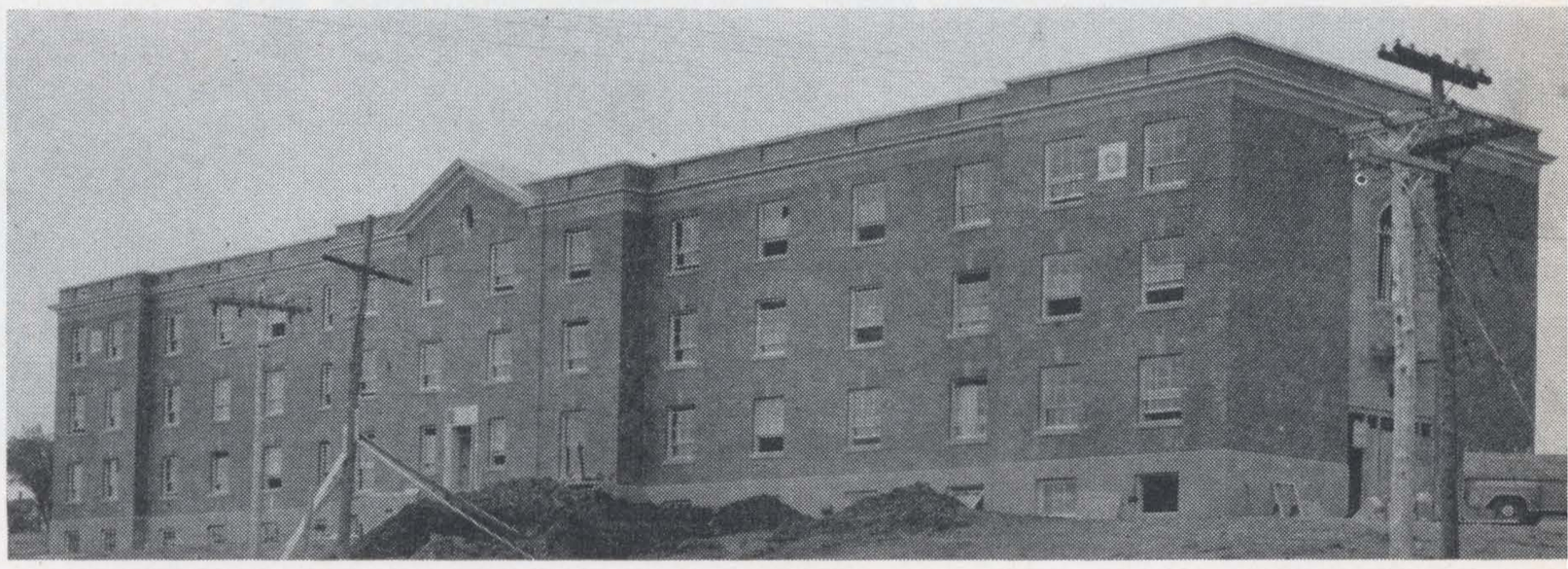
That thoroughgoing democracy in principle has by and large been borne out in

The Acadia campus from the air, looking towards the Dykes of the Minas Basin. Below is Chipman House, the newly-built third men's residence on the campus. It was built in nineteen weeks.

practice and may be the chief ingredient of Acadia's unique and intangible gift to her students, a benefit difficult of definition that makes her alumni feel they received something special there. Perhaps more so than most universities, Acadia reduces the young men and women who go there to a common material denominator. They are judged not on what they possess nor on the authority with which their fathers speak in tribal councils, but on their own individual worth. For three or four years of their lives it matters not a whit whether a girl is the daughter of a poor miner or a boy the son of a wealthy manufacturer. This is heady stuff that can influence destinies.

Another part of the Acadia formula is that the university is still small enough for one student to know all his fellows, and for professors to take individual pains with each person under him. Part is in the wholesome and unsophisticated social life that has its hub in the students' union building, part in the shared fear of retribution for peccadilloes seldom more serious than gleeful forays into the beautiful surrounding countryside to pilfer apples.

What the nineteenth century deemed sufficient to the needs of society was far from what is called for today, and thus Acadia is found, through an institution it established, running the Fundy Mental Clinic. It reaches out into the neighbouring areas and surveys the woodland and other resources. It examines a deposit of peat; a professor turns the spotlight on it and an industry is established. Its labor-



The War Memorial Residence for men, below, is best known to Acadia students and graduates as the "Barrax". It was completed in 1946.

Are you getting your share of the busine$$?

Our car checkers reported a definite increase in out of state and out of province automobiles crossing the border this summer.

So the summer visitors were here.

Did you get much of their business?

Now is the time for you to examine your own business to see if improvements can be made.

First, look to the person in your area who is successful with his summer tourist business; be it antique store, motel or hotel. You will find that his place is clean; most likely with a new coat of paint. He has signs telling the visitor what he has to offer and at prices that are fair and just. In short he is giving the tourist value for his money.

A final tip! Travel yourself! Discover what services appeal to you as a tourist and then sit down and plan your next year's improvements, because next tourist season promises to be bigger and better than ever.

NEW BRUNSWICK TRAVEL BUREAU

P.O. BOX 1030, FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

atories work on problems of the apple industry, its scientists study the effects of tides and tidal currents.

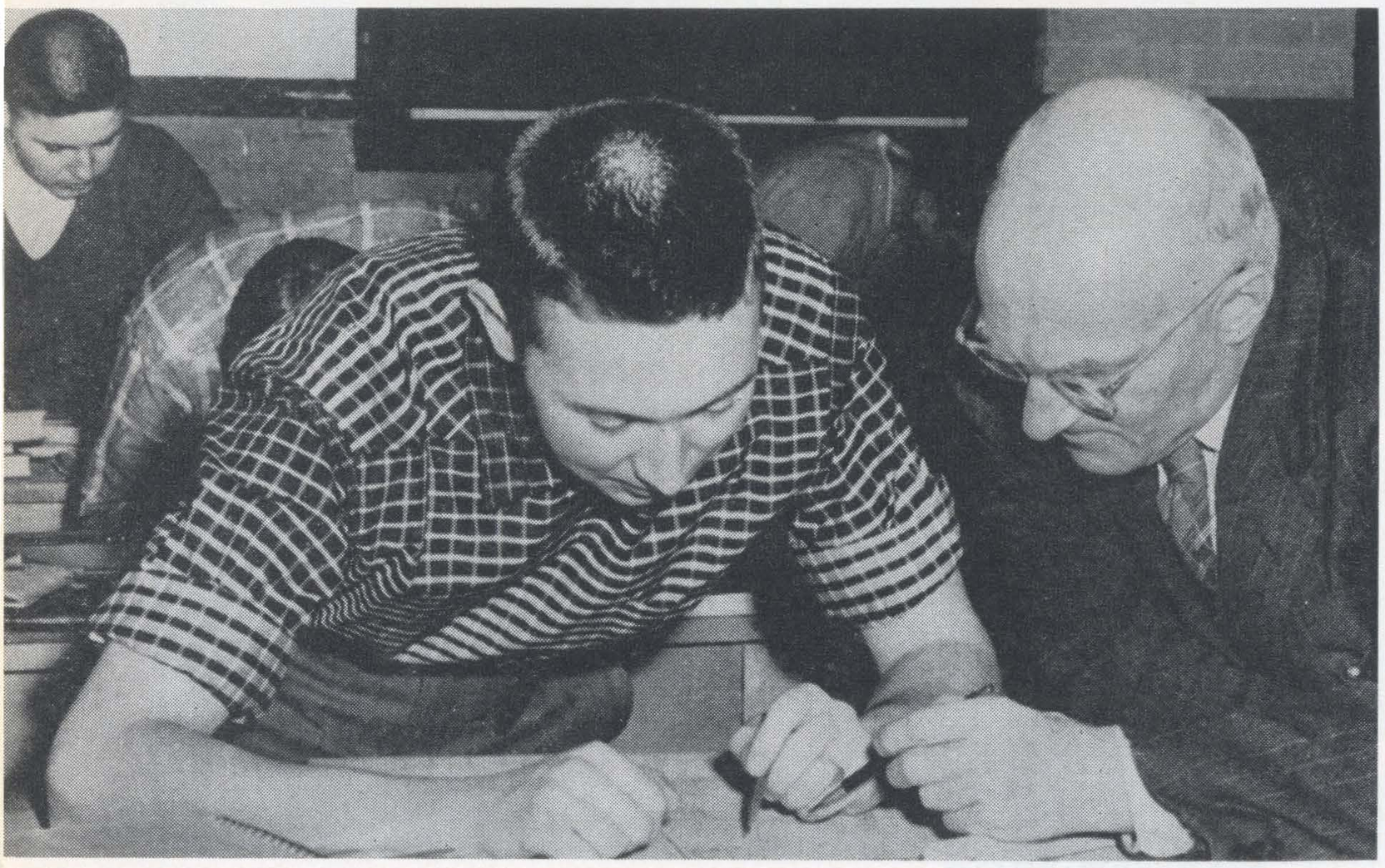
Long ago, Acadia's leaders decided that all bread made a dull diet and fine arts activities were encouraged; world-famous musicians and other artists were brought into the college hall which dominates the countryside round about the Basin of Minas. Its faculty is ready, on the request of ten residents in any district within a hundred miles of Wolfville, to hold night extension courses. Teachers, especially, enjoy these and one opened just the other day to hand on to them new techniques in handling mathematics classes.

That is part of the educational effort which reaches beyond the college halls. No one can explain exactly why, but more than twenty-five per cent of all Acadia graduates become teachers, either in the public schools at home or abroad or in universities. They are thus carrying far the dreams of the founders, that first intent "to place the means of instruction as much as possible within the reach of all persons".

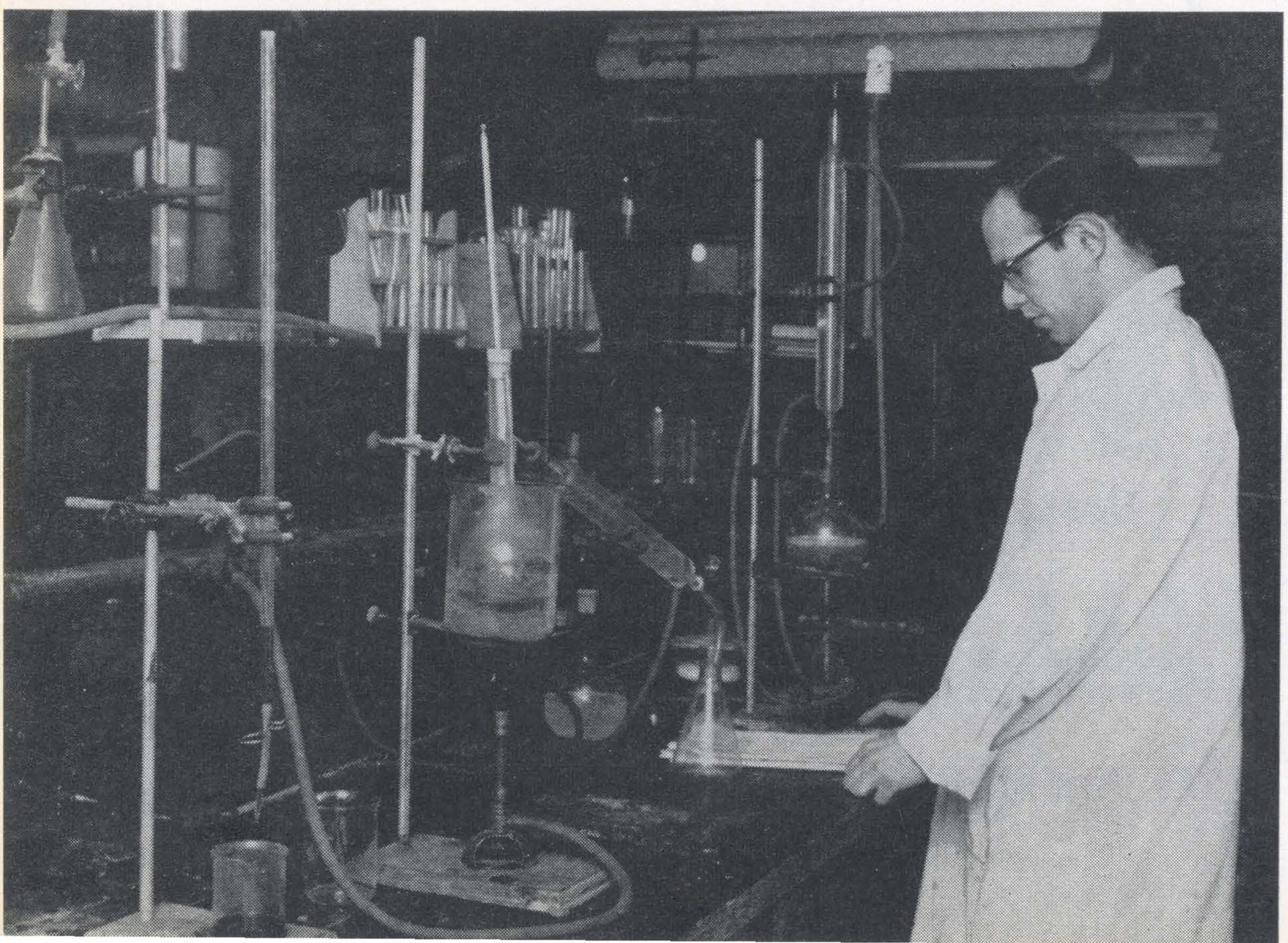
And, when they are not teachers but business men, scientists and housewives, they are active in other cultural fields—libraries especially. Acadia had mobile libraries to set the example to the province, long before Nova Scotia herself attempted the system. Naturally there is the central university library—another and bigger one is planned—just as there are museums. For instance, Acadia University, at the moment, possesses what is said to be the largest collection of botanical specimens in Canada, the second largest on the continent, and not much that grows between Labrador and Cape Hatteras is missing from its shelves, drawers and files. On such resources Dr. Ralph Wetmore based the education which made him head of the botanical department at Harvard University. He is only one of the educators graduated from the university—Dr. George B. Cutten, late president of Acadia and Colgate, Clarence Reid Gould, head of the Rensselaer Institute, and Dr. Murray Ross, president of the newly created York University in Toronto, to name but three.

It would be dangerous to attempt to fill in the long list, just as it is probably unfair to single out the scientists: Dr. Charles Huggins, foremost cancer authority, head of the University of Chicago's division dealing with that plague; William Fiendel, right-hand man at the Montreal Neurological Institute, John Stuart Foster, McGill physicist who had a hand in the Manhattan project and other aspects of nuclear developments, was plain Lord John Foster as an Acadia student. Names like that matter little, it seems. Mansell MacLean, known as "Sleep", now heads one of the world's greatest tunnelling and earth moving corporations. His niece,

The gymnasium, above, beside the athletic field, heart of Acadia's physical fitness programme, houses the first college swimming pool in the Maritimes.



Acadia professors are known for the individual interest they take in their students. Above, Prof. E. L. DeWolfe helps a student through an engineering problem. Below, flasks, test-tubes and glass piping fill the world of the chemistry student.



daughter of a Nova Scotian, is Shirley McLaine, the actress and dancer. There are writers such as Blair Fraser, editor of Maclean's, and down-to-earth men like Austin Bancroft, a leader in South African gold and base metals development; Melbourne O'Brien, a mining expert whose interests are in Canada; Morley Taylor, who heads International Power in Montreal; Revenue Minister George Nowlan, Nova Scotia's representative in the federal cabinet and Milton F. Gregg, V. C., most distinguished of Acadia men who have gone to the wars, a former federal cabinet minister and now a United Nations representative in Iraq.

These and several thousand teachers and scientists have been trained, business leaders such as Ralph Perry, general manager of Consolidated Mining and Smelting, have been sent out, men such as Raymond Parker of the University of Toronto, whose basic work in an allied field made the Salk vaccine possible, have gone forth to battle disease.

This has required a steady expansion in facilities from the original, single college hall, to all the buildings of residence and instruction, to a gymnasium with pool—first of its kind in the Maritimes—and an athletic field for keeping bodies fit. But Acadia feels it is just at the beginning. Plans which enabled the university to provide for a student body of a thousand have been enlarged because the number has almost reached that level.

There will be an extension in science facilities; more stack and reading rooms; more straight lecture classrooms; more residences on the campus which looks toward Cape Blomidon and beyond, to Cap d'Or across marshlands dyked by the original Acadians. It is an ancient country with an ever-renewing spirit evinced in Acadia, founded to bring education within the reach of all without distinction or test as to creed or faith or wealth or outward circumstances.

FREE! *New Picture Cards*

Packed in Red Rose & Blue Ribbon

The *Animals of North America* series consists of 48 full-color picture cards reproduced from original paintings selected by world-famous artist-naturalist, Roger Tory Peterson.

Succeeding the highly acclaimed Songbirds of North America series, these picture cards have interesting descriptions on the backs. Children, especially, will have fun collecting and trading them.

Package size determines the number of cards in Red Rose tea and coffee and Blue Ribbon Tea, Coffee and Baking Powder.

P.S.—Yes, Black Bears do have brown as well as black cubs.

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FURS

Fashion's Flights and Fancies for Fall

by MARY BARKER

RARELY—SINCE THE days of the cave-man—have fashion leaders used fur with such abandon as they have for this winter. Fur is heaped on hems, piled high on cuffs and used for fur collars that tickle the chin.

To any woman with a fair share of femininity, these new autumn fashions are a tremendous challenge, for the season of pomp is here.

You may have the gentlest nature in the world, but if you can smell the sweet scent of bonfires in the air, watch the sun gilding the yellow leaves of autumn, and walk straight past the luscious displays of fur hats, muffs and stoles, and not long to outshine every other woman, you might as well have been born a man . . . or a mouse!

Nothing is more certain than that the coming season will be cold, grey and long. But while the winds whip colour into your cheeks, the cold air will give you an excuse to snuggle into a high fox collar and *voila!*—you can be a knockout with very little effort.

To help the discriminating woman attain a delighted state of elegance and comfort, furriers in the Atlantic Provinces are offering a wide selection of tempting furs.

Let's take a look at these furs.

Brilliant, assured, diversified, fur fashions for this winter have seldom, in the opinion of many dazzled observers, been surpassed. Rarely have they been as beautifully executed, so fused with elegance, with luxury.

And the sense of luxury that prevails could make this the best-dressed winter

The coat at left, above, is of Dawn Pastel mink with extra fullness released at the sides. The collar is vertically cut and double furred with notched front effect. The full-length, straight-line coat below, at left, is natural Afghanistan let-out grey lamb, with a large cape collar and a detachable band of Sapphire mink. The sleeves are cocktail length with turn-back cuff. At right, above, is a full-length coat of black-dyed Russian broadtail, with stand-away collar and three-quarter-length French cuffs.

SOUTHWEST AFRICAN

PERSIAN LAMB

a coat of specially selected
skins to show off the
panel back.

the ingenious
butterfly collar
may be worn close
up to the throat or
thrown back . . .
extending to the
shoulder line.

For women of distinction
preferring the personalized service of:—

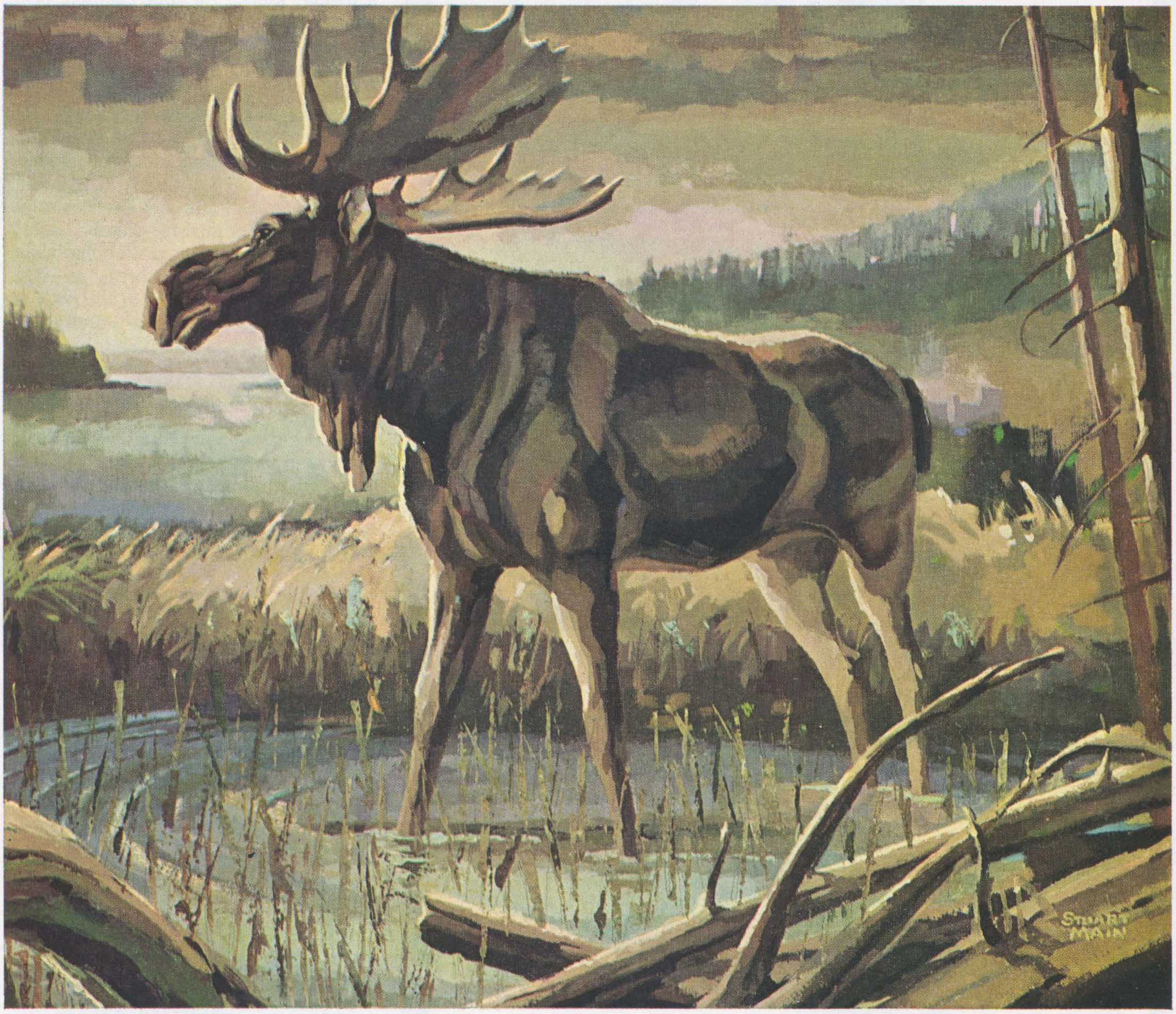
McCANN FURRIERS

55 GERMAIN STREET

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK

Chapal French seal (dyed rabbit) is the fur of the casual back coat shown above. The fur is processed in France by Chapal of Paris, and in this coat the shade is a rich cognac. The coat has elevator sleeves and cuffs and a portrait set-back collar. Below, the graceful elegance of Oter-Phantasy portrays the modern silhouette. The coat has a casual, straight line surmounted by a large frame collar.

THE MIGHTY MOOSE... King of Maritime Big Game Animals

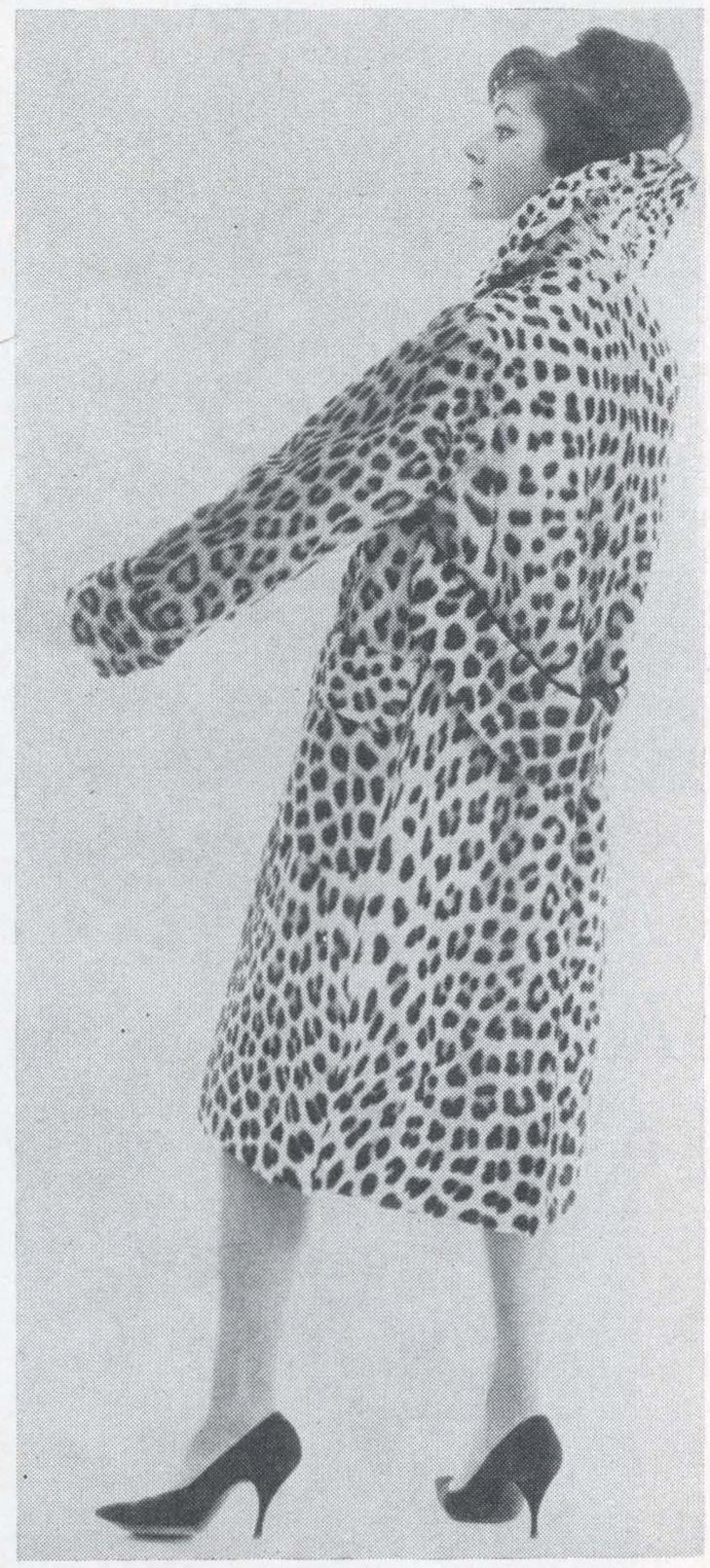


ever for Canadian women, however modestly clothes allowances resemble the favourable gold balance at Fort Knox.

Not for everyone, assuredly, are the fur-lined fur coats shown by some designers: a smooth, dense fur, lined with a lighter, fluffier fur (one example being African leopard lined with red fox). But furriers realize that a fur coat is, and always will be, an investment. Consequently, fur styling follows a dual line of fashion: maintaining the classic, and embracing all current vogues for pyramid shaping, cape effects and the princess line.

The general autumn trend is for straight and ample lines in three-quarter lengths. The collar is the most important individual feature; it can make or break an effect. Large collars set away from the neck are the most prevalent. It is a flattering line but it must be chosen carefully. Small women especially must watch the tendency to exaggerate; the line must not overwhelm.

Sleeves that are barely wrist-length provide a neater and trimmer look in flared or bell shapes. Cuffs are flamboyant and some of the new sleeves are shirred from a dropped shoulder line.



This Somali leopard chesterfield coat has a low-slung back belt and deep patch pockets. The sleeves are tailored for the sporting look.

BLACK-DYED

SOUTHWEST AFRICAN

PERSIAN LAMB

coat with the newest in sleeves . . . three-quarter length which can be turned back to an even shorter length.

soft feminine lines with generously cut shawl collar of majestic mink.

MODERN — SUPPLE

LIGHTWEIGHT

EASTERN FURRIERS LIMITED

88 GERMAIN STREET • SAINT JOHN • NEW BRUNSWICK

Window, St. Ives, Cornwall, by Christopher Wood

Colour plays an important role, with all the browns, from bitter chocolate and walnut to cognac, rose beige and pale ivory, to the fore.

One furrier emphasizes that "the right shade can either compliment or completely change a woman's personality. The pale shades point up femininity and fragility; dark tones suggest a certain sophistication and conservatism; and the new coloured 'high' shades in fur lend an air of youth and brightness."

A full-length French lapin, cut and belted in trench-coat style, shown in bright red, is also available in green or violet.

As for the furs themselves, there is a renewed vigour in the long-haired furs, Norwegian saga fox, fisher, opossum and lynx, while seal, beaver and sheared muskrat are proving worthy of the bulkier silhouette. Persian lamb takes to any shaping while broadtail and pony are embodied in this season's fitted coats. Pelts of golden jaguar, Somali leopard, cheetah and Mexican ocelot are distinctive pace-setters for sportswear.

In addition lammoire broadtail, Ariana otter, Fouke-dyed Transveldt seal, Afghanistan grey lamb and Chapal French seal (dyed rabbit) are highlighted.

Among the smaller furs, stone marten, sable and chinchilla are the most noteworthy. A square stole reversible black and red moleskin and a flared jacket of Russian pony treated to look like Russian broadtail, trimmed with mink, are also on the market.

Mink, as usual, sets a pace all its own, and is especially new when worked in a horizontal pattern. Adding a new dark elegance to fashion this year is the presence of black mink—mink dyed to the gleaming blackness of a raven's wing. It can appear as a whole coat, or a coat's *revers*, as a magnificent cape or as collar and cuffs on a fitted coat that can go from lunch-time to late-day without turning a mink's hair.

Fur hats are pivotal points shown everywhere, worn with wools, tweeds, jerseys—and one of these could be the shrewdest fashion-investment of the season, the work horse of a winter wardrobe. The same sense of luxury is conveyed by a generously—not skimpily—cut fur collar; by a dash of spotted fur in a jacket lining; cuffs of snowy-white or jet black fox on a *peau de soie* dress or silky broadcloth suit; or a flared hemline edged with miles of deep ranch mink.

And with all the new fashions for the women, Paris has not forgotten the men. At Dior's there is a "new look" for men, which is, to say the least, smashing.

The jacket and three-quarter coat on the opposite page are of Rococco-dyed South-west African Persian lamb. The collars are of natural ranch mink.

Colour picture by courtesy of J. G. Proctor, Inc., New York, and Annis Furs, New York

HATS: SALLY VICTOR GLOVES: KISLAV

SOUTHWEST AFRICAN

PERSIAN LAMB

The coat story for Winter 1960
is shown in this beautifully detailed
coat of black-dyed Persian Lamb
with the new gently flared back,
flat front and deep cape collar
of Cerulean mink.

LUSTROUS — SUPPLE — MODERN

MARITIME FURRIERS LTD.

LEO HOGAN, President

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

BRUNSWICK FURRIERS LTD.

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ISLAND FURRIERS LTD.

MRS. ARTHUR HOGAN, President

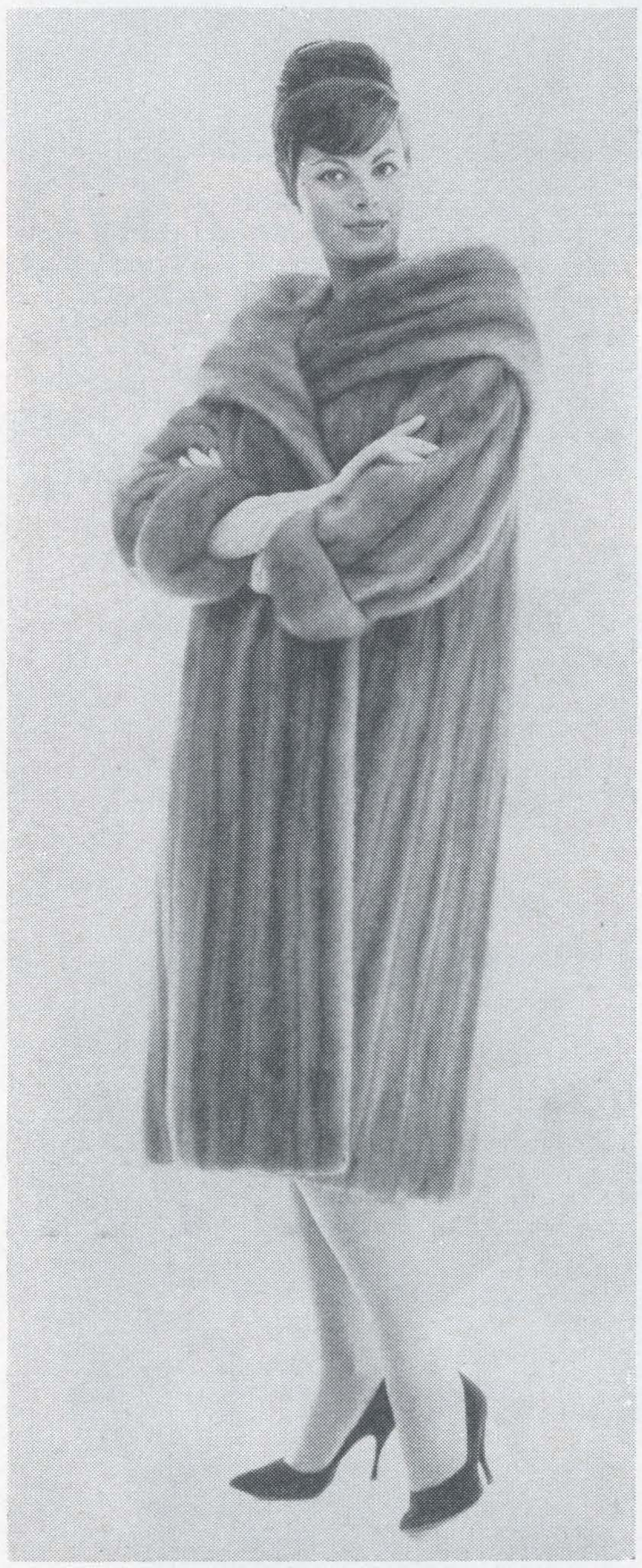
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Three of Canada's Great Fur Houses

In the Dior Salon *pour Monsieur*, they are showing a fur muffler with a matching fur hat in curly Persian lamb. Another creation is an ensemble of shiny, smooth Brazil otter fur, consisting of a tailored jacket and a homburg hat in identical fur, both in masculine deep cigar-brown. Mink, too, will not be only for the women. New car gloves for men have wide cuffs of brown or grey mink to match the leather.

Glorious fur is everywhere. It has everything today's woman looks for, positive outlines, splendid simplicity, outrageous glamour, and heart-lifting colour.

Although fashions seems geared to an opulent society, you can get away with last year's clothes—but only if you *have* to—by taking any spare mink, fox or monkey fur that you might have lying around in moth-proof bags, getting it made into a band and sewing it round the hemline of last season's little black dress. And if you've got enough to circle your head or the edge of a velvet or knitted cloche you're in the spotlight of fashion.



This full-length casual coat has the new, slight fullness and a set-back cape collar.

Above, left, is a jacket of black-dyed Russian broadtail with an Emba Leutitia mink collar. At right, above, is an Emba Leutitia mink bolero jacket with gentle blousing and horizontally-worked, snug-fitting sleeves. The square front closing gives the low neckline effect. Below, left, is a mahogany mouton (processed lamb) three-quarter coat with a beige snow top blend white fox collar. At right is a cabochon elbow stole with deep, full shawl collar in Emba Leutitia mink.

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beyond compare

A sportsman
is a man of
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THE TOWNS of ST. JOHN'S

by Michael Francis Harrington

ST. JOHN'S is a city of many towns—some of them rather hard to find today. Best known is Hoylestown, named for Sir Hugh Hoyles, the first native son to become premier under responsible government, in 1861, and Chief Justice several years later. Actually it was a renaming—the old title was the picturesque but distasteful name of Maggoty Cove, an indication of how St. John's, as well as the outports, had its origin in fish.

There is Cookstown, on the heights above the harbour, owing its origin to a grant of land made by the famous navigator Captain James Cook to a servant-man, perhaps one of the crew who was with him when he surveyed the Newfoundland coast in the 1760's. It is immortalized in Cookstown Road. There was Tubrid's Town, situated off Barnes Road; and not far from it, Tarahan's Town, along Bond Street to Prescott Street. Tarahan's Town was wiped out in a fire in the fall of 1855. Neither of these "quarters" are acknowledged today even by as much as a street name.

Georgestown is recalled by the older generation as being named after a family of that name, and Monkstown Road perpetuates a band of Franciscans who taught in the city a century ago and lived in a house to the east of the Basilica of St. John the Baptist. Dogtown obviously got its name from an infestation of canines, which, in varying degrees, plagued the entire city for many years. But the Municipal Council eventually made the plunge and stray dogs now come to the end of their tether unless they come at the end of a leash. But while Dogtown got its name from dogs, Rabbittown had nothing to do with rabbits, being simply the universal tag placed on all suddenly-mushrooming areas.

These towns of St. John's are now, with the exception of Hoylestown, rather nebulous locations, but they all have their stories and traditions that form an essential and colourful material of the city's historical and social fabric.

Have a Wonderful Winter in the Warmth and Beauty of

Oter-Phantasy

SHEARED MUSKRAT

The deep Brown otter tones with a rich radiant inner glow, combine with the durable wearing qualities of the choice muskrat skins, to give you a truly magnificent fur at economical prices.

You may see these furs now on display at our store

Look for this label it's your assurance of the world's finest sheared muskrat.

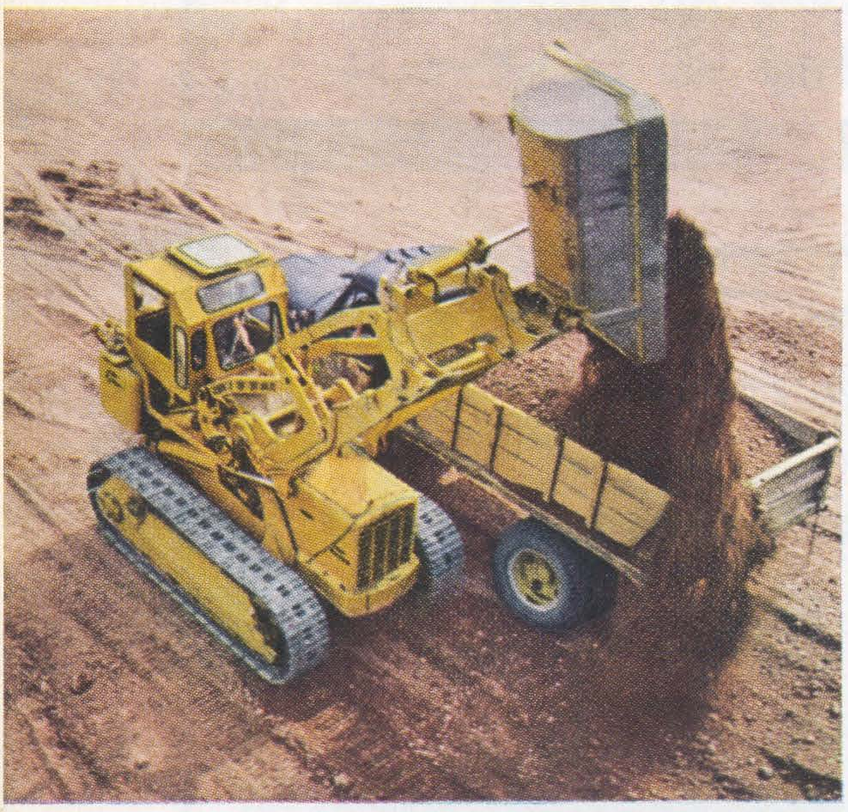
Oter-Phantasy

Clark's FUR SALON

400 KING STREET **FREDERICTON, N.B.**

IN QUEBEC

SHIPS NEED GOOD ROADS, TOO



In endless variety the products pass through Montreal Harbour . . . machinery, salt, molasses, hides. Glass inbound. Lumber outbound. Millions of tons of goods. Thousands of voyages.

The ships that serve this busiest of Canadian ports require many facilities —wharves, piers, jetties, grain elevators, warehouses . . . and good roads.

Why do ships need good roads? The answer is that road transportation is more important every year in bringing goods to Montreal for export and delivering imported goods. The amount of inbound grain hauled over roads, for example, has doubled in five years.

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PORT OF CALL

HALIFAX

by **MARGARET M. PRESTON**

I WORK IN A waterfront office in a building whose foundation rests on piles driven deep into Halifax Harbour. Often the air is heavy with the cloying scent of crude rubber from the Far East, stored in the huge shed next door, often it has the "fishy" aroma fondly remembered by Maritimers far enough away. From my window I can watch the ships sailing in and out of the world-famous harbour, and under my fingers lie wharfage tickets listing the goods arriving or departing, and in them lies a world of romance, the romance of far-off places and strange peoples. Commodities from all parts of the world come and go. The manifests and wharfage tickets give the bare bones of the facts, weight and destination and shipper—if they gave instead the history they could furnish a second Scheherazade with a second thousand and one tales.

Here is a Dutch ship landing a case of stringed musical instruments and you picture a languorous South Sea island with swaying palms and moonlight . . . until you pick up the next ticket which lists *drums* of cod liver oil . . . Ugh! But then you remember wan, disease-racked orphans for whom the fishy condensed sunshine is destined and your heart warms.

The lists leap from the comic to the horrifying, from the amusing to the tragic, from life-saving equipment to mass death-dealing ammunition. Footwear and furniture and refrigeration . .. handles and candles . . . a pig wormer . . . grey duck for sophisticated Montreal where every typist looks like a Paris model . . . prosaic bloaters for southern cities with names of liquid Spanish melody . . . pulleys and pharmaceuticals and waterproofing . . . hatter's fur and granite blocks . . . dynamite and fertilizer . . . a marble altar and carvings from Bali and "converted" rice.

"Sunny Sam Sardines" and settlers' effects—for all the cities and towns of Canada it seems, when a huge liner arrives and the boat trains pull up on the siding near the sheds and customs and immigration personnel work in a babel of tongues.

So the manifests go, and the stevedores lift endlessly and the small tractors puff up and down the sheds and the winches creak as the cargoes go up and down the towering sides of the ships. Stuffed bears and tigers—not souvenirs of big-game hunters but toys for a Toronto shop . . . barrels of cream of tartar . . . brooms and brushes . . . Spanish onions and Egyptian onions and kibbled onions . . . and a bag breaks and spills and the gulls swoop down for their prey . . . flax canvas and tarred rope and oakum. For a moment I close my eyes to the freighters and sleek passenger ships and imagine the harbour filled with the beauty of sail, and instead of the throb of engines, the creak of rope and the chanting of sailors as the sails unfold.

Glass is loaded, plate glass and common window glass, safety glass and fine crystal for the shops of Halifax . . . crude rubber in odoriferous bales, and a hundred cartons of chewing gum. Hoses for dredges and hose for dainty ladies, stage scenery and bulldozers and for variety a calfdozer and a muledozer!

And ever and always fish . . . or so it seems on Fridays to a Catholic who is a fish-eater of necessity and not for love of the denizens of the salty seas . . . fish in every species and in every guise, dried, smoked, salted, boneless, pickled, canned and frozen! One hungry Friday I listed the morning's "take", starting alphabetically with alewives, down through bass, bloaters, butterfish, capelin, catfish, cod, cusk, dore, eels, flounder, gaspereaux, haddock, hake, halibut, herring, kippers, mackerel, ocean perch, pickerel, pollock, salmon, scallops, shad, shrimp, skatewings, smelts, soles, squid (bait) and squid (food), swordfish, trout, tuna, turbot, whitefish, to whiting and what did I have for lunch? A tomato sandwich.

When in the winter the St. Lawrence Seaway closes for the icy season, down

An aerial view of downtown Halifax, showing the docks along the harbour.
Photo by Atlantic Aviation

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come the grain ships and the grain pours into holds almost unceasingly, grain of many kinds, barley, oats, rye, corn, flax, but chiefly wheat in never-ending streams, wheat enough to make bread for the world.

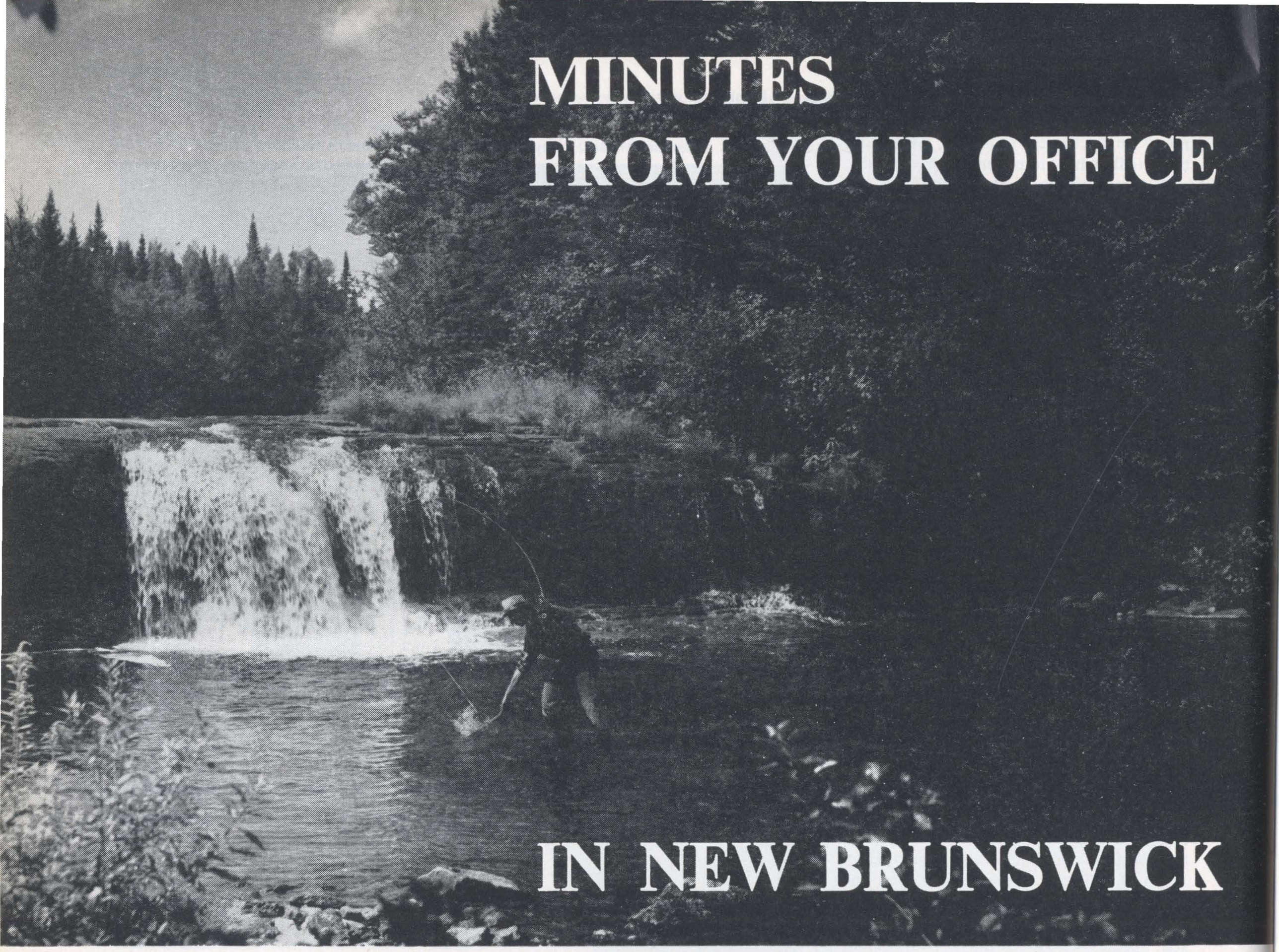
Occasionally a typist blunders . . . one case of "skies" . . . "personable" effects . . . a carefully changed first letter in dish-washing machine, but the signature was the Fisheries Experimental Station . . . and there was no free box of soap flakes! There are curious names on the tickets: Ringed Tinned Short Shank Fish Hooks . . . Chick Growena and Eggena and Hen Chow . . . and Solomon Tango and Ki-butz Kisuffin . . . What are Grains of Paradise? Or a mushroom anchor? A wildcat windlass?

The names of consignors and consignees as well as the shipping points are evocative. The bill of lading for a shipment of fish to Aruba tells more about the various nationalities there than a chapter of geography. The names of the stores which sell our Canadian fish in Aruba range from Casa Majestica, La Gran Bodega, E. Habibe, Ben Chin, Tang Toong, Yee Woo down to more familiar ones like Nanking Grocery and Standard Grocery.

The ships themselves have memorable names . . . from tiny coastal fishing schooners to transatlantic liners. To me it seems the men who name them are poets at heart. What lovelier names than Silverstar, Starcrest, Silversandal, Velvet Lady, Elfin Horn, Sungleam? There is more than one "family" of ships, but perhaps the largest one known to Haligonians who love the sea is the Maersk family, with Anna, Arnold, Hulda, Hans, Leda, Lisa, Lars, Olga and Peter among its children. Then you may see the opera star ships, Cleopatra, Desdemona, Rigoletto, Traviata, Isolde and Ophelia. And to plague a clerk with large handwriting and a small-spaced form, the Johan van Oldenbarnevelt!

Sometimes there is pathos in the formal, stilted phraseology of the manifest . . . "one case inheritance" and it is easy to picture a beaved son or daughter unpacking the precious souvenirs of a beloved parent, with tears falling at thoughts of the old happy home. Or "one case human ashes" and the name of the shipper and the destination in a foreign country tell the tale of an old man asking that his final resting-place be in the land of his birth.

So the manifests go on and on, sad, merry, practical, romantic, puzzling, under my fingers the record of man's needs and wants and the ships that help supply them. And up and down the old, great harbour of Halifax go the ships of the world! And from the wharves and piers of the city longing eyes watch as they sail, and hearts roam with them the lanes of the world. And sometimes the lucky ones sail with them!



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THERE'S A LOT IN A NAME

by Rev. B. J. MURDOCH

A GREAT PLAYWRIGHT once asked the question: "What's in a name?" Then, I think, gave some proofs to show that the name didn't matter so much.

I don't know if anybody ever answered his query. Yet I think there's a lot in a name. The names that schoolboys and soldiers give comrades are often apt, fitting, picturesque, mirth-provoking and what have you; the heartening way in which many respond to non-flattering names bestowed upon them, makes for joy in life . . .

Towards the end of the First Great War when we were fighting towards Cambrai, a soldier of the Royal Canadian Engineers stayed, one Sunday, after the Church Parade had moved off, to speak to me.

As he stepped forward and saluted, I was startled—I think perceptibly; for I feel sure that the young man noticed my start of surprise.

Never before, or since, have I seen the face of a living man so resemble the face of a dead man: the skin was bluish white, the face thin with prominent jaws and sunken grey eyes.

Yes, I'm sure he noticed my sudden start; for immediately, away back in those sunken grey eyes, a knowing, tolerant smile seemed to imply "You too!"

I was captivated by that smile; for it was the smile of a friendly soul. And notwithstanding the death-mask expression of the features there was nothing cold or clammy or cadaverous about the manners of the man.

He wanted to help me; so he suggested that if I were in this area next Sunday he with some of his buddies would build a windbreak for me. All that was necessary for me to do was to let him know Friday evening; then, Saturday evening he and his friends would build the break-wind.

I thanked him heartily, then asked him his name.

Again the strangely pleasing smile flickered in the sunken somber eyes of him; so that I was compelled to smile with him. Yet I did wonder why he smiled so spontaneously.

"William Bartoomly Ritewillington." (This is not the name he gave; yet it will do for the present). Then he told me the part of the Engineers' lines where I might find him; saluted and left . . .

Often, during World War One, I had been intrigued by Engineers' warnings and notices appearing along the ways: signs stating that bridges were considered unsafe; warnings posted at the entrance to captured German dugouts notifying all newcomers not to go down the shaft for there was danger—a German booby-trap might blow the unsuspecting heedless visitors into minutest fragments. My respect for their science mounted considerably . . .

I recalled one day after my Brigade, the 3rd, had advanced to its objective, noticing at the mouth of an apparently very deep dugout, a warning stating that it was unsafe, that there was grave danger for anyone entering it. And it was signed by the Royal Canadian Engineers. Again, as often before, I marvelled how they could tell of danger.

I spoke to my companion: "How on earth can they determine that there is danger down those steps?"

"I don't know how they do it! It beats all, the way they discover those mines!" he offered, seemingly as much impressed and mystified as I was.

Then he pointed to an open space about fifty yards away and said: "See that table set for a meal with no one near it?"

"Yes, I do," I said.

"Well, the Engineers discovered that it was mined, just in time to save some of the troops—I think they were 16th Canadian Scottish. They very nearly got it; for they were just going to sit down and go right to it, when the engineers stepped along with their warning."

I felt grateful to the Engineers. The Sixteenth was one of the battalions of my brigade and although he hailed from the West its Commanding Officer was Colonel Cy Peck, V.C., D.S.O., born right here in New Brunswick: in Hopewell to be exact.

A few days later I was talking to one of the Engineers when I mentioned the warning-signs on the dugouts. "How can you tell that the places are mined?" I asked.

"Well, Padre, it's very simple," he said, "There's nothing at all complicated about it; for we just take a German prisoner, point a loaded revolver at his head, then order him to go down the steps of the dugout. If he refuses to go down we consider it unsafe; and infer that there is a booby-trap set there."

That was simple enough; though it wasn't the scientific explanation that I had expected from Engineers; and somehow I felt a little let down. Yet a few days after this explanation, my admiration for engineers went soaring again.

It happened in the battle of Canal du Nord. Zero hour was at 5.20 a.m.; the morning was yet dark. Never in all the world had there been such a barrage as that which followed two thundering signal-crashes from eighteen-pounders. As the world rocked with the rolling thunder of the continuously crashing big guns, I had stood in the front line trench waiting for the barrage to lift so that our lads could advance across the canal. When we spoke to each other we were obliged to shout. With the speed and rhythm of rolling snare drums the darkness opened and closed in the flashing lights of our heavy guns . . .

I remember later when the men were about to advance across the canal saying to a good friend, Captain Close, "I'll see you at lunch." We expected to reach our objective before lunch time—and we did.

"You won't meet me, Padre," he said, "I'm getting it crossing the Canal du Nord!"

Shocked, I looked into his steadfast, serious eyes. He wasn't joking. He was deadly in earnest. He was not one of my flock; yet we were great friends.

I could say nothing as he reached out, gripped my hand and said: "Goodbye."

He advanced with his men. I followed later with the doctor and stretcher bearers.

It was that day, some hours later, that I marvelled at the work of the Royal Canadian Engineers. They had flung a bridge across Canal du Nord. And I walked over it, then up over a clear way cut through German barbed-wire entanglements, and across exploded mines and booby-traps; while at intervals, all along my way were slender iron bars resembling augers, that they had twisted into the ground, bearing white arrows pointing towards the place painted in black letters on them. And that place was where I would lunch with my battalion, or rather with what remained of my battalion.

In the dugout, lately vacated by the retreating Germans, I met a few of our officers—there were others that I would never meet again on the Western Front.

"Where's Captain Close?" I asked, with a catch in my throat and a quick-beating heart.

"He's gone, Padre. He got it coming across Canal du Nord."

That was war. It happened forty-two years ago. Yet often when quiet and alone, I see in imagination two steadfast eyes looking earnestly into mine and hear again the clear, fearless voice: "I'm getting it crossing the Canal du Nord." . . .

But I have been digressing: recalling the fine work of the Royal Canadian Engineers at Canal du Nord brought back poignant memories.

So to return now to my young soldier of the Engineers. We did happen to be in the same area the following Sunday. Recalling his offer, I went, Friday evening, to his lines. When I came to them I asked the first soldier that I met if he knew Pte. William Bartoomly Ritewillington. Of course that's not the name I asked. I gave the one I had been given. It has the same number of syllables as the one printed here; but there the similarity ends. Why wouldn't it?

That soldier looked at me so strangely that I repeated the name.

"There's no one here called that," he said as he regarded me with puzzled eyes.

"Well," I said, "that's the name he gave me and these are the lines where he said he was quartered."

As I spoke two or three other soldiers joined us and the one I had addressed queried them to learn if they could help us; yet they seemed as puzzled and dumbfounded as he had been.

I thought of describing the lad I wished to find, yet hesitated, fearing that he might be in one of the nearby Nissen huts. My description might offend him.

The soldiers kept repeating the name, as newcomers grouped around us. Yet the newly arrived were as puzzled as the others, and just as determined that no soldier with that name was quartered in their lines.

Then a lad sitting near the door of a hut with a few of his friends, stood up and came quickly over to us.

"That's Lazarus!" he said; then turned and went back to his seat.

Immediately the faces, regarding me, brightened; then all those soldiers called loudly: "Lazarus! Lazarus!" They kept repeating the call, and seemed eager to keep repeating it.

Quickly, soldiers in all the huts on both sides of the lane called: "Lazarus! Lazarus! Lazarus!" So that I felt if our old friend William Shakespeare were present he would no longer ask: "What's in a name?"

For a little while it seemed factually that those eager, shouting engineers thought they were calling forth the original Lazarus.

Presently a good looking, smiling lad came out of a small marquee not far away. He jerked his thumb backwards: "He's in there!" he said.

I side-stepped a few paces to where I could see into the small marquee. Sure enough: stepping over a long high bench, on which a number of soldiers were seated at a table, writing, was the lad who, the previous Sunday, had come to see me. Seeing him suddenly, again, I involuntarily started; for the resemblance to a dead man was striking.

There was in his movements a briskness telling that he was aware that he was being so wholeheartedly called; and was eager to answer the calls.

So I stood waiting—waiting for Lazarus to come forth.

BALLAD OF AN OLD BARN IN CAPE BRETON

The old barn, the old barn, it stands as staunch today
As it stood fifty years ago, but now it's in the way.
It spoils the facade of the place just newly built beside—
Or rather, just beyond—the fence the lilacs used to hide.

This house is a very grand indeed,
It has a haughty face;
And Grandpa's barn is old and brown
It must feel out of place.

It needs a nice old woodsy yard
With chopping block and axe,
An old chair just outside the door
Where Grandpa could relax.

The ladies eye the sad old barn—
(The ones who call next door)
And say, "Why don't they tear it down?
It ruins your décor."

The owner says with twinkling eye:
"It is a rare antique."
And he intends to leave it there,
Because it is unique.

I know not how the by-laws stand
In that great thriving town
But if the barn is now *de trop*,
It surely will come down,

And Grandpa's barn, like all old things,
Will soon pass out of mind,
And styles more modern take their place
But not a better kind!

I wonder if the barn is gone
Leaving no living trace;
And if the owner has put up
A garage in its place.

ISABEL KENNEDY

The new headquarters building of the Nova Scotia Command of the Canadian Legion in Halifax.

REMEMBRANCE THROUGH SERVICE

by STANLEY T. SPICER

WHAT IS THE public's conception of the Canadian Legion? To some it may be an image of veterans spending their evenings reliving past experiences of the battlefields of Europe, remembering convoy duty on the North Atlantic run, or bombing missions over the heart of Germany. To others it is a group of men and women marching every Remembrance Day perpetuating the memory of fallen comrades. To still others the Legion may portray a closely-knit organization, closed to non-veterans and concerned only with those who wore the uniform of the armed services in the dark, receding days of world conflict.

In fact Legion members do relive the experiences of war. These they will never forget. They do remember fallen comrades and those who returned maimed and disabled. These too, they will never forget. The Legion is a closely-knit organization and this is its strength. Because of their individual and collective endeavours Legion branches in these four Atlantic Provinces, as in the rest of Canada, have become a vital, positive force in our society. The programmes organized, sponsored and assisted by these men and women reach far beyond the veterans and extend to the youngest and oldest members of the community.

It is not surprising that Legion members place considerable emphasis on physical fitness and opportunities for sports participation among the youth of these provinces. One of the most ambitious physical fitness programmes in Canada was initiated by the New Brunswick Command last year. Developed in co-operation with the Department of Education, this physical fitness and sports efficiency programme is designed to encourage participation in worthwhile sports and recreational activities by as many young people as possible. It involves three levels of physical fitness tests, each progressively more difficult and requires regular participation in some sport. In its first year an estimated 15,000 boys and girls began this programme. Next summer the New Brunswick Command will establish an annual ten-day summer camp programme for thirty selected boys, and a similar camp for girls. These students, who must be in Grade Eleven, will be chosen on the basis of academic standing and leadership qualities, and will undertake intensive training in athletics and leadership which will help them assume roles of responsibility in their school and community.

In Newfoundland, the Provincial Command is going ahead with a physical fitness programme that will eventually reach all schools within the province.

The field of sports receives active promotion by a large number of local Legion

Students at Crescent Valley School in Saint John, receiving physical fitness certificates from a representative of the Canadian Legion.

branches. The Sackville, New Brunswick, branch sponsors a four-team bantam hockey league, providing coaches, equipment and funds, and tendering a banquet for all players at season's end. The Chester, Nova Scotia, branch sponsors teams in softball and hockey, while others are responsible for teams and leagues in such activities as Little League baseball, bowling, basketball and track and field. Some of these branches are large, with hundreds of members, but others are small. The Gagetown branch, with less than forty members, sponsors teams in hockey and baseball, as well as providing and maintaining an outdoor rink for the community.

Track and field has been strongly encouraged by all provincial commands. Every summer each command selects a representative provincial track and field team, sends it to Toronto to take part in the Canadian Legion sports training plan. Here the fortunate athletes spend ten days in training sessions under some of the world's foremost coaches, compete in inter-provincial meets and attend attractions at the Canadian National Exhibition. In New Brunswick this year, more than three hundred young athletes, winners of events in six district Legion meets, competed in Saint John for a place on the team of ten which would represent the province in Toronto.

National athletic competition is not limited to track and field. On three separate occasions Legion-sponsored hockey teams in Newfoundland have been sent to Goderich, Ontario, to participate in the Young All-Canada Championships.

Scholastic achievement and financial assistance to students interested in a higher education are recognized by the Legion throughout the Atlantic region. In Newfoundland two provincial scholarships valued at $400 each are awarded annually to children of veterans entering university, while forty-eight yearly bursaries of twenty-five dollars each are available to students entering Grade Eleven. In New Brunswick thirty-three branches provide scholarships in addition to sizeable scholarships awarded by the provincial commands of the Legion and Legion Auxiliary. Most of these are awarded on the basis of academic standing, need and qualities of leadership. In New Brunswick such scholarships are valued annually at nearly $10,000. Many branches also provide graduation prizes and awards of varying amounts on the high school level.

The Legion hall is a familiar structure in a large number of Atlantic communities. Very often it is the centre for a wide range of community endeavours, ranging from baby clinics to meetings of football clubs, flower clubs and of many voluntary organizations. Sometimes the branches construct needed facilities. Chester and Chipman have built ball diamonds, tracks and outdoor rinks. Sussex embarked on a project shortly after the Second World War, resulting in the Kings County Stadium, valued at $100,000. Hospital rooms and playgrounds have also been equipped through Legion endeavours.

One of the unique and important programmes is the provision of housing facilities for the aged and disabled. The Moncton branch recently opened apartments for sixteen families, at a cost of well over $120,000. The apartments are leased to elderly and disabled veterans at a low rental. The first occupant was John W. Lockwood, an 83-year-old veteran of the South African War. In Corner Brook, Grand Falls and Gander, the erection of homes for veterans has been sponsored by the Legion branches. Others, like Fredericton, are now seriously planning similar low-cost housing projects.

The types of programmes sponsored reflect the scope of Legion activity and interest. In Rothesay, N.B., the Highland Gathering held each summer has become an event attracting thousands of visitors. Sponsored by the local Legion branch and designed to preserve the Gaelic culture in the area, the gathering offers a full programme of highland dancing, piping competitions, marching bands and track and field events. The Woodstock branch promotes, organizes and supports the annual "Old Home Week" programmes, while summer and fall fairs are sponsored by a number of branches.

The emphasis on youth work is clearly indicated in the type of community service rendered by Legion groups. Boy Scouts, Brownies, Air Cadets and music festivals are but a few examples. Then there is support to such projects as the "March of Dimes", the organization of blood-donor clinics and assistance to needy families.

These then represent some of the kinds of work being performed by members of the Legion. They served in times of conflict and now they serve in times of peace. Whether the programme is in providing facilities for community activities, helping boys and girls obtain a higher education or whether it is in the sponsorship of housing projects, the objective remains the same, a community—a province and a nation—which is a better place in which to live.

THE END

The trees are gone, the earth is dry and bare.
There are no birds to sing; no fish to swim.
The cities yield to dusk and light is dim.
The silver stars appear, though far and rare.
And cold winds blow; but no one's here to care.
The moon is gone and now the earth is grim,
Her surface changing with each hard wind's whim.
To rise and slide and fall, but still to wear.

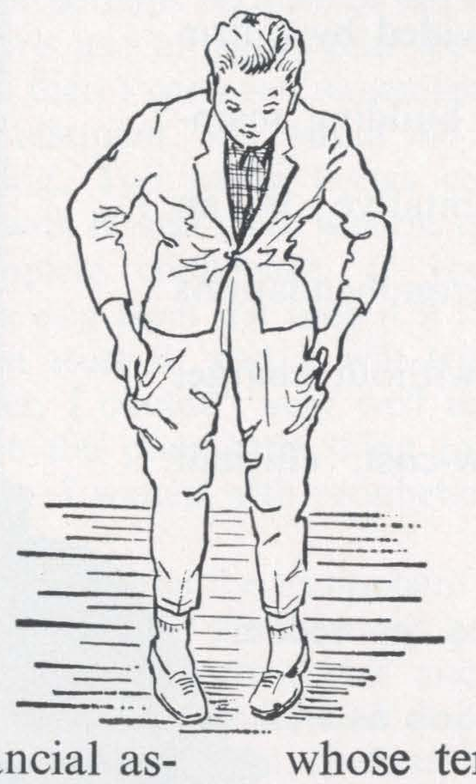
The end has come, there is no life at all.
Wars have been fought and won and lost, to cease.
Empires and kingdoms rose and came to fall,
Their lust and pride only to end in peace.
The wind and sun have answered soon His call.
Our life has reached its height and sought release.

BRIAN AKERLEY

A GROWING YOUNGSTER

and idb

Some youngsters grow so fast that they are always pushing out of their clothes and needing new ones. This was the sort of problem faced by the X-Y Company. Not only was the company's growth phenomenal but new developments in the character and manufacture of the product—foil and transparent paper—had extended its common use into foodstuffs, tobaccos and other perishables and even into the hardware and textile fields. The Canadian consumer was increasingly being offered the cleanliness and convenience of having more and more goods pre-wrapped.



The X-Y Company's growth demanded more machinery and space; the new diversity in wrappers demanded new equipment. The X-Y Company had been doing extremely well, but it had been growing out of its financial clothing. When it first approached Industrial Development Bank for financial assistance, it already owned a plant which was fully paid for. Annual sales were over the million dollar mark, and heading higher.

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But the youngster hadn't stopped growing, and the same situation arose a couple of years later. Again the company needed new machinery to increase production and again I.D.B. provided the term financing for this purpose. The mushrooming sales chart took another surge upward.

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MARGARET GORDON SYVERTSEN

LOVE MY DOG never mind about me

BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED, my husband and I did not discuss owning a dog. Subconsciously I felt sure he would agree with me that a dog is practically a necessity for a family. However, he did seem lukewarm whenever the subject came up, and after fifteen years of family life without a dog, I finally realized that if we were to have one, I must get it myself. Wasting no more time, I brought home a six-weeks-old collie pup, our golden brown and white Tiger. He is laughable and lovable, just the kind of a dog I wanted. Of course he chases hens, and after three painfully quilly attempts, still thinks he ought to be able to vanquish a porcupine. He cries if left alone, and suffers from the delusion that he is a lap dog. He cherishes a desire to chew up our next door neighbour's dog, and insists on sleeping at the foot of our bed, where it is easy to stumble over him. There is never a dull moment, but I now wonder how we ever got along without him. His sweet disposition, which nothing ever sours, is a shining example amid the stresses and strains of life.

Our second dog is quite a different matter. I refuse to be held responsible for her. She belongs to the children. They brought her into the family in a manner that satisfies their sense of romance. One winter's afternoon, when the deep snow was covered with a light crust, we saw what looked like a fox in the big field across from the house. It stayed in the same place for so long that we thought it must be hurt. Filled with curiosity, the children organized an expedition to investigate. They took skis and snowshoes, but found the going heavy. After about twenty minutes one of them rushed back for a sled.

"It's a little, tiny puppy, Mummy. It's exhausted and terribly frightened. We're trying to make friends with it."

I groaned inwardly. In spite of having Tiger, or perhaps because of having him, those girls had brought home more stray puppies than I can even remember. I was always adamant. We would *not* keep a stray dog. Too many things could be wrong with it, and there was the question of complete confidence. If you have raised a dog from the time it is a puppy you can trust it, and it will trust you. However, I couldn't very well tell them to leave the poor little thing to die of exposure. I waited with prophetic apprehension.

Two hours later the triumphant expedition returned. Up the driveway came the children, carrying their skis and snowshoes, hauling an empty sled, and closely followed by the biggest, liveliest, happiest "tiny exhausted puppy" I ever saw. True, she was tiny compared to Tiger, she couldn't have weighed more than twenty-five pounds. True she was a puppy, she was only six or seven months old.

"I thought you said she was exhausted" I accused.

"Oh, Mummy, she was."

"She could hardly stand up at all."

"She was so scared and tired, and I'm sure she is hungry."

"She is probably starving. Look at her ribs."

"We had a hard time making friends with her, she was so frightened."

"One of us had to sit on the sled and hold her, while the rest pulled and pushed, until she got rested."

I was nearly overwhelmed by a torrent of explanations, but I stuck by my guns. "She can not come into the house," I said firmly. "She can stay in the carriage house tonight, and we will find out tomorrow where she came from."

She was watching me with an alert expression, as though she understood every word. "She is used to people," I added. "She must be someone's pet." At this the little waif ran to my feet and looked up at me with a timid, pleading look. My back began to bend, but I stiffened it. "All right, take her out. Be sure to give her water and plenty of food."

"We have decided to call her 'Jolly Chinook'," they informed me cheerfully as they started off. "Isn't a chinook a nice warm breeze they have out west? Her tracks came into the field from the west, and she's such a jolly little breeze."

"Named already," I thought uneasily.

We asked, or rather *I* asked friends and neighbours for miles around, called the police in two towns, sent a notice out over the local radio station, and called the dog constable, all to no avail. Every one with whom I talked seemed willing, even anxious, for us to keep the dog.

She was obviously part collie and part chow. I'm sure her ancestry linked her with other illustrious canine families, but these were the only ones of which she openly boasted. With stand-up ears, nimble little feet, neat chow black mouth, she looked like a glorious red fox, though no fox ever carried his tail so high, nor laughed as she did.

I still insist that we did not adopt Jolly; she adopted us. She won the girls over that first afternoon, before they got her as far as the house. She was smart, and undoubtedly knew a home that suited her when she saw it. I am sure that when she trotted up the driveway the first afternoon, she had decided to stay. At any rate, stay she did. With four girls under her sharp little thumb, she probably figured, correctly, that she could manage the rest of us. As far as Tiger was concerned, it was a case of love at first sight. She teased him, coaxed him, stole his food, flattered him, nipped his ear, danced circles around him, and reduced him to a state of complete subjection. If she would play, he

would bounce his sixty-eight pounds around like a puppy. If she would not play, he would lie down and patiently wait upon her capricious pleasure. He was a perfect gentleman, much too good for her, the little minx.

The only hope I had of support for my rule against keeping a stray dog lay in my husband, and he, to put it mildly, was a weak reed upon which to lean. The first time he saw her she was playing outside with the children. He seemed surprised. "Is that the dog? Why, she acts as though she belongs here!" The only other thing I can remember his saying was: "Imagine anyone letting a nice little dog like that stay lost."

I can take a hint. I gave up. When we got her a licence everyone was perfectly satisfied except for me, the dog lover of the family. I was filled with vague misgivings that did not long remain vague.

Our first troubles were due to her timidity. When she took food she had no business to touch, or when she barked furiously at guests, I felt I should speak sharply. When I did, just speak mind you, she would crouch piteously at my feet, looking as though she feared for her life, but had neither the strength nor the wish to run away. Maybe Genghis Khan and his ilk enjoy that sort of thing, but I don't. Worst of all, the children would invariably say at this point: "Poor little Jolly. She couldn't help it. Don't be so mean to her. See how she *loves* you. You *must* pat her. She's trembling all over."

It was hard on her and harder on me, but slowly I gained her confidence. The first time she saw me using a fly swatter on the porch, she dashed upstairs to the farthest bedroom and hid under the bed for the rest of the day. Now she only runs into the dining room and hides under the table until I am through.

Another fear of hers has caused more trouble, however. This is her fear of all men. She made it clear immediately that although she loved the girls, and, somewhat to my embarrassment, adored me, my husband was a frightening ogre. Every time he came home she barked wildly. We all rushed to stop her, but could only do so by holding her mouth, which I am sure she liked. When, with some moral and physical support from the rest of us, she got close enough to let the "ogre" pat her and scratch her ears, she would hold herself motionless and roll her eyes admiringly. Her feminine instincts, no doubt, but I look upon it with a cold eye. Now that she has gained a little confidence, she puts on the most idiotic performance I have ever seen. She runs away, barking her high frequency bark, then crawls timidly back to his patient coaxing, so that he can pat her. Reassured by his kindness she jumps up, laughing, and hugs him around the leg, an almost human embrace, from which he has to be rescued.

We have had to work, too, on her jungle-like food habits. I know many people believe that a dog should be left alone while eating, but for a family dog I do not agree. Any dog of mine must submit patiently to having his food taken away from him sometimes, so I can feel sure no accident will cause trouble. Tiger is perfect in this respect. Any one of us can take food or a bone out of his mouth, lay it on the floor before him, and he will not touch it until given permission. But Jolly! She used to growl so, when she had a bone, if anyone so much as looked in her direction, that I was really nervous. The girls insisted that it was only a game, but when she rolled her eyes and crouched down, rumbling in her throat, I wasn't so sure. How would she act if it were *not* a game? It was a long struggle, but now I can take a bone away from her without the growl if it isn't too new, though I have to admit I don't enjoy it. My daughters, looking over my shoulder at this point, protest that I am not being fair to Jolly. One of them said: "I never have any trouble. I can take anything away from her. All I do is to grab it quickly, before she knows what I am doing." Another added: "You don't need to have any trouble. All you have to do is pry open her jaws, and if it is a bone you can get it. If it is a piece of food you had better grab quickly, because she will swallow it even with her mouth held open. She won't try to bite you. It's no trouble."

She has never chewed any non-edible article in the house, except for an occasional toy. When left alone during school hours, I suppose she figured she could play with a toy to amuse herself. Let any doubter of canine intelligence explain why she never chews anything except toys.

I have explained how all the rest of the household succumbed to the wiles of the adventuress, and how I consider her to be just that, a highly successful adventuress. In order to keep the record straight, I must now confess how I myself fell victim, with my eyes wide open. It was very simple. Jolly recognized me from the first instant as absolute boss. No matter whether I praise or blame, she has never showed the slightest doubt. For the mother of four teen-age children, there is probably no more subtle form of flattery. I doubt if there is anything else she could have done that would have spiked my guns so effectively. Even my pride and joy, Tiger, though he obeys me very well for a poorly trained, spoiled dog, does so without the slightest suggestion of snappy obedience. If I point my finger at the floor, meaning "lie down", he makes a big show of trying to chew my finger as he flops down with a loud groan. Jolly's laughing, eager obedience, when she isn't afraid, is balm to my wounded pride.

Of course the time inevitably came when the girls insisted that Jolly and Tiger should have some puppies. I gasped a

horrified "No", but they insisted that they would do all the work, whatever it might be, and my husband just laughed. To make a long story short, I was overpowered by the weight of many arguments, rather than by the logic of any of them.

"A child can learn so much from raising a family of puppies."

"We have two good barns, and a back yard of more than a hundred acres."

"First litters are usually small."

"I want my own dog."

"It would be interesting, genetically, to see what kind of puppies she would have."

Tiger and Jolly were enthusiastic. As I have already admitted, I am quite fond of dogs, so once more I agreed, with vague misgivings that did not long remain vague.

At first things went smoothly. Jolly was happy and lively, all a successful mother should be. She even accepted approvingly the lower half of an old steamer trunk that I had bought for the purpose at an auction. Then one Sunday afternoon, when all the family were home to be properly excited, she presented us with seven male puppies. The girls were ecstatic, but the grown-ups were a bit stunned. We were expecting possibly two. Jolly and the girls agreed, it was the nicest thing that had ever happened. Trusting us beautifully, up to a certain point, she enjoyed having us admire the puppies and handle them, although she worried if we took them out of her sight. She kept them fastidiously clean, a joy to me after years of poultry pets.

The first trouble was with Tiger. When the peak of the excitement had passed, and we allowed him to come into that part of the house, he trotted up, full of amiable curiosity. At about two yards Jolly jumped to her feet, arched her back like a hyena, and snarled viciously. Poor Tiger! He stood for a second in shocked surprise and then, head and tail down, sought a far dark corner, and never went near them again.

The puppies were all about the same size, and weighed approximately three-quarters of a pound each. They steadily and rapidly increased in size and vocal ability. They all had floppy ears, curled-over tails, and sweet dispositions like their father. I suppose Jolly's disposition is good, too, when her instincts don't take over. She was a perfect mother by jungle standards, and her children grew, literally by leaps and bounds. Because seven puppies seemed a lot for a little mother, we supplemented their food with the best baby foods, and it soon became clear that they would approach their father's size. When they were perhaps half Jolly's size, and still very young, she started to teach them to fight. She would growl and snarl at one until he lunged at her throat, then she would turn her shoulder and tumble him, head over heels. It happened again and again, in spite of my violent disap-

proval. It was obviously a case where the state should have taken over the children, but the state was feeling overburdened enough. Jolly's nature simply had to have its way.

After several months, when by Jolly's standards the puppies should begin to fend for themselves, she gave them the canine form of a push from the nest. She watched for her chance, and when the door was left open, ran off to the woods followed by seven wildly delighted puppies. The children caught John Peel on the way out, but the rest were gone. Half an hour later Jolly came back alone, looking very smug. She retired to a corner and lay down contentedly, oblivious alike to baleful looks and caustic comments. Silly as it may seem now, the woods, so safe before, seemed then to be teeming with bears, wild cats and boogy monsters just waiting for little lost puppies. There was also the much more real danger from cars, if they came out on the road. The search continued frantically until long after dark. Binkie and Leo were found in the woods not far from home. Brown Boy and Whitey (officially White Gauntlets) found their own way back hours later. Tiger Cub and Fido were gone all night. They were found next morning in a neighbour's barn, where they had refused to touch food offered them by their kindly hostess.

Jolly never said she was sorry. She maintained her position. Her family was grown, and no longer her responsibility. She returned full time to her chosen life work, flattering and beguiling her own particular family of humans. She is almost unbelievably good most of the time, but she still complicates my life. If I give her more food than she wants, she hides it. As far as burying a bone in the ground is concerned, I accept that as a thrifty doggy habit. When it comes to burying a crust of bread or other perishable, I do not think it is true thrift. As for hiding a dish of dog food under a table or rug, I do not accept that on any basis. When it comes to burying a bone in a sleeping bag, well—all I can say is that it wasn't my sleeping bag. Then there was the time she brought home the woodchuck. A woodchuck is a fierce animal, when cornered, and not all dogs will tackle one. Jolly's was almost as big as she was, and she was quite properly proud. Holding her head high, dragging what she couldn't lift, she paraded it around the house and then hid it in the nearby woods. No one was allowed to touch it. If any of us ventured too close, she ran away with it to a new hiding place. After the first three days it was relatively easy to tell the general direction in which it was hidden, but we never caught up with it.

I am sure that there must be a moral to this tale, but I am not sure what it is. Jolly is healthy, smart, entertaining, loyal, eager to please if possible, but jolly little breeze? Heck, she is more like a tornado!

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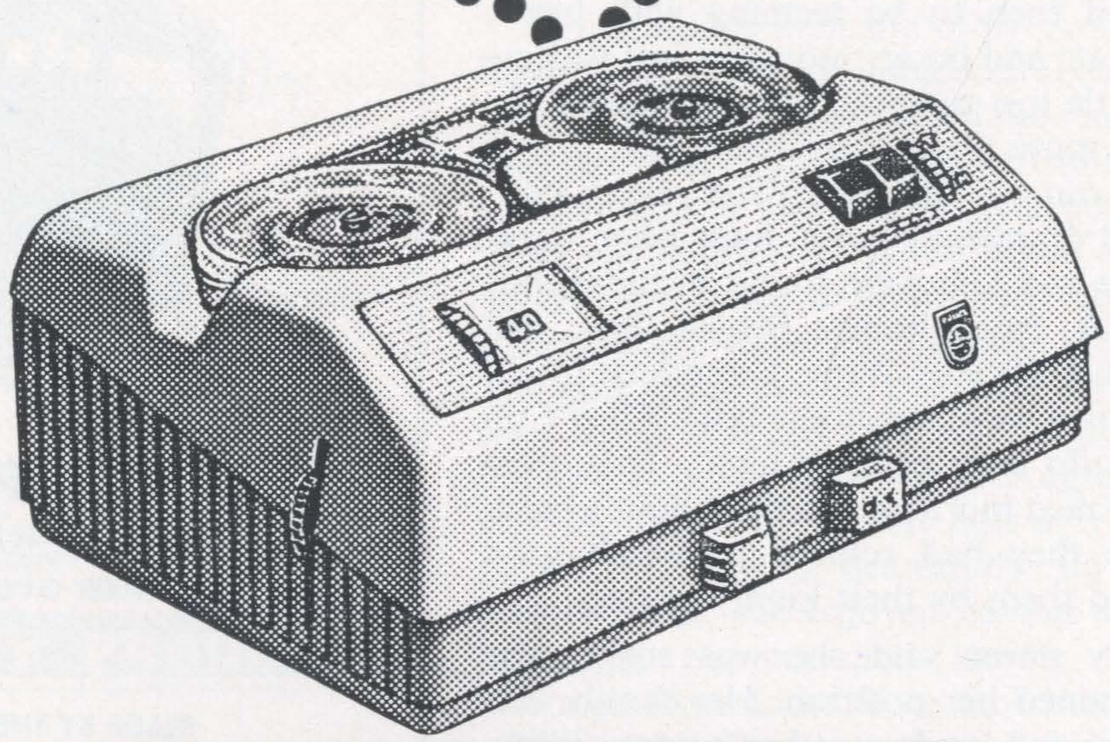

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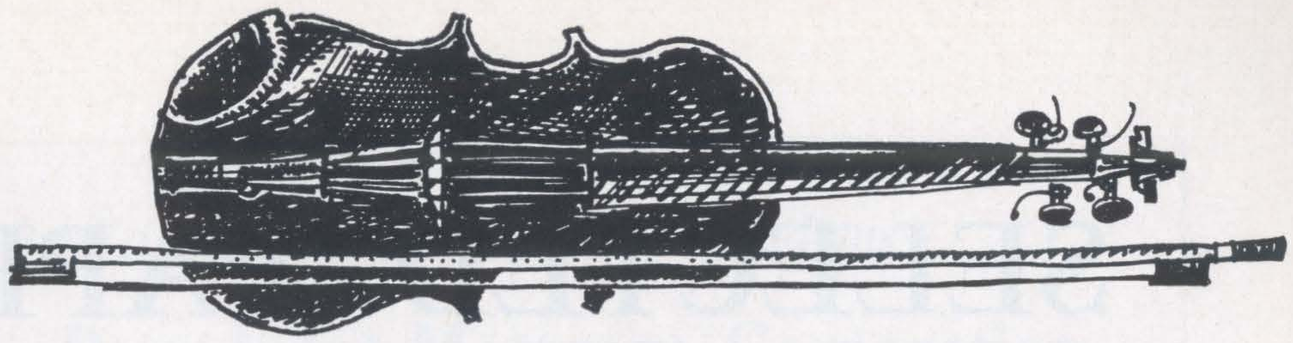


by ALDEN A. NOWLAN

FIDDLES MAKE THE kind of music that should be heard at night in the distance in a strange town. Maybe you're stranded between trains in a little town that you've never heard of before. In a hotel room where there's a reproduction of *The Horse Fair* and a vase of fading artificial carnations, and a Gideon Bible. You decide there's nowhere to go but sleep. So you turn off the light and lie down on the hard bed and find there is a slight sour smell to the sheets. And suddenly through the window, which you've discovered will open only four inches, barely enough to keep you from suffocating, you hear fiddles. Playing in a dance hall down the street. It's happy music, of course. Dancing music. But it doesn't make you happy. It makes you feel left out, as if the people down the street, none of whom you've ever seen or are ever likely to see, knew you and had locked you out, deliberately. You hear laughter. Nothing is sadder than the laughter of strangers when you hear it alone. But you sense the happiness too. The fiddles are dancing stars of laughter in a vast black pool of sadness and night. That's how fiddles are meant to sound, always.

I thought about the sound of fiddles when I attended my father's funeral last summer. At the funeral there were hymns. Very sad hymns. Like the nights when there are no stars at all. Sitting in the little Baptist Church, where my father's coffin lay open in front of the pulpit, I wished there had been fiddles. The wheezing organ seemed to say nothing at all that was true about Michael John MacDonald, my father, who died and left a hundred acres of swamp, rocks, cat spruce and alder, sandwiched between a dirt road and a muddy creek in Nova Scotia. He left a mortgage too. But the important thing is that he left a fiddle. A worn-out fiddle. My father was a fiddler. When I was a very small boy I learned that that made him different from other men.

My Uncle Bill said my father didn't care whether school kept or not. He'd take his team back to the barn in the middle of the afternoon and get his only suit out of the closet, taking it out of the newspapers that mother had wrapped carefully around it, and hitch-hike to Larchmont or Bennington or Harkinsville to play for a dance. Not that he had to hitch-hike hard. There was always someone to drive him there and someone else to drive him back and someone else with a case of home-made malt beer. And if he had promised mother or Uncle Bill that he was going to work—work hard until the crops were in or until harvesting or haying was done with—there was someone to go out into the field and coax him until he went anyway. They never had to coax hard or long. The times when he didn't want to come back to the house where he'd have met mother, he went to the dance in his overalls and muddy gum rubbers. It didn't matter. He was a fiddler. He wasn't good for anything else.

My grandfather said that when God decided to make a man a fiddler, He made it so he couldn't do anything else. He was a fiddler, that's all there was to it. Grandfather disagreed with mother and Uncle Bill, who thought fiddling was sinful. He was a Plymouth Brother and every night he sat by the kitchen range and read the Bible by kerosene lamplight. There was always a pot of tea on the back of the stove. He put it there at breakfast time and it stayed there all day so that he could have a cupful whenever he wanted it. Sometimes there was rum in the tea. But mother never knew about that. Anyway, grandfather didn't think fiddling was sinful and hearing him say so made me feel good because, when I was six or seven, I was very worried about my father. Mother and Uncle Bill made it sound as if he were in league with the devil. And sometimes my thoughts of the devil were like the knuckles of dead men rattling my bedroom windows on windy nights.

When I was older I learned that not all men who played the fiddle were like my father. But when I was a small boy it seemed that his being a fiddler was the clue to everything about him that was strange. Like his never helping with the slaughtering. When it came time to beef the cow or kill hogs or chop the head off the Christmas rooster, Uncle Bill or my cousins had to do it. My father never killed anything. He wouldn't even net smelts when the run was on in the creek. And he wouldn't hurt anything, not deliberately. When he made my mother look sad, her eyes were always like the fiddles; there was dark, bewildering happiness behind the sadness. She nagged. She cried when he left the potatoes in the ground and went to play the fiddle at a dance in Harkinsville. He was frequently ashamed. But he knew that he'd never change. Because the night had entered him, with the stars and the moonlight behind the clouds and the sound of the nighthawk falling into the cat-tails. And he couldn't push it out of him, even if he'd wanted to. And he was proud. Like a man with a calling. When I was eight I told Uncle Bill that when my father played the fiddle his face looked exactly like the face of my grandfather when he read the Bible. Uncle Bill told me I was being impertinent and disrespectful and impudent and all the other things that eight-year-old boys are when they're wicked. But it was true. My father had been called to be a fiddler.

When he leaned back in a kitchen chair that was held together with rabbit wire and binder twine and perched on a rough plank stage at the Larchmont Dance Pavilion, or when he sat on a laundry bench by the barn, and played the fiddle, all the night oozed out of him. When I was very small I used to lie awake in bed and imagine that everything I had ever done wrong was rolled into a huge black ball and thrown out into the sky so that it disappeared for ever. My father's fiddle rolled all the meaning in the earth into little silver and golden beads of music and tossed them up and out into the air.

There were the names of the places I knew: Skedaddle Hollow and Buckwheat Corner and Frenchmen's Cross and New Tripoli and Hampshireville, the fiddles said the names over and over. And the fiddles talked about what it was like to go swimming in Markey's gravel pit for the first time in the spring and the smell in the kitchen when my mother made pickles and how I felt when the kitten died and I wrapped it in my sister's doll blanket and buried it behind the hen house and afterwards my sister wept because her doll blanket was in the ground and she was never going to see it again, and there was the winter I had pneumonia and Uncle Bill had to hold my mouth open and pour the medicine down me when I refused to take it because of the taste. The fiddles talked about how these things were and what they meant.

And they talked about Moses and Aaron and Miriam and the Golden Calf and my grandfather's grave by the Anglican Church and the lilac bushes by the road and the rose bushes by the well and the mayflowers back of the pasture. They talked about the terrible giddy fear that I felt in my stomach and the cold shivers of response in my spine and the love in my throat and the hate in my wrists. When the talk was so sad that you couldn't stand it any more, it shattered like a tumbler and splashed laughter, wonderful liquid laughter, over everything in the whole world. That's how it was with the fiddles. And with my father, the fiddler.

SELECTED PAPER STOCKS II

by MAXIMUS

The stock market continues to move in an erratic fashion. Certain sections, food and gas stocks for example, have been struggling to move upwards, but most industries and individual stock prices seem content to fluctuate within a narrow trading range.

Last month the pulp and paper industry was discussed generally and three companies were reviewed. In the intervening period there has been little activity in this group. Most prices have been holding steady or moving fractionally lower. The premium on the Canadian dollar declined further and has been in the vicinity of 2 to 2¼ per cent over the past few weeks. This factor, together with the increased sales being reported by most of the paper companies, augurs well for the 1960 industry results.

Late in September the Bowater Paper Corporation, of England, announced a "rights" issue, whereby six million common shares were to be distributed to its existing shareholders, and to the holders of its 5¾ per cent convertible unsecured loan stock, 1978/82. Bowater is one of the largest pulp and paper companies in the world, and of particular importance to the Atlantic Provinces, since a large portion of its North American operation is in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

The Bowater Corporation of North America is a wholly owned subsidiary of the Bowater Paper Corporation, and acts as a holding company for its North American operating companies. The subsidiaries are engaged in the full range of paper-making activities, and as well in the development and distribution of electric power. Bowaters Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mill, which owns and operates paper mills at Cornerbrook, Newfoundland; and the Bowater Mersey Paper Company, which owns and operates a newsprint mill at Liverpool, N.S., are the two operating subsidiaries in the Maritime Provinces.

The Newfoundland company operates six paper machines with an annual capacity of approximately 340,000 tons. Despite the discount prevailing on U.S. funds throughout 1959, the company managed to increase its net profit to $3,153,000 from $2,938,000 the previous year. Bowaters Mersey, (formerly Mersey Paper Company) was acquired in April 1956, and has a capacity of about 150,000 tons of newsprint per year. Net profit in 1959 was $1,717,000 as compared to $2,007,000 in 1958.

The common stock of both of these companies is held by Bowaters Corporation of North America, and because all of the common stock of that corporation is held by the parent, the only way to participate in the affairs of either the Newfoundland or the Mersey Company is through the purchase of preferred shares. The dividend coverage is excellent and a return of approximately 5.50 per cent may be anticipated.

The common stock of the parent company may be acquired in the open market at approximately $7.50 per share. Divi-

dends are paid in sterling funds and the return based on the present indicated rate of $.38 per share is approximately 5 per cent. This stock may be considered by those seeking capital gain.

News and Views

Demand for local stocks continues to be strong . . . New Brunswick Telephone common at $12.50 to $13 is ahead fifty cents in the last few weeks. The current dividend of sixty cents per share provides a return of 4.61 per cent to the shareholder . . . A notice enclosed with the October 15 dividend to Maritime Telephone and Telegraph shareholders advised that the company expected its shares to be called for trading on the Montreal Stock Exchange on or about November 1. This move had been rumoured for some time . . . The common stock of the Eastern Trust Company has been in demand since the last "rights" issue. Although trading volume has not been heavy, quite a buying interest has been in evidence and the stock has advanced three dollars per share in the past few months. Current quotation is $29 to $30 . . . Thompson and Sutherland Class "A" which were marketed earlier this year at $10.25, are now quoted $10.50 to $11.25 . . . Nova Scotia Light and Power Company is enjoying a good year, and current estimate of 1960 earning is in the $1.25 to $1.35 per share bracket. The stock at $15.25 would appear to represent good value. Some observers look for a dividend increase in 1961 . . . Sobeys Stores Class "A" are still trading in the $11 to $12 range despite the fact that first quarter earnings and sales topped those of 1959 by a good margin. Sobeys will be the supermarket in the new Webb and Knapp Shopping Centre to be constructed in Halifax.

☆ ☆ ☆

This year the Government of Canada is again making Canada Savings Bonds available to those seeking an investment that is completely "liquid" and bears an attractive rate of interest. The 1960 series will mature in 1970, and carry ten interest coupons. The rate for the first year is 4 per cent. This increases ¼ of 1 per cent each year for four years, and then for the fifth to tenth years the rate is 5 per cent. If a Savings Bond is held until maturity, the average received is 4.71 per cent.

Canada Savings Bonds may be cashed at any time at their full face value. This particular feature is attractive to those who are saving towards a specific goal, and as well to those investors who have idle funds but who wish them in a form whereby dollars may be realized quickly and without loss.

Purchases may be made in amounts of from $50 to $10,000, through any investment dealer or bank.

BOOK REVIEWS by D. Kermode Parr

MY OTHER ISLANDS, by Evelyn M. Richardson. Ryerson Press, Toronto. $4.50.

Evelyn M. Richardson needs no introduction to readers of *The Atlantic Advocate*. She has written for this magazine "The Captain of the Half-Moon" and other delightful articles. Those who enjoyed them and now get her latest book will not be disappointed.

My Other Islands should be appreciated by anyone who likes the people and things of our Atlantic shores, or of any coast islands anywhere, or just real men, women and children. Those who are young will find answers to their wondering about how their grandparents endured growing up in those strange, primitive days of half a century ago. (They did not endure it, of course, they enjoyed happy and extraordinarily interesting days in the society of family and friends in quiet communities.) The book will appeal irresistibly to the grandparents themselves as pleasant memories flood back and recognition of old, familiar things adds to their appreciation. (That is just how, they will say, *their* sisters played in the moored dory, and *their* Uncle George too always used to . . .) Many a reader there will be, finally, whose memories include not only the joys and the troubles that were part of childhood everywhere fifty or sixty years ago, but the rich experience of long summers spent on some sea-girt island, no matter on which side of the Atlantic. For them Mrs. Richardson's pages will be pure magic.

The actual islands of Mrs. Richardson's book are at the southernmost tip of Nova Scotia. The names vary, for Cape Sable Island (strangers need to be informed that this is not the same as Sable Island) seems usually called Cape Island, Emerald Island is officially Stoddart's Island, and Bon Portage, where Mrs. Richardson lives now, was better known as Outer Island.

Evelyn's father was Arthur Fox, principal, for most of the years here described, of the school at Clark's Harbour on Cape Sable Island. He was clearly a remarkable man. His adoption of the teaching profession came about by chance, the result of the loss of his right hand in an accident, but he proved to be a most gifted and inspiring teacher, at once absent-minded, unworldly and yet practical with devastating logic. Here is one picture of him. The Fox family lived near the parsonage and shared the intervening field with the minister's children. "Mamma, conscious of her husband's position in the community, was horrified one Sunday morning. She went to Papa's study. 'Arthur, you'll *have* to speak to the boys! People are just coming from church, and what must they think to see the *minister's* sons and the *principal's* sons playing ball on Sunday. In the front yard, too, right in the face and eyes of everyone.' After a brief absence outdoors, Papa returned to his book, and Mamma's glance from the window showed an empty front yard. 'What did you say to them?' she asked, now afraid he might have sent the visiting boys home with a flea in their ear, and offended the minister. He glanced up, holding his page down with his pipe-stem as he always did at Hattie's interruptions. 'I told them to take their bat and ball around to the backyard.' (Though this was not in the face and eyes of passers-by, it was in plain view.) At Mamma's despairing exclamation he asked in bewilderment, 'Why Hattie, wasn't that what you wanted?' But Mamma had taken her mortification back to the kitchen and the preparation of Sunday dinner, wondering how such a good man could be so completely nonconformist, and so indifferent to public opinion."

"Grampa" was an unforgettable character, too. The opening chapter contains a charming account of children helping with the hay on Emerald Island, where the other main crop was lobsters. There was trouble with an ox that bolted with a hay rack and its crew of youngsters. Grampa was able to cure that. When "the ox sprang forward for another romp, we learned Grampa's years at sea had not been wasted. He reached round the rack's stern as it lurched past him and twitched a rope. A grapnel dropped, clanked, bounced once, then caught its flukes around the next rock. Star was brought up 'all-standing', with a jolt that rattled his yoke-pins and lifted his front feet . . . For the remainder of the haying season a chastened and spiritless ox obeyed every 'Haw over' or 'Whoa there!' and addressed himself only to those forkfuls of hay set before him . . . Later I realized that few hayracks go afield equipped with an anchor, but it was Grampa's mixture of seafaring and farming procedures that gave our Emerald Island holidays their variety and flavour."

For variety and flavour depicted with vivid reality and constant charm, Evelyn Richardson's book is a real delight.

THE TIMELESS ISLAND, and other stories., By H. R. Percy. Ryerson Press, Toronto. $3.50.

This is a volume of short stories by a naval officer now stationed on the Atlantic coast. The collection of fourteen tales is not to be described in a word as of this or that type, for Lieutenant Percy ranges over a wide field. There are ghost stories, such as "The Timeless Island", which gives its name to the volume. There are sea yarns with a Conrad flavour: "The Captain's Lady", "Haliburton". There is broad comic reality with caricatures as characters: "A Spirited Encounter". (That one has a W. W. Jacobs manner: "Mate," he said, "you know I'd do anything to oblige a pal, but if there's one thing more tricky than gettin' ships into bottles, it's gettin' bottles into ships.") There is a subtle study of the thinking of a person with a physical handicap in "The Walking Tree", and pathetic low-life in "The Wedding Party".

H. R. Percy is a new name in Canadian writing. These stories reveal a talent that should make it soon a well-known name.

ATLANTIC GIFT SUGGESTIONS

by ELIZABETH MacDONALD

How would Dad like a new yacht, Maritime-made and as trim as any that ever sailed the seas? How would Mom like to find a mink or chinchilla stole (Atlantic-grown variety) under her Christmas tree? And how would the youngsters like toys and games made here at home, books by Maritime authors, or—if they are old enough—an outboard motor boat of Atlantic make?

Maritime products are often glamorous and even slightly exotic and as gifts they can provide a wonderful Christmas for every member of the family.

Here are some Atlantic-made gift suggestions just as sparkling, as curiosity-provoking and as exciting as those which lure our dollars elsewhere.

Apart from yachts and mink stoles, do you know anyone who would like a hand-made silver tea service? They're available on order from Ellis Roulston in Halifax or Max Roulston of Sackville, but allow enough time because magnificent work like this can not be accomplished over night. Imagine the thrill of visiting a silversmith's studio to inspect designs made especially for *you*—and choosing your very own patterns: If the entire set is too costly, why not arrange to have it made piece by piece?

You can play Santa by commissioning one of our Maritime artists to do a portrait of mother, or of a family group. It would be a wonderful gift—one to be enjoyed for a lifetime before it is handed down to future generations. Any mother would love to have a charcoal, pen and ink or oil portrait of her children, and there are many fine Maritime artists who could do them.

Have you any relatives or friends "out west"? Ask Santa to take them a nice water-colour of a Maritime scene, or an oil landscape to remind them pleasantly of home.

Exquisite silver jewellery is designed and created by Barth and Lucie Wttewaall of Sussex. Mrs. Wttewaall is a Dutch baroness who has become one of our most enthusiastic Maritimers. Their work has won top awards at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, and a piece of the Wttewaall jewellery, or silver spoons and forks can certainly improve the view under the Christmas tree. Do not forget items such as silver tie clips, cuff links and stick-pins for the men on your Yuletide list—or rings, earrings, brooches and necklaces, either of plain silver or native stones set in silver by skilled hands.

In Nova Scotia, Fred and Winifred Fox of Kentville have had their agate-set silver jewellery presented to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.

Santa can find fine pottery by the Deichmans of Sussex, and by the Lorenzens at Lantz, Nova Scotia, in an amazing array of colours, and exceptional designs. Many skilled potters are working in the Atlantic region, and a choice bit of their work would make a most reasonably priced and beautiful gift.

Look at our exquisite weaving. The looms of the Madawaska Weavers, Charlotte County Cottage Craft, Woodstock Weavers, Celtic Weavers, Star of the Sea or Gaelic Craft Foundation—along with dozens of others—are busily turning out the finest of hand weaving:

The Loomcrofters at Gagetown, under the direction of Miss Pat Jenkins, have made woven goods for Queen Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and Princess Alice.

In leather goods, we have Newfoundland's Koch shoes, either sturdy or dressy styles. And Harbour Grace has the Gold Sail Leather Goods which turns out lovely handbags and leather gloves, said to be among the world's finest. Brigus Knitting Mills make fully-fashioned woollen cardigans, sweaters and knitted woollen suits.

Excellent luggage is made in Amherst—at Christies—and in other Maritime cities—what nicer gift than matching luggage under your Christmas tree?

Hartt shoes are considered the tops in their field, as are the sturdily made Palmer-McLellan shoes. Both are made in Fredericton, so why not treat the man in the family to a pair?

For children, consider Fredericton-made canoes, or gymnastic equipment, wooden toys, sleds, toboggans, snowshoes and games, to mention only a few items. There are children's books by Atlantic writers, published right here in the Maritimes, and sport fishing equipment by the creel-full.

Thistle Knitwear of Yarmouth turns out cuddly-soft sweaters in the newest and nicest styles. There are other sweater manufacturers, operating on a factory-scale plan, and others of the handicraft class with smaller production. Beautiful sweaters mix or match with Maritime-made tweed suits or skirts.

You will find gossamer-sheer woven stoles, and scarves and neckties galore from the hand looms of our many weavers.

For less personal gifts, what about hand-made wood products such as salad bowls, book ends, lamps, tie-racks, fruit bowls, television stools, sandwich servers, furniture and dozens of other items made of glowing, mellow, native woods?

Maybe a piece of smart wrought-iron furniture would suit someone on your list. William Sonier of Lancaster makes exceptionally graceful and smart iron coffee tables, lamps, name plates, and garden furniture. And have you noticed how popular wrought-iron furniture is?

Santa will be delighted to leave any of the amusing and cleverly carved figures by Albert Nadeau of Edmundston—or a piece of fine sculpture by Claude Roussel of Fredericton, or Hans Melis of St. John's. The LaPorte studios in Edmundston turn out excellent carving.

Why not put a Christmas wrapping around one of the much sought-after hand-made quilts? Many gift shops have them in stock in gorgeous designs and beautiful needle-work.

Cheticamp rugs, as delicately shaded as tapestries, also make magnificent gifts. They're world famous for their beauty, durability and perfect workmanship.

Dolls for little girls are produced in the Maritimes by many women of imagination and skill, who prepare not only the dolls, but wardrobes, fascinating in every perfect detail.

For Dad you can also buy Maritime-made tweed jackets—or a heavy woolly sweater for curling or skiing. If he's a hunter or a gun collector, maybe he would like a specially designed, hand-made rifle stock.

The studio of Violet Gillett, in Andover, N.B. has many interesting suggestions for you. There you will see water-colours, oil paintings, greeting cards with her famous New Brunswick flower studies, and the floral designs adapted to silks, draperies, table linens, towels, dress accessories, trays and baskets. She also produces hand-etched glassware on order. Monogrammed glasses, anyone?

Don't forget a gift subscription to *The Atlantic Advocate*. For people away from home there is no more interesting way to keep in touch. The editions can later be bound in book form. These bound volumes also make good gift items for friends not already familiar with the magazine.

Maritime business firms might like a few suggestions, too. Perhaps they would consider sending out business gifts of baskets of gourmet items from the Maritimes. Help Santa pack a Maritime-made basket with good things like Tyne Valley cheese from Summerside, fiddleheads, smoked sardines, tins of lobster, lobster paste, kippered snacks, clams, quahaugs, New Brunswick maple syrup, candies and chocolates of Atlantic brands, Maritime-made biscuits—and many more of the exceptionally fine food products made here. It actually takes an arena to display all the Maritime food products. There are also dozens of bottlers of soft drinks, and lots of manufacturers of Christmas candy.

Choose Maritime-made sausages or Malpeque oysters for the turkey dressing and home-grown cranberries for the sauce.

If we are going to keep part of the billion dollars a year we spend on "outside" goods, it is squarely up to the homemaker to look for the Atlantic labels. If you can't find them—ask for them. Merchants will gladly order the items you want, thus creating work and business for Maritimers. Your insistence on buying the Atlantic labels will mean a greater measure of prosperity for the entire area.

And to mention a few other gift items moderately priced, whisper these in Santa's big red ear: recordings of choral selections by the Notre Dame d'Acadie Choir of Moncton and other Atlantic musicians; novels or poetry by Maritime authors; hand-painted hasty-notes; Nova Scotia amethyst jewellery; deer-skin gloves tanned and made by Mrs. J. M. Robinson of Sussex Corner; Indian fishing baskets; New Brunswick-made hunting knives; Edmundston dress shirts; wool blankets; hats and caps, shoes and garments for all the male members of the family; hampers of beautifully packed Nova Scotia apples; Christmas cakes by Maritime bakers; gloves by Atlantic Gloves of Carbonear; sports or play clothes; socks, factory-made or hand knitted to order; gift boxes of home-made jellies, jams and preserves; personalized stationery printed in the Maritimes; brass book ends and ash-trays made at the Lunenburg Foundry; house name-plates, executive-type desk name-plates, office or home furnishings made to order; woven or hooked rugs; stoves; cook books; dishes; house slippers; chesterfield suites; and a can of dog food for the pup's Christmas dinner.

If you want to give your husband the gift of a lifetime, make arrangements for an all-expenses-paid angling or hunting trip to any one of the region's world-famous camps. He will look forward to it all winter and guard the gift certificate with his life.

If someone you know likes antiques—patronize the various antiques shops in the Maritimes and choose any of the exquisite pieces so rich with Maritime tradition.

The money you spend on gifts can help our craftsmen and manufacturers expand, employ more people in their studios and factories, and your patronage can also be a Christmas gift of confidence in the skill of our own people.

Companies now active in

NEWFOUNDLAND

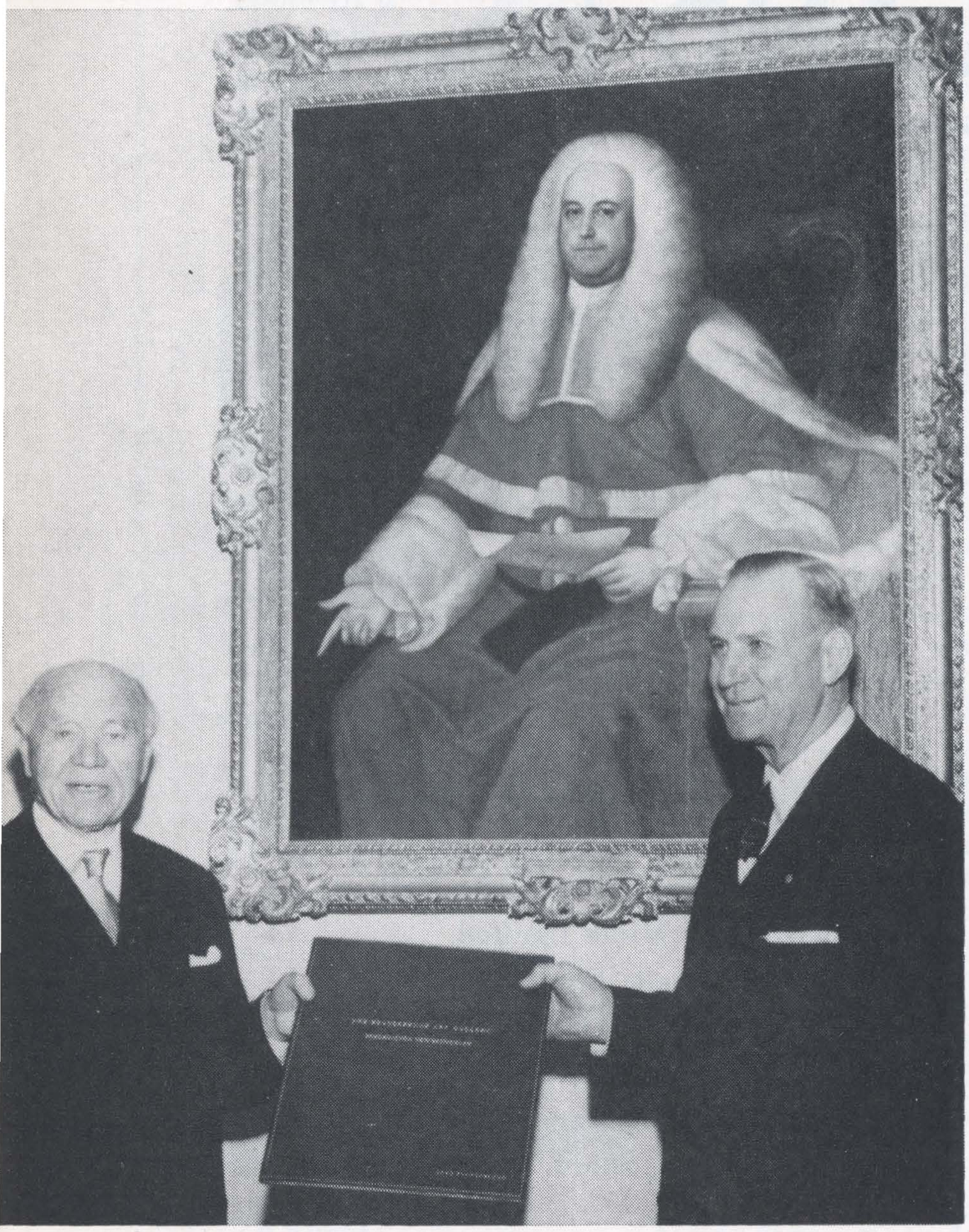
Advocate Mines Limited
Aluminum Company of Canada Limited
American Encaustic Tiling Company Limited
American Smelting & Refining Company Limited
Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa Limited
Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company Limited
Armco Steel Corporation
Asbestos Corporation Limited
Atlantic Coast Copper Company Limited
Atlantic Gypsum Company Limited
A. V. Roe of Canada Limited
Bethlehem Steel Corporation
Bowaters Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Company Limited
British Newfoundland Corporation Limited
British Newfoundland Exploration Limited
Canadian Javelin Limited
Carol Lake Company Limited
Compagnie Financial de Suez
The English Electric Company Limited
Financiere Belge de L'Asbeste Cement, S.A.
Frobisher Limited
Gunnar Mines Limited
Hamilton Falls Power Corporation
The M. A. Hanna Company
Hollinger-Hanna Limited
Imperial Chemical Industries Limited
Inland Steel Company
Interlake Iron Corporation
Iron Ore Company of Canada Limited
Johns-Manville Company Limited
Julian Iron Corporation
Labrador Mining & Exploration Company Limited
Morgan-Grenville & Company Limited
National Gypsum Company Limited
National Steel Corporation
Newfoundland & Labrador Corporation Limited
New Jersey Zinc Company Limited
N. M. Rothschild & Sons
North Star Cement Company Limited
O'Brien Gold Mines Limited
Patino of Canada Limited
Pickands Mather & Company
Pittsburgh Steel Corporation
The Prudential Assurance Company
Quebec North Shore & Labrador Railway Company
Republic Steel Corporation
The Rio Tinto Company Limited
Sogemines Limited
Steel Company of Canada Limited
Twin Falls Power Company Limited
Ultramar Company Limited
Wabush Lake Railway Company Limited
Wabush Iron Company Limited
Wheeling Steel Corporation
Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company

Department of Economic Development

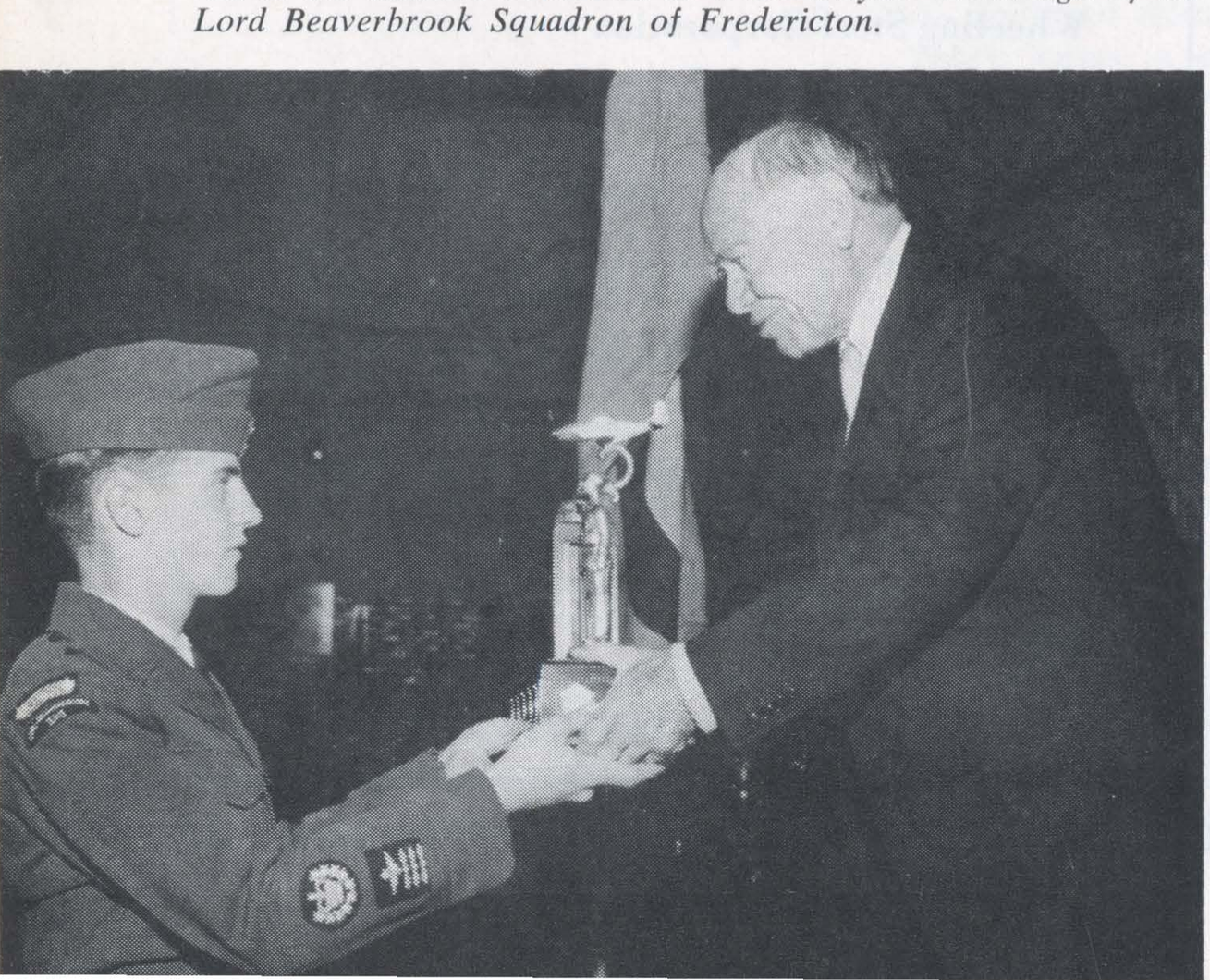
Minister HONOURABLE JOSEPH R. SMALLWOOD

ST. JOHN'S **NEWFOUNDLAND**

ROUND and ABOUT - - - by Vedette



Two handsome portraits by John Singleton Copley were presented to Lord Beaverbrook last month during his visit to Fredericton. They were gifts of the Canadian International Paper Company, and the presentation was made to Lord Beaverbrook, left above, in the Gallery in Fredericton by the company's president, Vernon E. Johnson of Montreal, right. The book contains coloured reproductions of the paintings and information about the Bostonian artist and his subjects. The two portraits are of Chief Justice Jonathan Belcher of Nova Scotia, and his wife. The portraits were painted in Halifax about 1757, when New Brunswick was still part of Nova Scotia. Below, Lord Beaverbrook appropriately presents the Price Trophy for the most efficient Air Cadet squadron in the Atlantic Provinces to W.O. Wayne Greenough of the Lord Beaverbrook Squadron of Fredericton.



What's in a Name?

Prime Minister Diefenbaker's seemingly tongue-in-the-cheek proposal to reduce taxes by the proportions now handed over by the Federal Government to the provinces, and to let the provinces collect their share of the taxes [and increase them if they so desired], was a warning that he does not lightly accede to the pressure to enlarge the federal payments made to the provinces under the tax-sharing agreements.

* * *

It disclosed his intention of maintaining the present equalization grants to the poorer provinces for another five years after March 31, 1962, together with the present scale of Atlantic adjustment payments at $25 million a year.

* * *

It also provided for a continuance of the special payments of $8 million a year to Newfoundland, as recommended by the McNair Royal Commission under Term 29. But the Prime Minister did not revive by name the defunct Term 29, whose announced ending caused St. John's to be draped in black last year. Rather, he proposed that the same scale of payments be continued for a further five years under the Newfoundland Additional Grants Act.

* * *

Whilst the annuity will doubtless bring satisfaction, the name under which it comes will hardly be acceptable to Premier Smallwood, we suspect.

What 's in a name? That which
we call a rose,
By any other name would smell
as sweet.

But would it?

* * *

"Not For Joe!"

On the same day we read a letter in the London *Times*, which quoted an inscription found on an excavated clay pipe. It was said to be derived from a comic song written, composed and sung by the famous comedian Arthur Lloyd in the 1860s. The chorus ran:

Not for Joe! Not for Joe!
Not for Joseph, if he knows it!
No, no, no! Not for Joe!
Not for Joseph, oh dear, no!

* * *

The writer went on to explain that Joseph Baxter was a London bus-driver whose favourite catchphrase was "Not for Joe!" The song, triumphant on the halls, had a very large sale.

It might be a very popular ditty in Newfoundland.

Does anyone know the tune?

* * *

APEC Resignation

The Atlantic Provinces Economic Council has suffered a

Gordon F. Pushie

grave loss in the resignation of its Vice-President for Newfoundland, Gordon F. Pushie. No reason has been announced, but it is noticeable that the action closely follows the bitter exchanges after APEC's intrusion into Newfoundland affairs in backing the application of Maritime Central Airways for a licence to serve Newfoundland territory in opposition to the recommendation of the Newfoundland Government in support of Eastern Provincial Airways' bid to develop its services as regional carriers.

* * *

Since Newfoundland is the only province which subsidizes APEC, and has never been known to press its policies upon the Council, a loss of confidence in APEC by the Newfoundland Government would be distressing in the extreme.

* * *

Mr. Pushie is Director-General of Economic Development in the Newfoundland Government, and is known to work very closely with Premier Smallwood. APEC president is, paradoxically, Newfoundland's Deputy Minister of Economic Development, Arthur Johnson. The Minister of Economic Development is Premier Smallwood.

* * *

Liberal Leadership

Henry D. Hicks, Q.C., leader of the Nova Scotia Liberal party

Henry D. Hicks, Q.C.

and a former premier of the province, is to become vice-president and dean of arts and sciences of Dalhousie University in Halifax next year.

* * *

Mr. Hicks has resigned the leadership of the party, but will continue as the senior executive until a new leader is elected, probably next year. A fellow barrister, Earl W. Urquhart of West Bay, Richmond County, succeeds Mr. Hicks as House leader of the party. Mr. Hicks lost his seat in the last provincial election.

* * *

A graduate of Mount Allison, Dalhousie, and Oxford (where he was a Rhodes scholar), Mr. Hicks

Earl W. Urquhart

succeeds Dean W. J. Archibald, who has resigned his administrative responsibility to teach and do research.

* * *

The only Canadian to have been president of the Oxford Boat Club, Mr. Hicks coxed the Oxford crew to victory against Cambridge in the late 1930's. He was elected to the Nova Scotia Legislature in 1945, appointed Minister of Education in 1949, and was premier from 1954 to 1956.

Mrs. John R. Davies

One of the leading portrait photographers of the Maritimes is Frances Davies, wife of Rev. Canon John R. Davies, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral in Charlottetown. Recently published examples of her work are the portraits of P.E.I. Premier Walter R. Shaw on the cover of the September issue of *The Atlantic Advocate*, and of Thomas H. Raddall on the jacket of his latest novel, *The Governor's Lady* (see *The Atlantic Advocate*, October, 1960).

* * *

Mrs. Davies took up photography only five years ago. She tried a correspondence course, found it too technical, and proceeded in her own way by trial and error. Last year she was granted an associateship in portraiture in the Royal Photographic Society of Britain.

* * *

Mrs. Davies was born in Halifax, educated there and in Toronto and Switzerland. Since her marriage to Canon Davies, they have resided in Toronto, Yarmouth, Kentville, Liverpool and Charlottetown.

* * *

In her work, which takes her to Nova Scotia, and sometimes to other Canadian cities and even to London, England, Mrs. Davies particularly enjoys photographing children. She collaborated with her sister, Mrs. G. A. Rathkins, in the publication of a book for children entitled *I Like to Sing*. Words and music of the twelve songs are by Eleanor Rathkins and the photographic illustrations are by Frances Davies.

* * *

Lucky Girl

Susan Small is a lucky girl. In June she received her senior matriculation from the Halifax School for the Blind, where she has also been studying piano. In August she received a grant of $1,000 from the Canada Council to aid her studies towards a concert career, at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto.

* * *

Late last month came the big news. Premier Robert L. Stanfield announced it in Halifax. He said: "The people of the Atlantic Provinces will be pleased to learn that the Sir James Dunn Foundation has established a fund of $5,000 to enable Miss Susan Small to complete her musical education in London following her present studies in Toronto.

* * *

"All the people of Nova Scotia will wish me to express profound appreciation to the governors of the Sir James Dunn Foundation, and especially to Lady Dunn, for a most generous and welcome recognition of the outstanding talent of this young lady. This additional evidence of Lady Dunn's generosity and practical humanity is one more indication of her interest in the welfare of the arts in this part of Canada."

* * *

Susan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Small of Black's Harbour, N.B. In performances in music festivals and in recitals, she has delighted Maritime audiences with her technical mastery of the piano and with her sensitive interpretation. She will be guest soloist with the Halifax Symphony Orchestra in February.

Miss Bonnie Murray was crowned Faculty Queen at the Dalhousie Law Ball, held on the eve of the Convocation, by Dean H. E. Read. Miss Murray is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas K. Murray of Halifax. Below, Col. Sidney C. Oland talks with Lady Dunn at the opening of the Sir James Dunn Science Building in Halifax. *(See also page 12.)*

Robert Annand of Truro, N.S., won top honours in the Maritime Art Exhibition at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton last month. His painting, entitled "Composition of Left Hands", is shown at right. Gary Saunders of Gander, Newfoundland, received second prize for his painting "Caplin Time", above. (*For those who wonder what a caplin is, see* The Atlantic Advocate, *October, 1960.*) *Third prize went to Mrs. Ruth Wainwright of Dartmouth, N.S. for "Burnt Forest", shown below. Most popular painting in the exhibition was "Fisherman's Sunset" by Austin Wright of Mahone Bay, N.S.*

On Taste and Tolerance

The question of taste and the quality of evaluation are variables for which there are no certain canons. Two contrasting judgments come to mind this month as examples of conflicting viewpoint.

* * *

The first is that of *La Belle Bête* by Marie-Claire Blais. The book flabbergasted the world of letters by the virtuosity of its very young French-Canadian author as well as by disgust of its sadism and horror of the satanic character of the young girl who is its central figure.

* * *

Father Levesque, vice-president of Canada Council and head of the Dominican Fathers' Retreat Home at Montmorency, read the manuscript and, as a priest, sociologist and critic, decided that it must be published. It was translated (and renamed *Mad Shadows*) through a grant by Canada Council, and published by McClelland Stewart.

* * *

For the queasy, we must say at once that it is startling and shocking stuff, as the following sample will show: A young girl is caressing her brother, Patrice, and she digs her nails into the nape of his neck and says:

* * *

" 'Such a beautiful, beautiful beast!'

"Her malicious eyes focussed on this gleaming nape. Her hand hesitated in mid air and then, triumphant, it plunged Patrice's head into the boiling water. This hand was as strong as a claw and Patrice, who did not even cry out, was taken unawares as a human sacrifice . . . "

* * *

Is it necessary or desirable to disseminate the thoughts and acts of imaginary humans who live like wild beasts in nightmares?

* * *

Father Levesque thinks that it is.

* * *

The second example is altogether different.

* * *

A recent television show "Festival 61" was entrancing in its artistry and acting and photography. It was a presentation of the play *Colombe* by Jean Anouilh, one of the greatest of living playwrights, and written with a sensitivity that one would think could not offend. But it could and did.

* * *

Rev. Myron O. Brinton condemned it. He wrote to the *Moncton Transcript* urging that "Canadians demand that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation be purged until it no longer reverts to this filth in the name of our nation."

* * *

We hope that the CBC will make no such purge, and rather that it will suitably commend and encourage the genius who produced *Colombe*—and give us more plays of the same quality to entertain us and to raise our tastes and our standards in place of some of the pistol-cracking dramas of the American underworld.

* * *

Canadian Players

The Canadian Players have arrived in the Atlantic Provinces for their annual tour. They are presenting two plays, Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, and Bertolt Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

* * *

Leading roles are being taken by Hugh Webster, Bernard Behrens, Deborah Cass, Yafa Lerner and Sean Mulcahy. Both productions are directed by George McCowan. The Atlantic tour ends at Edmundston on December 5.

* * *

U.N.B. Citations

The University of New Brunswick at its autumn Convocation granted honorary degrees to four persons and named a building after a fifth.

* * *

The recipients of the honorary degrees were Msgr. Irénée Lussier, rector of the University of Montreal; Mrs. Frank M. Ross, wife of the former Lieutenant-Goveror of British Columbia; Dr. Alfred Leslie Rowse, the British historian, and New Brunswick's Premier Louis J. Robichaud, Q.C.

* * *

The new arts building was named in honour of Thomas Carleton, who as New Brunswick's first governor "set aside six thousand acres of land for our benefit, was responsible for the beginning of instruction in liberal arts, and who in the year 1800 approved of a charter which changed the academy into the College of New Brunswick," said Dr. Colin B. Mackay, the university's president.

The autumn Convocation of the University of New Brunswick was an occasion of pomp and ceremony. Shown above, left to right in the foreground on the speakers' platform, are: Lord Beaverbrook, Chancellor of the University; Mrs. Frank M. Ross, Premier Louis J. Robichaud, Msgr. Irénée Lussier, rector of the University of Montreal, and Dr. Alfred Leslie Rowse, the British historian and scholar. In the background, left to right are: Lieutenant-Governor J. Leonard O'Brien, Rt. Rev. A. H. O'Neil, Bishop of Fredericton, and Brig. E. C. Brown, New Brunswick area commander.

Prof. R. E. D. Cattley gave the citations in his own inimitable way, describing each of the candidates for honorary degrees.

* * *

Of Msgr Lussier, he said: "He is the Minos of that lemon-brick labyrinth on Mount Royal, whose single roof shelters such a paradoxical complex of industry and research . . . The tone may be Gallic, but the vision is cosmopolitan . . ."

* * *

Of Mrs. Ross, Prof. Cattley said: "Phyllis Gregory was endowed at birth with brains, beauty and a woman's instinct for economics (which is only the Greek for good housekeeping) . . . when war struck, her experience and untiring efforts averted a crisis in the sugar industry. This was the threshold of her greatest national service.

* * *

"Appointed administrator of two commodities, which it is neither chivalrous nor prudent to associate with the fair sex—oils and fats—she organized, conserved, and co-ordinated the supply of a vast range, from lard to printer's ink, and from beeswax to turpentine. She was the only woman to hold the position of administrator in wartime and hers was a splendid administration . . .

* * *

". . . it may be indisputably claimed that she is Canada's hostess *par excellence*, for she has known how to 'walk with kings nor lose the common touch'."

* * *

Of Dr. Rowse: "The university . . . has already bestowed on this gifted Cornishman its own spontaneous accolade . . . A. L. Rowse is a scholar and historian, whose books are at once his life and his monument—and every copy of his works has, during his memorable visit, vanished from the library shelves!"

* * *

Of Premier Robichaud: "Louis Robichaud is Canada's youngest premier . . . the first Acadian to be elected . . . to head the Government of New Brunswick . . . No new premier would wish to be praised for what he has not yet had time to attempt, but Mr. Robichaud has already gladdened all hearts by stating where he stands and what he stands for: 'I am', he has publicly declared, 'firstly a New Brunswicker, secondly, a supporter of the Atlantic Council, thirdly a Canadian and—if anything of me is then left over—only fourthly a Liberal.' "

* * *

Chamber of Commerce

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Calgary last month, Victor deB. Oland of Halifax was elected second national vice-president.

* * *

Provincial vice-presidents elected were: F. W. Dickson, Hartland, N.B.; F. H. Kernaghan, Halifax; R. Earl Taylor, Charlottetown, and W. H. Collingwood, St. John's.

* * *

Provincial directors are: B. W. Isner, Moncton; C. N. Wilson, Saint John; Claude C. Chappell, Sydney; J. N. Kenney, Yarmouth; W. R. Brennan, Charlottetown; W. E. Smallman, Summerside; H. K. Goodyear, Grand Falls Newfoundland; R. J. Isaacs, Stephenville, Newfoundland; and W. A. Scammell Case, Saint John.

* * *

H. I. Mathers, Halifax, and F. W. Russell, St. John's, were appointed members of the executive council, and Lewis H. M. Ayre, St. John's, was appointed to the Canada-United Kingdom Committee.

* * *

In addition to those named above, the following were appointed to the Maritimes regional committee: W. E. Bird, Fredericton; H. J. Goodman, New Glasgow; Martin J. Legere, Caraquet, N.B.; A. E. Levesque, Edmundston; E A. Rooney, Moncton, and John S. Wright, Summerside.

* * *

N.S. Municipalities

The mayor of the disaster-plagued town of Springhill, Ralph F. Gilroy, has been elected president of the Union of Nova Scotia Municipalities. The annual conference was held in Halifax. Other officers elected were M. T. Sullivan, municipal councillor for Cape Breton County, first vice-president; Mayor I. W. Akerley of Dartmouth, second vice-president; Mrs. Catherine Roberts, Bridgewater, secretary-treasurer, and George A. Crosby, clerk-treasurer for the Municipality of the District of Yarmouth, auditor.

* * *

Moncton Rail Yard

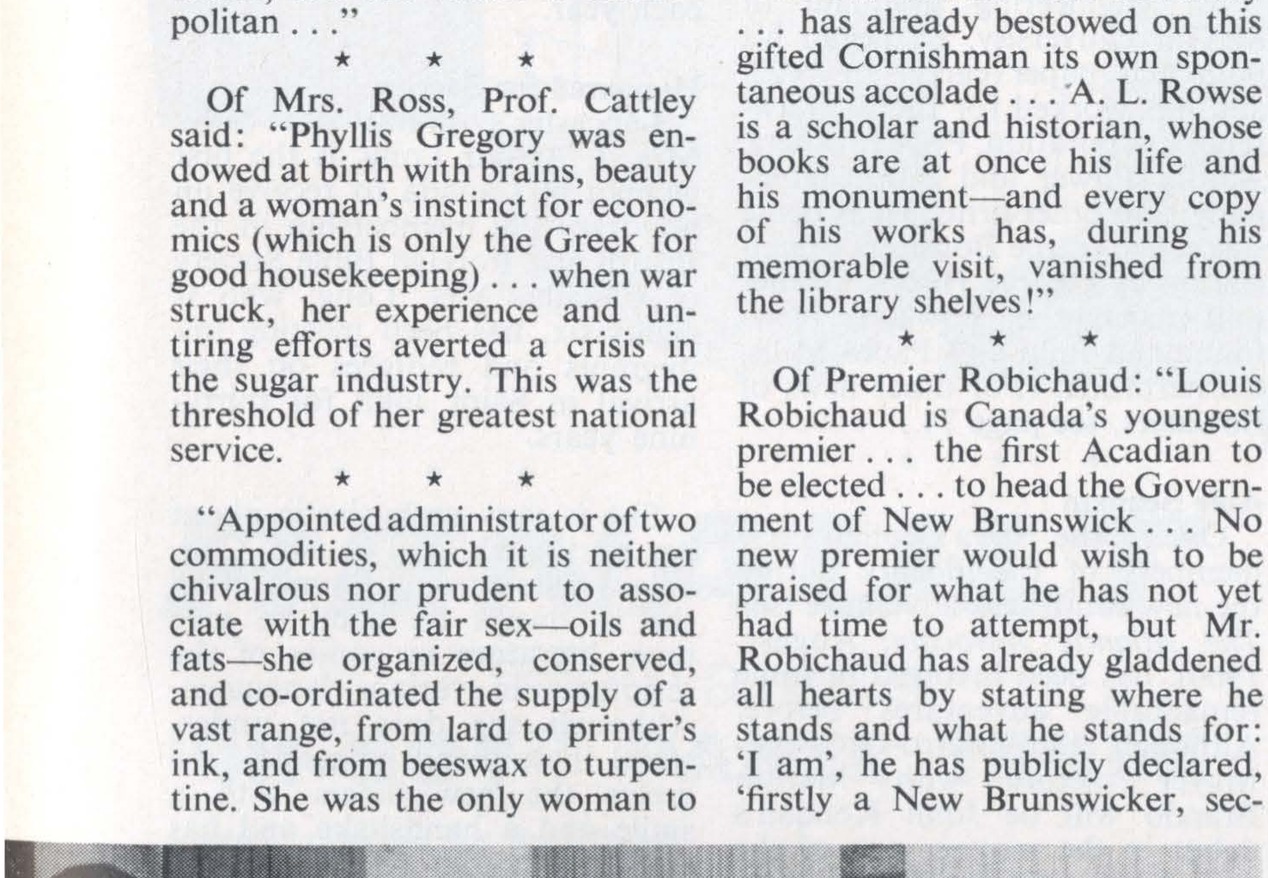
Three years ago an 830-acre site near Moncton was a burned-out woodland. Today it is the most modern freight classification yard in the world.

* * *

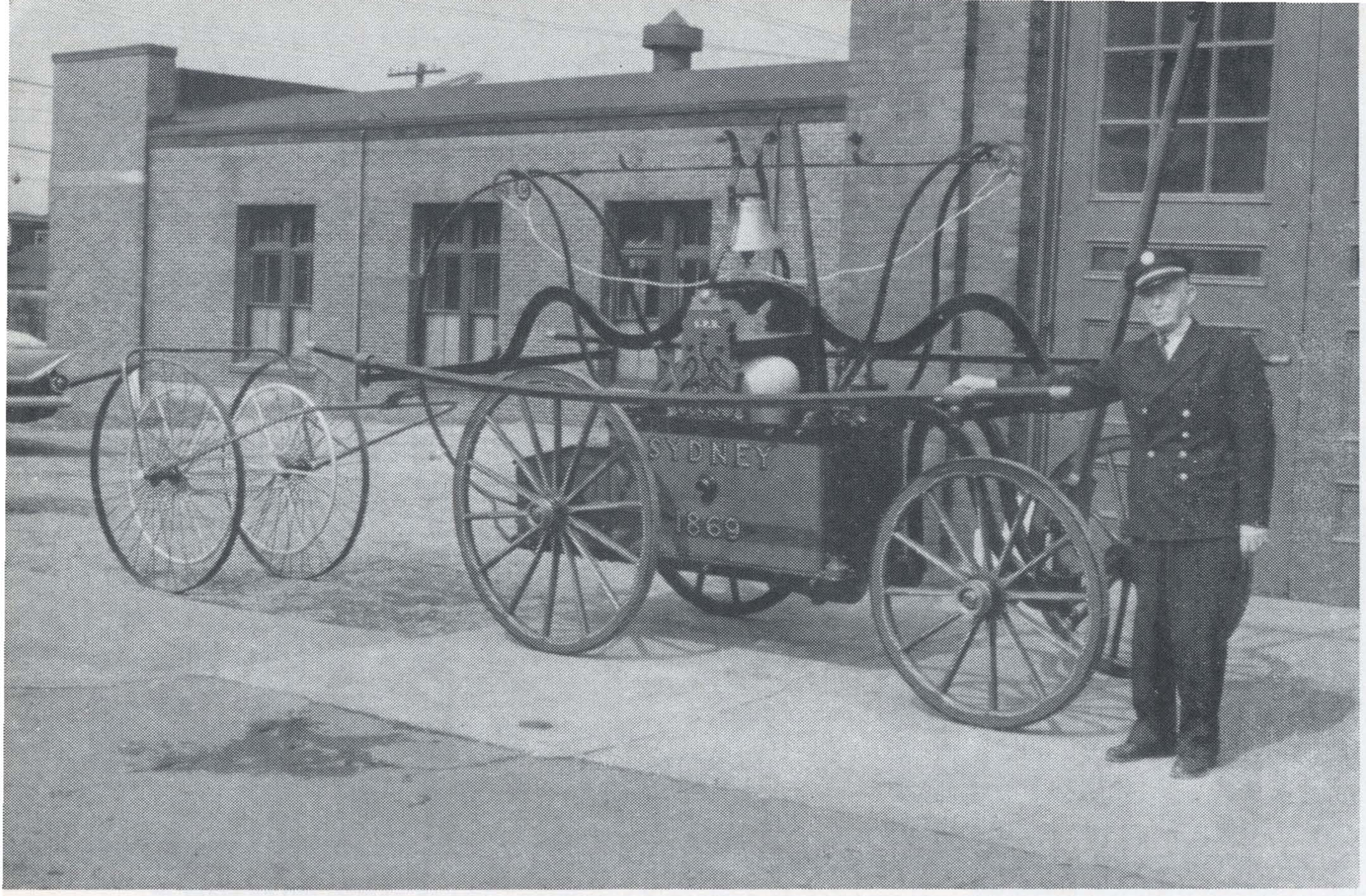
In building this complex area, which was opened officially early this month, the Canadian National Railways have used such devices are the electronic brain, integrated data processing, closed-circuit television, radar, two-way radio, teletype and tape recorders to speed the sorting of freight cars.

* * *

When freight cars arrive at the yard, they have their pictures taken by television, so that their numbers can be checked against



After the Chignecto Canal meeting in Amherst (see also page 10), the delegates were entertained at a buffet supper in the Colonial Inn. At left are some of the delegates. Left to right are: Mayor James Baillie of Pictou, Carl Embree of Amherst, Mayor George P. Graham of Parrsboro, Mayor Ralph Gilroy of Springhill, W. E. Jefferson of Amherst, John R. MacQuarrie, Pugwash, Hon. Stephen Pyke, M.L.A., Minister of Labour, Springhill, and Allison T. Smith, M.L.A., Parrsboro.



The handsome old hand pumper above is a far cry from the brand new fire engine given to the town of St. Andrews last month by Lady Dunn. The engine above is the pride of the Sydney fire department and was purchased in 1869. Fire Chief Lou Smith stands beside it. Below, four officers of the 2nd Battalion Nova Scotia Highlanders (Cape Breton) are shown with a former commander at the battalion's annual dinner at North Sydney. Left to right are: Rev. W. M. Roach, chaplain; Lieut.-Col. Angus Norman MacDonald; Col. C. D. Arnold; Lieut.-Col. J. J. Johnson, and Fred Crooks, of Halifax, the former commanding officer.

an advance list in the yard office. The cars are then backed up a hill, uncoupled at the crest, and allowed to coast down the other side. They are weighed while in motion, and directed automatically from a control tower into the forty classification tracks for regrouping into outbound trains.

* * *

All movement of cars through the yard is in one direction, and the automatic control and checking is like a model railroader's dream, because duplicate switching and other time-consuming functions are eliminated. The quicker handling of the large volume of traffic should also prove a joy to shippers.

* * *

$10 Million Expansion

A $10 million expansion programme is planned for the R.C.A.F. station in Sydney. The money will come from the United States government and will be allotted under the provisions of the North American air defence command.

* * *

Construction of new buildings and installation of new equipment will provide the air force with a more advanced type of early warning of an attack on this continent. The Sydney station was built seven years ago under a joint agreement between Canada and the United States, and is part of the "Pine Tree Line".

* * *

Bowaters Executive

A Nova Scotian who has become one of the top executives of the Bowaters organization in North America retired last month. He is Karl O. Elderkin, a native of Weymouth, N.S., who has been president of Bowaters Engineering and Development, in Calhoun, Tenn., a director of the Bowater Corporation of North America, Bowaters Southern Paper Corporation, Bowaters Carolina Corporation, Bowaters Engineering and Development, the Crossett Company and the public utilities company of Crossett, Arkansas.

* * *

An engineering graduate of McGill University, he began his pulp and paper career in 1922, and has worked for the St. Lawrence Corporation, Price Brothers, Abitibi Power and Paper Company, and other firms. He is being succeeded in the Bowaters organization by George Hobbs, former mill manager of Bowaters Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills, Cornerbrook. (For other news of Bowaters, see page 74.)

* * *

Able Seaman

One of the Nova Scotian crew members of the *Bounty* during the new south seas adventure (see *The Atlantic Advocate*, August, 1960), has been involved in some remarkable adventures before. Although the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture with Marlon Brando will be John Kendall's debut in the movies, one of the episodes in which he took part has been made into a highly successful film—*Sink the Bismark*.

* * *

Mr. Kendall was a crew member aboard *H. M. S. Prince of Wales* during the engagement with the *Bismark*. He is the son of Mrs. H. E. Kendall of Windsor, N.S., and of the late Dr. H. E. Kendall, who was Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia from 1942 to 1947.

* * *

Swashbuckling may be a new experience for Mr. Kendall, but sailing ships are not. He was a crew member aboard the *James E. Newson*, one of Nova Scotia's last four-masters, torpedoed on a run to Turk's Island.

* * *

Commission Appointments

Craig S. Dickson, a native of Springhill, N.S., has been appointed acting executive manager and treasurer of the Maritimes Transportation Commission, and Ramsay M. S. Armitage, a native of Halifax, has been appointed secretary. Mr. Dickson succeeds Howard A. Mann, who has resigned as executive manager. Earl T. Steeves, a native of Moncton, has been appointed transport economist, effective January 1, 1961.

* * *

Sussex Appointment

F. E. Gordon has been appointed merchandizing manager of Sussex Ginger Ale Limited. He succeeds Harold A. Fredericks, who was vice-president and general manager. Mr. Gordon was born and educated in Truro, and served overseas with the 3rd Canadian Division. He joined the Sussex company in 1956.

* * *

Hardware Show

Thorne's in Saint John provided its second annual hardware show for its dealers recently, a three-day event attended by more than four hundred dealers and eighty manufacturers and their representatives.

* * *

New products were exhibited and explained, and merchandising methods were discussed. Thorne's are planning to have such a show each year.

* * *

Honoured for Service

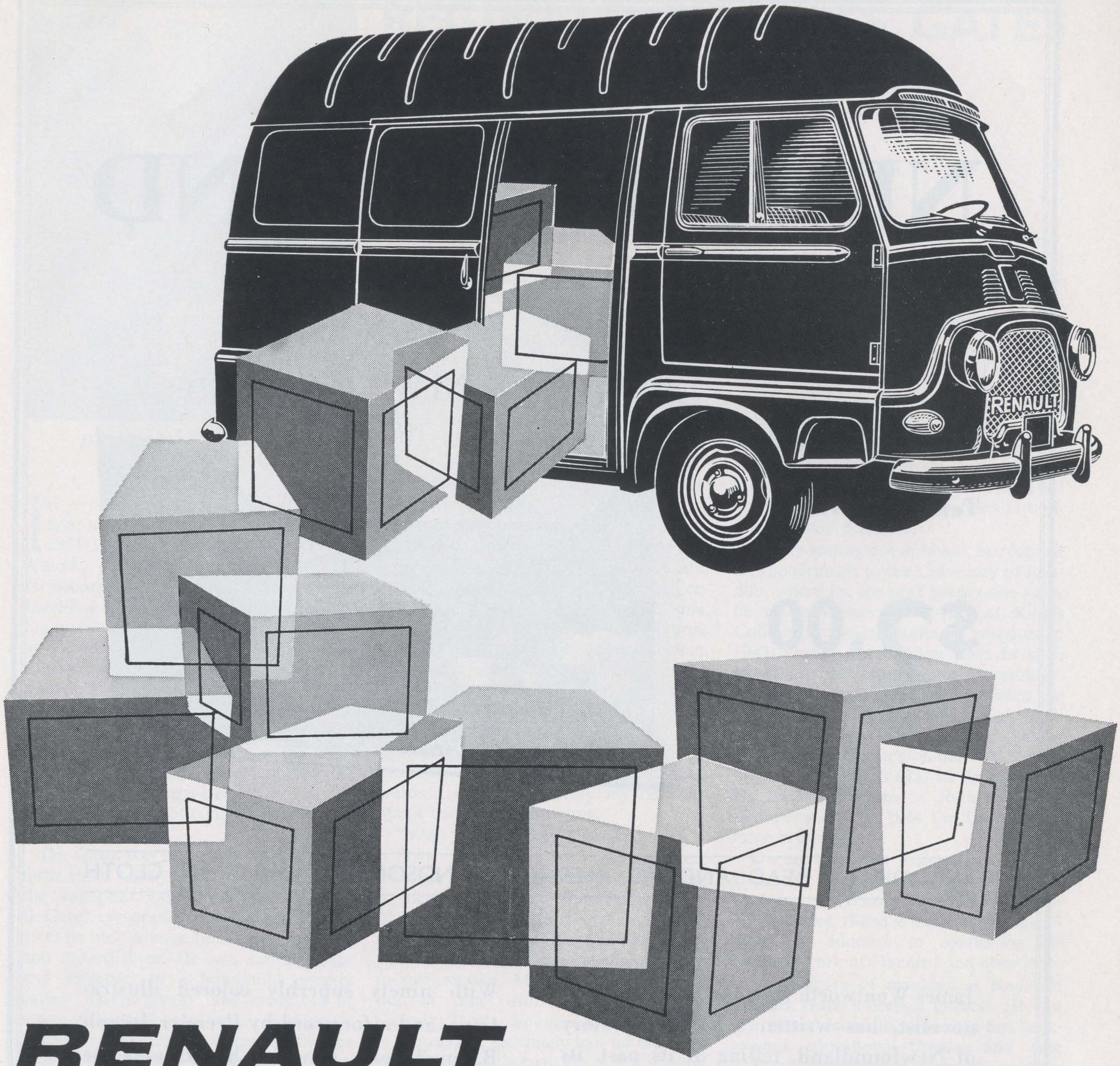
Lancaster's grand old lady, Mrs. J. Arthur Long, is the first woman in Canada to receive an honorary life membership in the British and Foreign Bible Society of Canada. Mrs. Long, who is eighty-six, has been meeting immigrants and refugees on their arrival in Saint John for thirty-nine years.

* * *

She is very enthusiastic about her port work, and as new Canadians pass through immigration she is always on hand to give them literature or copies of the scriptures in various languages. Although she does not understand these many languages, she greets the new-comers with a smile and a handshake and has endeared herself to refugees by the distribution of clothing, fruit and candy.

* * *

She was born in Milford in the Parish of Lancaster in 1874, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stuart. Following her graduation from the Milford Superior School, she studied at the Provincial Normal School in Fredericton, and later taught in Fairville. In addition to her port work, she is a frequent visitor to patients in the hospitals of Saint John and Lancaster, and to the homes for the aged.



RENAULT

estafette

"HI-BOY" PANEL TRUCK

EXTRA ROOM AT THE TOP

The "Hi-Boy", a standard Renault panel truck with a raised, translucent roof, gives more payload space, greater visibility, and allows a 6-ft man to work erect in the cargo section.

MORE RENAULT EXCLUSIVES: flat loadbed only 14" above ground • sliding driver's door • full height rear and side loading doors • 15-ft. turning radius • power drive unit can be removed and replaced in 40 minutes.

Capacity 225 cu. ft. • overall length 161 inches • four speed fully synchronized transmission • 27 - 30 m.p.g. • climbs 23½% grades fully loaded • parts interchangeable on all Renault cars and trucks • 225 Renault dealers in Canada.

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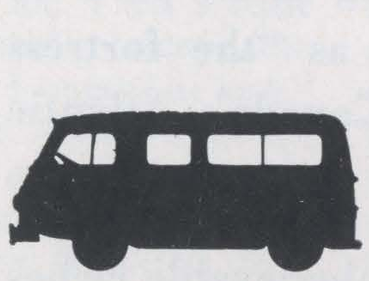
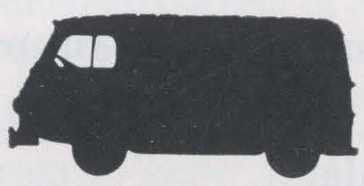
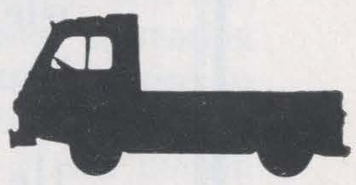


Estafette "Multi-Bus"—
9 passengers, driver, luggage



Estafette Panel Truck
capacity: 210 cu. ft.



Estafette "Pick-Up" Truck
with telescoping canvas top

MAIL TODAY!

I wish more facts on Renault Estafette trucks

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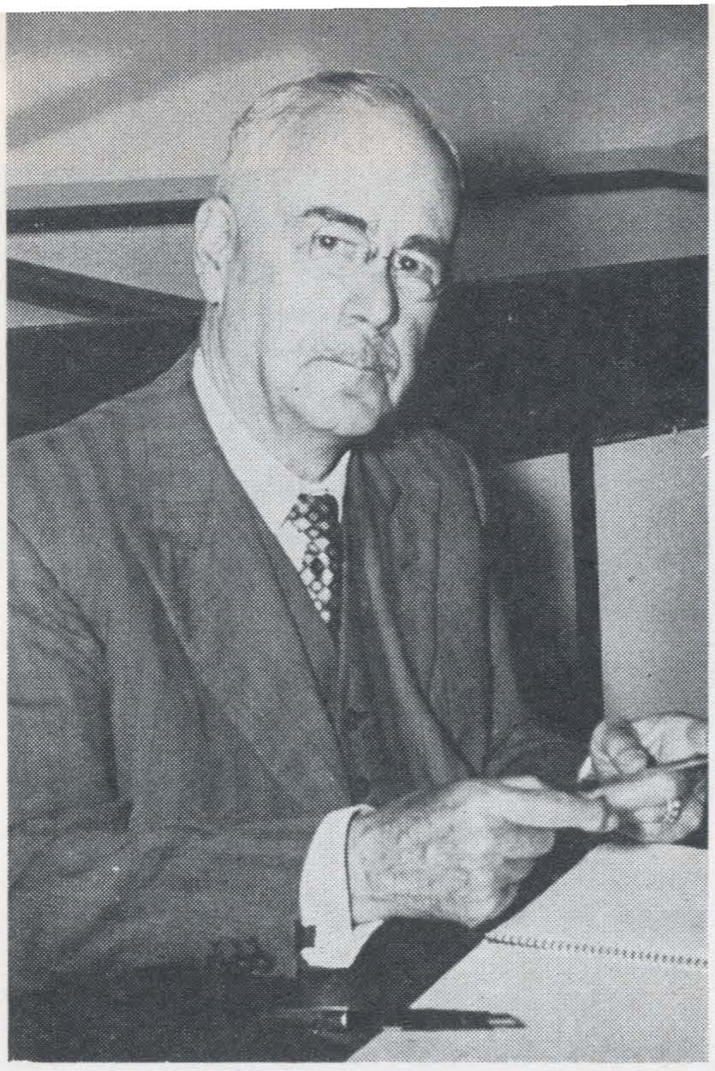


Dr. Reginald Ruggles Gates

REGINALD RUGGLES GATES

Scientist from Nova Scotia

by HAROLD GARNET BLACK

IN A LETTER I received some months ago, an old college friend wrote: "In 1954 I spent a week at the American Atomic Commission, as a guest, in Hiroshima. I also spent two months travelling and lecturing in Japan (including a special lecture before the Emperor) at the invitation of Japanese biologists, some of whom were research students of mine in London."

Dr. Reginald Ruggles Gates, the writer of those words, is Nova Scotia-born and a world-renowned scientist. In the fields of biology, genetics, and anthropology he has long been recognized as one of the most outstanding of contemporary scientists.

Dr. Gates was born May 1, 1882, on a farm three miles north of Middleton in the Annapolis Valley. His father was A. B. Gates, owner of a 600-acre farm. About 1900 he built a large house in Middleton and moved there. He was manufacturer and dispenser of a household remedy called "Gates' Syrup" and made out of native roots, herbs and barks. Dr. Gates's mother was Elizabeth Ruggles. On his father's side he is descended from a brother of General Horatio Gates, to whom Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga; on his mother's side he is a direct descendant of General Timothy Ruggles, one of the leading Loyalists in the American Revolution.

His early life he felt to be rather isolated. "The nearest school," he said when we were talking recently, "was two miles away (in Victoria Vale). I was nine when I first went, but meanwhile my mother taught my sister and me, as I was eager to learn. I remember being interested in learning the alphabet when I was small enough to sit in a highchair. One of my earliest recollections of the pleasures of learning was in mastering the multiplication tables." But he did not follow the Einstein mathematical path!

"My first schoolboy experiment," he confessed laughingly, "was done on my own. I etherized a frog in a jar of water, cut him open when he seemed to be dead, and discovered to my great amazement that the heart went quietly on beating."

At sixteen, being considered too young to go to college, he spent three months in Halifax taking an elementary business course and did some desultory reading of any good books he could get hold of, among them *Ivanhoe*, *John Halifax—Gentleman*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Great Expectations*, and the New Testament.

From early boyhood his mind was always asking questions about nature and how things came to be what they are. Just as Roald Amundsen, Norwegian explorer and discoverer of the South Pole, became interested in polar explorations through reading a book on that subject, so Ruggles Gates can trace the beginning of his notable career to his reading *Wonders of the Universe*, a book an uncle gave him as a boy.

"Every page of that book elicited my interest," he declared. "Then and afterwards I wanted to satisfy my curiosity about the variety in nature."

"With what success?" I asked.

"Not much at first," he admitted, "though I spent considerable time trying to identify some local flora with the aid of a couple of popular books on botany. But my success was limited because there was no one to give me the slightest help in such studies. My mind seemed to be out of tune with my surroundings. Canada, then a young country engaged in pioneering, seemingly had no place for the purely intellectual life. I felt a sense of frustration and wanted to escape into the kind of mental life I wanted to lead."

Upon graduation at sixteen from the local high school, the dark-haired youth packed up his belongings, adjusted his *pince-nez*, entrained for Sackville, New Brunswick, and there entered Mount Allison University as a member of the class of 1903. Later he received an honorary LL.D. from the university and since 1950 he has been a member of the board of regents. After being graduated with first class honours in science—in the university he was always known as "Reggie" —young Gates went to McGill, where he took his B.Sc. degree and was demonstrator in botany.

From 1906 to 1909 he attended the University of Chicago and became a senior fellow and assistant in botany. The academic year 1910-11 was spent at the Missouri Botanical Gardens. For three years beginning in 1912 he lectured in biology at St. Thomas's Hospital in London, England. The year 1915-16 found him teaching at the University of California in Berkeley.

He returned to England and joined the Artists' Rifles in January, 1917. He spent two years in the British Army, and was trained as an instructor in aerial machine gunnery in the Royal Air Force. He served with this force in several stations in both England and Scotland.

Before getting out of khaki, he received an appointment to the University of London, where for the next twenty-one years he was professor of botany at King's College, becoming professor emeritus in 1943. During his London years he gave lectures at Bedford College on cytology, that branch of biology which studies the living cell, the common unit out of which all living things are made. At Oxford University he lectured on heredity in relation to cytology. In 1932 he delivered the De Lamar Lectures at Johns Hopkins University and in 1944 the Lowell Lectures in Boston.

During the past eighteen years Dr. Gates has addressed many American colleges and universities on evolution, cytology, genetics, blood groups, and anthropology, in addition to continuing his research work at Harvard and elsewhere.

The welfare of mankind is Reginald Ruggles Gates's deepest interest. He is a man of highest ideals, unusually fine background, educational training and wide cultural experience; of becoming modesty about his many scientific achievements; of seemingly inexhaustible physical and intellectual energy despite increasing weight of years, yet fully determined to make still further contributions to the well-being and happiness of the human family.

His scientific investigations have carried him to almost all parts of the globe: for example, to Russia, South America, northern Canada, India, Japan, Cuba, Mexico, and much of Africa. They have likewise brought him many honours, such as the Mendel Medal (1911) and the Huxley Medal (1913). He has taken part in over twenty international congresses and been elected to high office in numerous scientific societies. He was chosen honorary president of the International Botan-

Prof. Shimotomai and Dr. Gates in 1954, visiting the centre of the atomic bomb explosion in Hiroshima.

ical Congress held in Stockholm (1950) and Paris (1954). For nearly thirty years he has been a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, the highest honour accorded in British science.

The Dutch botanist de Vries, a professor at the University of Amsterdam, is credited with having been the first to use the experimental scientific method rather than the old one of observation and inference, his greatest contribution being his discovery of the sudden occurrence of new forms through "mutations", a discovery running counter in some respects to Darwin's theory of natural selection.

Ruggles Gates's first important scientific adventure was his examination of de Vries's work with the evening primrose. The outcome of that examination was his first book, a scientific monograph, in 1915. Since then he has spent a lifetime in the study of genetics and related subjects. Because living cells are so highly complex, his investigations have centred largely around them, with their nuclei, chromosomes, and chromatin—the protoplasmic substance containing the genes, those elements by means of which hereditary characteristics are transmitted.

In 1907 Dr. Gates first discovered a change in chromosome numbers (14 to 20). Up to that time they were thought to be as immutable as were species themselves before Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859). The result was that he was hailed throughout the world as having made the most important discovery of the year in the whole field of biology. Thus began what is known as polyploidy, now a large field of research. Dr. Gates prophesied that with the greater understanding of mutation and the processes involved "one can anticipate that these processes can be controlled, thus contributing enormously to the economic welfare of mankind"—a prophecy now being realized.

Hundreds of species of plants and animals are now known with multiple chromosome numbers, and many such forms have been produced artificially in laboratories all over the world. Some of the research students whom Dr. Gates had working under him in London now occupy important posts in plant breeding in India, Pakistan and Japan.

To the uninitiated such things may mean little or nothing, but the application of modern scientific findings to food production is of the utmost significance. For example, in India and Pakistan with their combined population of 440 million these new scientific principles are now being successfully used in the production of more and better wheat, rice, jute, cotton, mustard, potatoes, and other native crop plants. Though it is impossible to state statistically the exact value of the increase in yield, yet the work being done in crop improvement has added vastly to the food supply.

To date Dr. Gates has published 350 articles in scientific magazines appearing on this side of the Atlantic as well as in Denmark, Germany, Holland, Russia, France, Switzerland, and Italy.

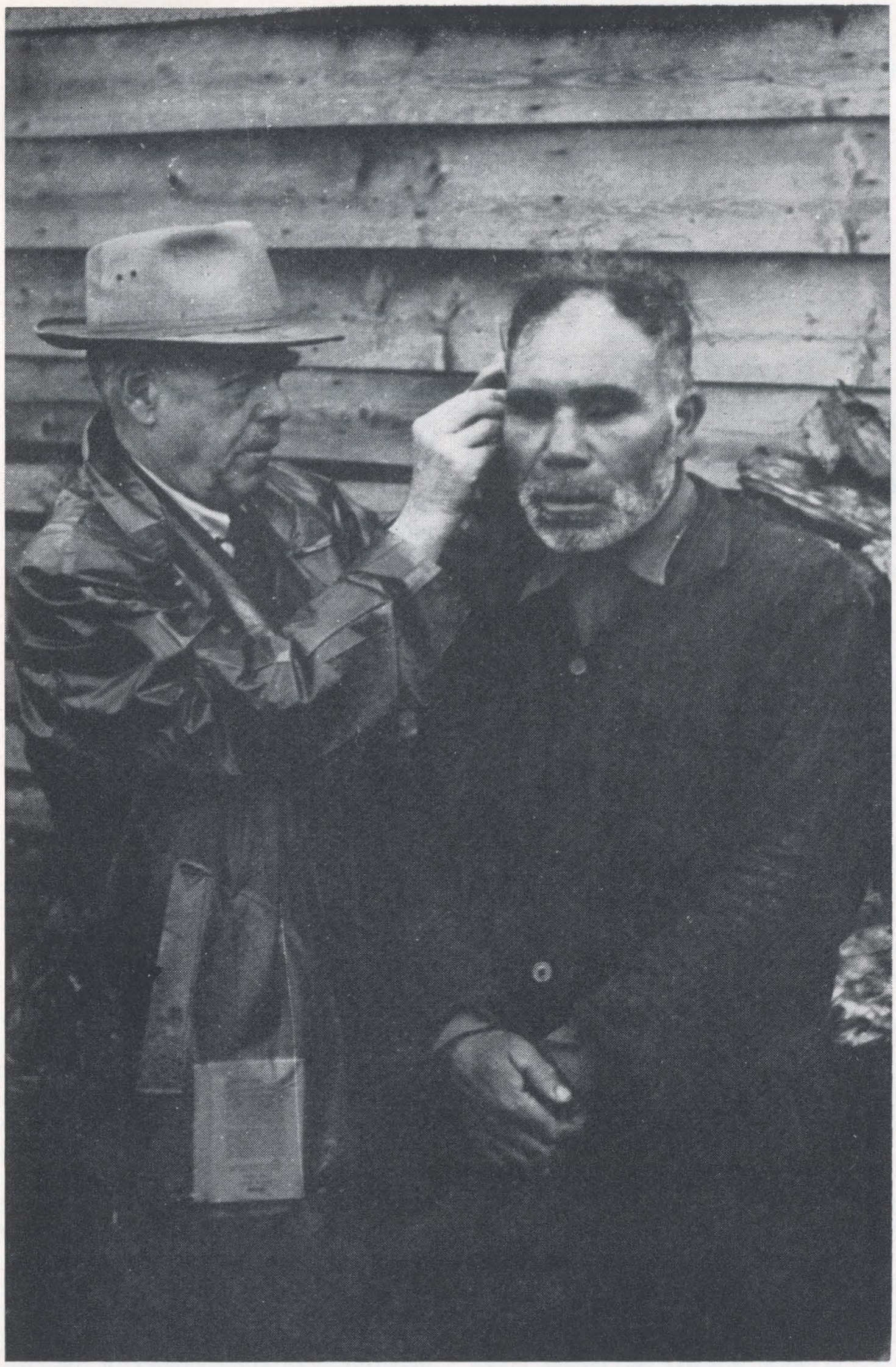
In 1929, for example, he published a paper called "Blood Groups of Canadian Indians and Eskimos", in which he discusses the striking contrasts between Indians and Eskimos in blood grouping, and concludes that the Eskimos are not derived from Indian ancestors but came independently across Bering Strait. That year he also wrote "The Relation of Botany to the Cotton Industry". Two years later came "The Origin of Bread Wheats" and "Vegetation of the Mackenzie River Valley". During his visit to Japan in 1954 he made a study of the Ainu* in Hokkaido and afterwards published his findings. Another project was a study of the hybrid war children of Japan.

Among his eight books is *Human Ancestry* (Harvard University Press, 1948), a study of the origin and history of the races of mankind, based on an evolutionary background, with special chapters on Australian aborigines, Polynesians, Bushmen, Hottentots, Pygmies, and other racial groups. His discussion of the general problems of evolution is of immense value to students of anthropology.

"What is your best-known book?" I asked Dr. Gates.

"I would say *Human Genetics*. It came out in 1946 and is a standard treatise throughout the world. Its two volumes deal with allergies, multiple births, genetic effects of cancer, inheritance of mental defects, stature, size, and other such subjects. One of my most important papers, I think, is a recent one on the African Pygmies, which throws a clear light on the origin of this race."

* The Ainu are a race in Northern Japan with white skin, long heads and wavy hair. They are believed to be related to the Caucasian (European) race, and to the aborigines of Australia.



Dr. Gates, measuring the ear of an Ainu on Hokkaido.

When asked what he thought was his greatest contribution to science, Dr. Gates replied: "Apart from some early discoveries I made, I was for many years a leader in the field of plant cytogenetics. Gradually my work in London enlarged and spilled over into human genetics and eugenics. So far as I know, I am the only man now applying genetic principles to the analysis of racial crossings in many parts of the world, and thus to the origin of races and human evolution." A book on this subject is now in the press.

He made many expeditions to various parts of the globe—up the Amazon, beyond the Arctic Circle, through northern and southern Africa.

His first long expedition, the 1,400 miles up the Amazon in 1925, was his own doing. He says: "The one down the Mackenzie River was financed by a letter of credit from the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in London; the one to Cuba by the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Research in Anthropology. In addition Sir Arthur Keith, head of the Royal College of Surgeons and himself a noted anthropologist, gave much support to my work till his death about three years ago.

"I had visited South Africa with the British Association in 1929 and eight years later went as a delegate to the Indian Scientific Congress in Calcutta. Afterwards I travelled over much of India,

making contacts with Maharajahs and others in order to get official backing for such work.

"I recall that on my trip up the Amazon we had to travel through the hot tropical jungle. One day we stopped at a small clearing to take on wood for burning. Being assured that the boat would remain several hours, I went ashore to photograph a rare species of palm. Soon, however, the captain changed his mind—captains are happy-go-lucky there—blew his whistle and began to pull out into the stream. By running hard and jumping several feet (I think I made a long-jump record that day!), I managed to land on deck. Otherwise I should still be there!

"In 1926, when I went all over European Russia at the invitation of the government to inspect plant-breeding stations, I was under arrest for two days because I had been seen taking pictures from a moving train! Fortunately, however, some friends intervened on my behalf and I was finally released."

Concerning the "atomic age" Dr. Gates says: "In my opinion, the atomic age is one of great and growing danger. Human nature being what it is (and has been for 5,000 years), I see no present solution in sight. We can rely only upon the fact being generally recognized that atomic war would wipe out both combatants and put an end at least to civilized life if not ultimately to all life on our planet. Only fear of the consequences will prevent an atomic war."

In the early summer of 1958 Dr. Gates sailed from Montreal for England to make a world tour and finish his studies of the Australian aborigines, Maoris, Melanesians, and Polynesians, his aim being to analyse the physical differences between races and their relationships in an evolutionary sense. His Texan wife, who is a lecturer, a colour photography expert, and a student of social anthropology, accompanied him. They came back to Cambridge, Mass., where Dr. Gates wrote up his findings, and was with the department of anthropology of the Peabody Museum. Last year they were off on another journey of lectures and exploration, to Japan, Formosa, Okinawa, Hong Kong, Singapore and India.

Dr. and Mrs. Gates are now living in London, but the travels and studies are not over. Next year he has been invited to India to found a chair of anthropology in Calcutta.

Some time among travelling, lecturing and investigating, Dr. Gates finds time to write, and these writings keep pouring forth in learned books and journals. One of these latest articles appears in *Mankind Quarterly*, a new journal of the humanities, published in Edinburgh, and of which he is an honorary editor. He has lots to write about. Of his last trip through Asia, he says: "This material will keep me writing for years." Undoubtedly it will.

From the Yacht Clubs

by NAUTILUS

THIS IS THE time of year when many boat owners are hauling out and preparing their boats for the winter months. For this reason we are departing from the usual news from the yacht clubs to consider some of the factors involved in properly preparing a boat for the winter. It is a natural assumption that if we spend money to buy a boat and more money in its operation through the summer months then it is worth spending some time and effort to insure a safe wintering.

The first job is to clean the bottom thoroughly of all slime and marine growth. If this is done while the boat is still wet it is a comparatively easy task with a stiff brush. If it is left until spring, a great deal of sanding and scraping will be required. According to individual preference, a coat of paint may be applied since it will minimize the drying out of the planking.

Proper supports, especially for sail boats and inboard power cruisers, are essential. Many owners prefer to remove inside ballast. Blocking should have good ground support and be located so that hogging or sagging of the boat will be prevented. The hull should be supported at not less than three points, directly under the engine, near the bow, and just forward of the propeller. The blocking should be arranged to give firm support to the hull, regardless of winds or other winter conditions. A cradle is ideal if it is properly made to fit the lines of the boat, and it can be used year after year.

Once the boat is in position, the bottom scrubbed, and blocking placed, a thorough cleaning is in order. First remove all gear. This includes mattresses, curtains, cushions, galley equipment, life jackets, lines—everything that is movable. Decide on items that need repairing over the winter and put everything in a dry, safe place. Drawers, lockers, the ice-box and any enclosed areas should be thoroughly cleaned and left partially open for ventilation. Then the floor boards should be lifted up, the bilge cleaned and any fire hazards such as debris and oily rags, which tend to accumulate, should be destroyed. If the weather is good, now is the time when the brightwork and topsides can be washed, sanded and given a thin coat of paint or varnish. The stuffing box can be checked and, if necessary, repacked and set up lightly.

The engine requires special attention. The battery should be removed and stored in a clean, dry place. Check periodically through the winter and recharge as necessary. The generator, carburetor, starter and other parts may be removed for overhaul, then wrapped and stored in a dry place. The cooling system should be thoroughly flushed, completely drained and checked for repairs. Drain the crankcase and fill with new oil and examine the pump, screens and connections for any needed replacements. The fuel tanks should be drained and, if possible, cleaned to remove any sediment. If the tanks cannot be drained, the fuel lines may be shut off at the tanks and lines inspected for any sign of leaks. The spark plugs should be removed and a few tablespoons of engine oil inserted. Turn the engine by hand several times to distribute the oil evenly on the cylinder walls, and replace the spark plugs. The exterior of the engine can be cleaned, painted where necessary, and all bolts tightened. Finally check all wiring, the clutch, exhaust system, hoses and fittings. Decide what repairs are necessary and plan to do as much as possible in the fall or over the winter.

Most owners prefer to remove the masts from sailboats before hauling out. If this is done, all rigging should be examined closely and the mast stored in a dry place where it can be properly supported to prevent warping.

If the boat is stored in a shed, a cover is no problem. However, it is likely that the majority of boats must be stored in the open. In this event a canvas cover is most commonly used. A proper frame should be constructed to support the canvas, ridged sufficiently high to prevent snow and ice from accumulating on top, and the canvas should be lashed securely to hold it in place throughout the winter. Adequate ventilation under the cover and throughout the boat is essential. The provision of proper air circulation is one of the most important steps in preparing a boat for the winter.

This is the time of year to make a master plan of work that can be done over the winter months. The inspection of lines, splicing, repainting the mooring buoy, building of furniture items, painting and repairing the dinghy are just a few of the possibilities.

While this is by no means a complete list, such suggestions will not only help ensure a safe wintering for your boat, they will help you get the boat in the water earlier once spring comes.

ATLANTIC CALENDAR

Submissions for this column should be addressed to the Calendar Editor, and should come from the president, secretary or chairman of the event.

ART

NOVA SCOTIA

NOVEMBER

7–12 **Society for Education through Art,** exhibition, City of Halifax Art Museum.

14–26 **Children's Poster Exhibition,** United Appeal, City of Halifax Art Museum.

DECEMBER

5–17 **International Prints,** City of Halifax Art Museum.

19–Jan. 14 **Alberta Society of Artists,** City of Halifax Art Museum.

YEAR ROUND

City of Halifax Art Museum, Memorial Library, Halifax.

NEW BRUNSWICK

NOVEMBER

4–28 Paintings by **E. B. Pulford,** Owens Gallery, Sackville.

4–18 **Wood Sculptures,** Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton.

10 Lecture on City of Siena, by **Tom Milliken,** former director of Cleveland Museum of Art; University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.

YEAR ROUND

Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton: British, Canadian paintings; English porcelain. Hours: 3-5; 7-10 p.m., daily.

Owens Gallery, Mount Allison School of Fine Arts, Sackville. Exhibition hours, 9 a.m.—4.30 p.m. Monday—Friday; 9 a.m.—noon, Saturday; 2—5 p.m. one Sunday per month after opening of exhibition.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

YEAR ROUND

Robert Harris Memorial Art Gallery, Charlottetown.

DRAMATICS

NOVA SCOTIA

NOVEMBER

12 Canadian Players, **The Tempest,** Yarmouth.

15 Canadian Players, **Caucasian Chalk Circle,** Acadia University, Wolfville.

NEW BRUNSWICK

NOVEMBER

16 Canadian Players, **The Tempest,** Mount Allison University, Sackville.

17 Canadian Players, **Caucasian Chalk Circle,** Mount Allison University, Sackville.

HOLIDAYS

GENERAL

Nov. 11 Remembrance Day

Nov. 24 Thanksgiving Day (U.S.)

MEETINGS

NOVA SCOTIA

NOVEMBER

4–5 **Innkeepers' Guild of N.S.,** Halifax.

6–9 **C.M.A. Labour relations course,** Fort Cumberland Hotel, Amherst.

NEW BRUNSWICK

NOVEMBER

5 **Provincial Progressive-Conservative** annual, Fredericton.

12–17 **Atlantic Hadassah Conference,** Fredericton.

17 Opening of **New Brunswick Legislature,** Fredericton.

MUSIC

NOVA SCOTIA

NOVEMBER

9 **Icelandic Singers,** male chorus, Dartmouth.

10 **Icelandic Singers,** Halifax.

19 **Coleman Blumfield,** pianist, Bridgetown.

21 **Coleman Blumfield,** pianist, Bridgewater.

22 **Halifax Symphony,** Acadia University, Wolfville.

DECEMBER

1 **Camilla Williams,** soprano, Halifax.

JANUARY

9 **Thomas Brockman,** pianist, Halifax.

18 **Margaret Ann Ireland,** pianist, Acadia University, Wolfville.

FEBRUARY

20 **David Abel,** violinist, Dartmouth.

21 **Nina Dova,** soprano-guitarist, Windsor.

23 **David Abel,** Bridgetown.

NEW BRUNSWICK

NOVEMBER

1 **York Singers,** University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.

2 **Piano recital,** Margaret Ann Ireland, Fredericton.

5 **Icelandic Singers,** male chorus, Moncton.

7 **Icelandic Singers,** male chorus, Saint John.

8 **Icelandic Singers,** Fredericton.

11 **Richard Verreau,** tenor, Edmundston.

23 **Coleman Blumfield,** pianist, St. Stephen.

23 **James Millican,** baritone, Dalhousie.

DECEMBER

7 **Saint John Symphony Orchestra** concert; **Margaret Ann Ireland,** pianist, soloist, Saint John.

13 Fredericton **Civic Orchestra, Christmas Concert.**

JANUARY

11 **Thomas Brockman,** pianist, Saint John.

13 **Thomas Brockman,** pianist, Edmundston

16 **Thomas Brockman,** pianist, Campbellton.

25 Canadian Opera Company, **Orpheus in the Underworld,** Mount Allison University, Sackville.

FEBRUARY

2 **New Brunswick Chamber Group,** University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.

6 **Nina Dova,** soprano-guitarist, Edmundston.

8 **Donald Bell,** baritone, Mount Allison University, Sackville.

8 **Nina Dova,** Grand Falls.

27 **Cassado and Hara,** pianist and cellist, Saint John.

28 **Cassado and Hara,** pianist and cellist, Fredericton.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

FEBRUARY

11 **Nina Dova,** soprano-guitarist, Charlottetown.

MUSEUMS, PARKS

NOVA SCOTIA

Port Royal National Historic Park: "The Habitation". Reconstruction of DeMonts-Champlain fort of 1605. Hours: to June 1, 9 a.m.—noon, 1.30—5 p.m.; June, September, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; July, August, 9 a.m.—9 p.m.; Sunday 2—5 p.m.

Fort Anne National Historic Park, Annapolis Royal. Earthwork fortifications, historical library, museum, military instruments, pioneers' effects. Hours to June 1, 9 a.m.—noon, 1.30—5 p.m.; June, September, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; July, August, 9 a.m.—9 p.m.; Sunday, 2—5 p.m.

Grand Pré National Historic Park. Site of Acadian village 1680-1755, site of Longfellow's Evangeline. Replica chapel, museum, Acadian relics, French willows, gardens. Hours, June 5—September 15, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.

Fortress of Louisbourg National Historic Park. Ruins of walled city, military-naval station 1745-1760, museum. Hours, 9.30 a.m.—5 p.m.; Sunday, 2.30—5 p.m.

Cape Breton Highlands National Park. Cabot Trail, natural scenery, recreations, camping. Open year round.

Alexander Graham Bell Museum, Baddeck. Mementoes, models for experiments, aeronautics, teaching deaf, hydrofoil craft, sound recording, medicine, genetics, photophone, telephone. Hours, to June 15, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; June 15—September 16, 9 a.m.—9 p.m.; Sunday, holidays, 2—7 p.m.

Giant MacAskill-Highland Folk Pioneers Museum, St. Anne's. Implements, utensils of giant, early pioneers. Hours, May 24—October 15, 8 a.m.—6 p.m. Closed Sunday.

Wildlife Park, Shubenacadie. Hours, 8 a.m.—sunset.

La Vieille Maison, Meteghan. Old Acadian home, early furnishings. Hours, August, 1.30—5 p.m.

Cleveland House, Wolfville. Art exhibits, historic relics. Hours, July 1—August 31, 2—5.30 p.m.

Fort Edward Blockhouse, Windsor, 1750. June 1—September 30.

Public Gardens, Halifax. Rare flowers, plants, birds.

Victoria Park, Truro. Natural scenery, camping, swimming. Hours, 8 a.m.—midnight.

Ross Thompson House, Shelburne, 1784. Loyalist relics. July 1—September 5, 10 a.m.—noon, 2—5 p.m.

DesBrisayMuseum,Bridgewater. Indian relics, sea curiosities, coins, settlers' effects. Hours, July 1—September 5, 10 a.m.—noon, 2—5 p.m.; Saturday 7—9 p.m.

Ovens Natural Park, Rose Bay. Gold pits, caverns. May—October.

Sunrise Trail Museum, Tatamagouche. Local relics, colonial to confederation. Hours, June 15—September 7, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; Sunday 1—5.30 p.m.

Mining Museum, Stellarton. July—September.

Halifax Citadel National Historic Park. Hilltop fortress 1828-56, earlier fortifications from 1749, Old Town Clock 1803, Army, Navy, Provincial museums.

Maritime Museum of Canada, nautical relics. Hours 9 a.m.—5 p.m.

Experimental Farm, Kentville. Crop experiments, ornamental gardening, bees, poultry, livestock, picnic grounds. Hours 2—7 p.m.

Experimental Farm, Nappan. Hours 8.30 a.m.—5 p.m. Picnic grounds, to 9 p.m.

Uniacke House, Mount Uniacke. Colonial-style country home, 1813, original furnishings. Hours, June 1—September 30, 9.30 a.m.—5.30 p.m.

Clifton Haliburton Memorial Museum, Windsor. Home of Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick stories, 1835, furnishings of period, gardens. Hours, June 1—September 30, 9.30 a.m.—5.30 p.m.

Perkins House, Liverpool. Home of diarist Simeon Perkins, 1762. Hours June 1—September 30, 9.30 a.m.—5.30 p.m.

Nova Scotia Museum of Science, Halifax. Exhibits, planetarium. Hours, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m.—5 p.m.; Sunday, 2.15—4.30 p.m.; one evening per week 7—9 p.m.

Province House, Halifax. Seat of Government, portraits, library. Hours, 8.30 a.m.—5 p.m. Monday—Friday.

Public Archives of Nova Scotia, Dalhousie University campus, Halifax. Historic museum with archives, art gallery, library. Hours, 9 a.m.—5 p.m. Monday—Friday.

City of Halifax Art Museum, Memorial Library, Halifax.

Yarmouth County Historical Society Museum, Yarmouth. Hours, from July 1, 2—5 p.m. Closed Sunday.

NEW BRUNSWICK

New Brunswick Museum, Saint John. Antiquities, marine collection, military uniforms, weapons, pioneers' effects, Indian relics, natural history, Canadian art, library. Hours, 2—5 p.m. except Monday.

Fort Beauséjour, Aulac. Site of French, English forts, earthworks, museum, military relics. Hours, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; Sunday, June, September, 9 a.m.—9 p.m.; Sunday, July, August, 2—9 p.m.

Miramichi Natural History Museum, Chatham.

York-Sunbury Historical Museum, Officers' Square, Fredericton. Military, pioneer relics. Hours, 10 a.m.—noon, 2 p.m.—5 p.m.

Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton (see Art).

Owens Gallery, Mount Allison School of Fine and Applied Arts, Sackville.

Martello Tower, Lancaster. Fortification 1812-14, museum.

Parliament Building, Fredericton. Seat of Government, portraits, **Legislative Library,** Audubon books.

Fundy National Park, Albert County. Recreations, camping, golf, swimming, handicrafts school.

Agricultural Research Station, Fredericton. Crop, livestock experiments, picnic area, ornamental grounds. Hours, May—October, 8 a.m.—sunset.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

P.E.I. National Park, Cavendish. Recreations, camping, golf, swimming, boating, angling, deep-sea fishing.

Garden of the Gulf Museum, Montague. Pioneer relics.

Provincial Building, Charlottetown. Confederation Chamber, site of preliminary conference, 1864, seat of Provincial Government.

Robert Harris Memorial Art Gallery, Charlottetown.

Green Gables, Cavendish. Farm house made famous by L. M. Montgomery.

Woodleigh Replicas, Kensington. Model churches, castles, houses. Hours, Monday—Saturday 8 a.m.—10 p.m.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Confederation Building, St. John's. Seat of Government, government offices.

Newfoundland Museum, St. John's. Indian relics, Eskimo artifacts, industrial exhibits, ship models, military relics, fort models. Hours, 10 a.m.—12.30 p.m.; 2.30—5 p.m. Closed Sunday, holidays.

Terra Nova National Park, Bonavista South.

Signal Hill National Historic Park, St. John's. Cabot tower, Marconi Monument, fortifications.

OTHER EVENTS

NOVA SCOTIA

NOVEMBER

14 **Frau William Hall,** Audubon Lecture on Puerto Rico, Acadia University, Wolfville.

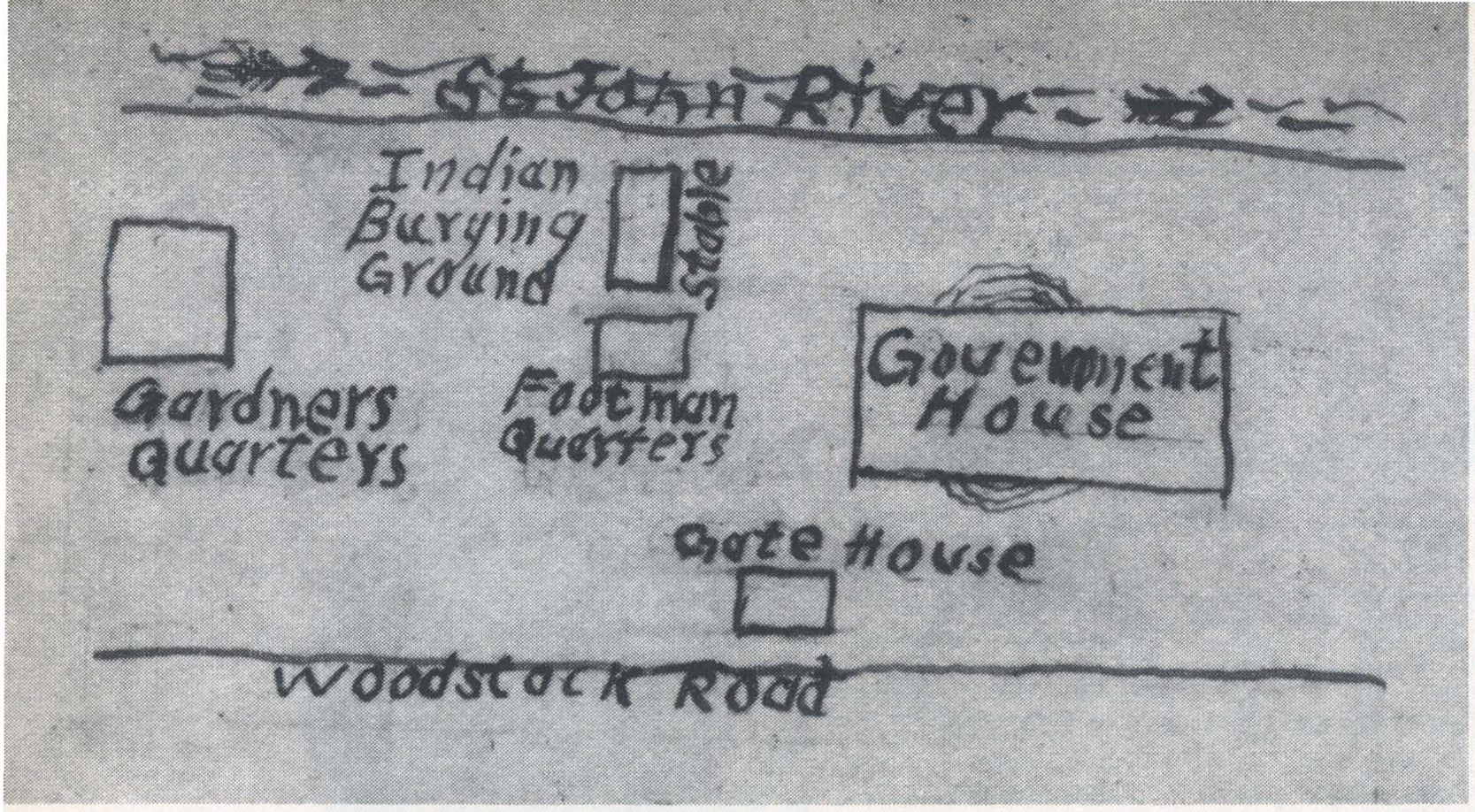
DECEMBER

2, 5, 6 **Prof. P. N. S. Mansergh,** Reid lectures on South Africa.

NEW BRUNSWICK

NOVEMBER

17 **Rotary radio auction,** Fredericton.



LETTERS (*Continued from page 8*)

Indian Burying Ground

Sir:

The letter from P. B. Cox regarding the Indian Treaty, in the October issue, brought back old memories.

I was born in Fredericton in 1885 and lived there until 1926. As a small boy, with others, I played around the old Government House and grounds after the Provincial Government decided to discontinue the upkeep of a Governor's residence.

There is one portion of the grounds that was referred to as the Indian burying ground. See the rough sketch of the grounds, from memory. I hope this may be helpful to P. B. Cox.

A. J. O'NEILL
709 Spadina Avenue
Toronto, Ontario

Halifax Rifles

Sir:

Regarding "Oldest Regiments", I was very interested to read the letter of J. G. Quigley on the above subject in your October issue.

In my collection of old newspaper items I have come across an article in *The Albion* of New York City, issue of December 19th, 1829, entitled "Presentation of Colours". It is apparently copied from the *Halifax Royal Gazette* of October 14th, 1829.

It says in part: "This interesting ceremony took place on Tuesday last, when a pair of new Colours, lately obtained from London, were presented to the 3rd Halifax Regiment of Militia, commanded by Lt. Col. John Leander Starr.

"The Regiment was formed into three sides of a square, and the colours were brought to the parade ground, under escort of the volunteer Rifle Company attached to the above Regiment (a fine company of young men dressed in a neat and becoming uniform) and placed in the centre of the square, when that company formed on the line of the fourth side. The colours were then consecrated by the Rev. J. T. Twining, D. D., by solemn and appropriate prayers, after which they were delivered to the Lt. Col. Commanding, by Lt. Col. Cochran, Inspecting Field Officer, with an address, [beginning]

" . . . I am commissioned by the Right Honourable Lady Sarah Maitland, to express her Ladyship's regret, at being prevented from attending on this interesting occasion, by the illness of his Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland . . . "

I am finding *The Atlantic Advocate* of absorbing interest. Recent articles which have taken my fancy were those on the *Bounty* and on William Cobbett.

J. ALEX. EDMISON, Q.C.
Member, National Parole Board
Ottawa, Ont.

United Funds

Sir:

Those of us in United Funds in the Maritimes and particularly those of us here in Saint John were most delighted to see the very fine story on United Funds in the October 1960 issue of *The Atlantic Advocate*.

The article by Joan Watson showed the extent of the movement in the Atlantic Provinces. It also pointed out the fact that each combined fund-raising endeavour is geared to local needs and administered in each local area by its own citizen volunteers. The progress of this movement is enhanced by the interpretation your very excellent publication has given it.

Again, our own personal thanks to you for your interest in our efforts.

HENRY E. STEAGMAYER,
Executive Director,
United Fund
of Greater Saint John Inc.
80 Prince William St.
Saint John, N.B.

On the Map

Sir:

Each of your issues is better and you have done more to put the Atlantic Provinces on the map than any publication I know, besides which I feel that the calibre of your writings is *nulli secundus*, always a pleasure to receive, read and pass along.

PETER M. SEELEY
P. O. Box 516
Oklawaha, Florida

Discrimination

Sir:

Permit me to express my appreciation for your October editorial "Atlantic Conference". It interpreted the Rand report correctly and evaluated the views of such economists as Professor Cairncross accurately.

Apparently, canals and causeways can be built in this area only if they are economically feasible, but no such criterion is needed for pipelines and irrigation schemes elsewhere. Since 1867 we have endured brazen and blatant discrimination while central Canada exploited us through tariffs. The time for a show-down has arrived. As a start, the Rand report should be burned. Its defeatism is reminiscent of Gordon's lugubrious lamentations. It shouldn't take two Royal Commissions to tell the unemployed that they might do better to move. You are to be commended for coming down hard on the Rand report, when others are using the soft pedal. Inter-provincial trade must cease being a one-way street.

F. A. LEWIS,
100 Shirley Street,
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Sir Robert Bond

Sir:

I see your "letters" are extensive.

Anything that affects the welfare of the Maritimes has my interest. Arthur Johnson has a good background. He descended from an English Anglican minister. I think his uncle was once a colleague of the "Grand Old Man" of Newfoundland and he afterward became a judge of our Supreme Court, "Judie Johnson". I was once his agent in a polling booth.

The first introduction of the secret ballot was by Sir Robert Bond and he personally showed me how to act as Poll Clerk.

It may not be generally known, but when Sir Robert Bond died, he left his home and a large amount of land to his Country, to start a model farm, and one of the conditions was that the Newfoundland Government *must* employ, as director of that farm, a trained agriculturist recommended by the Canadian Department of Agriculture. The Government in power at his death refused to accept his magnificent gift.

MALCOLM PELLY
Pelly's Brickyard
via Milton Post Office
Newfoundland

CANADIAN ROBIN

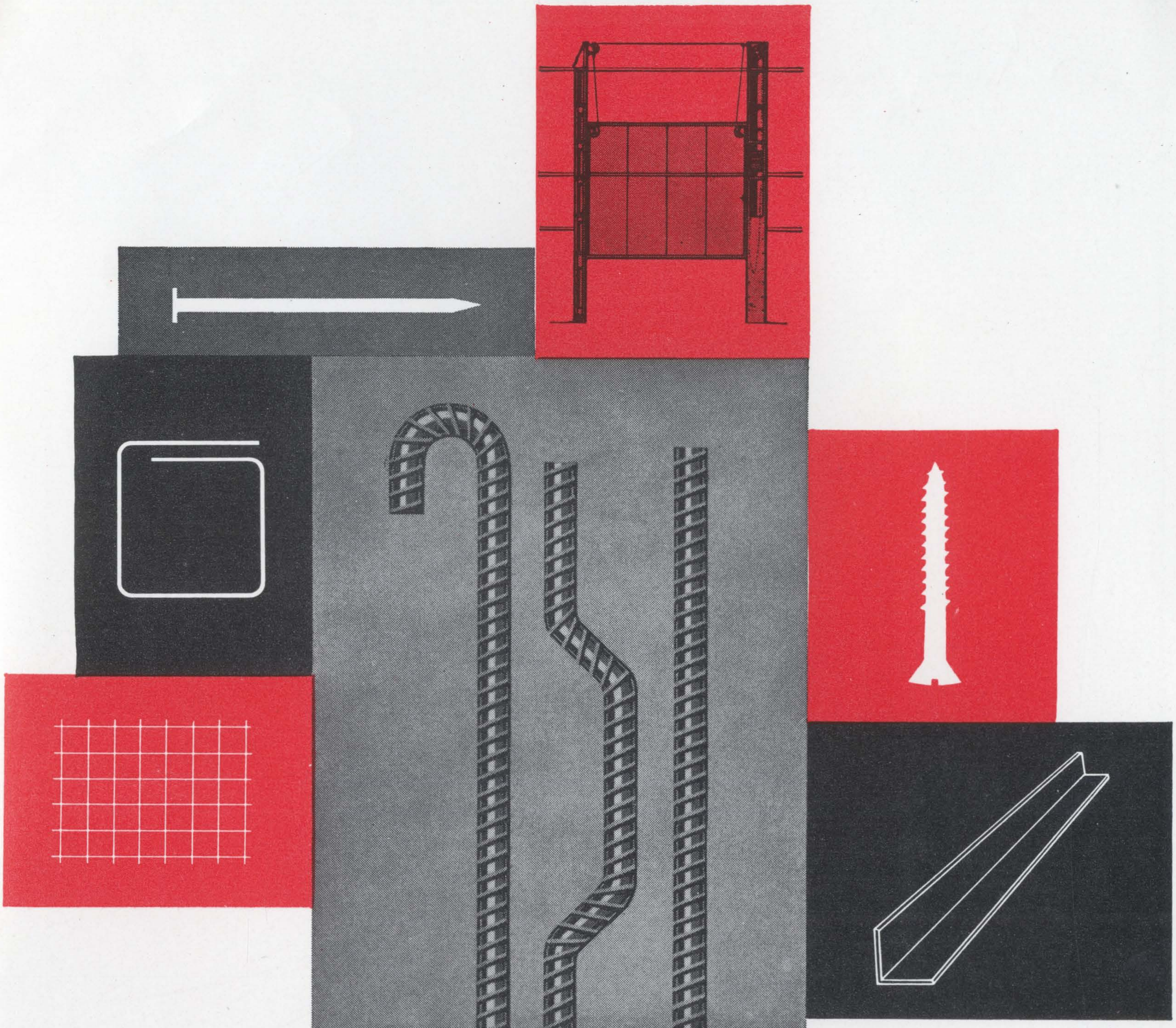
Atop my garden fence of old split rail
A friendly robin perches,
Bright-costumed actor, gay before the pale
Backdrop of white-barked birches.

He's not a robin truly, not the brisk,
Round mite with chest vermilion,
Star of the old-world winter scene where frisk
Small birds in winged cotillion.

This bird's a thrush! His clear, insistent song
Fanfares the spring migration.
He wears his brick-red waistcoat summer long.
Quite plainly no relation!

No robin? There, so near us, unafraid,
His rusty red breast gleaming?
How else should settlers name this friend new-made,
Met while of old friends dreaming?

D. KERMODE PARR



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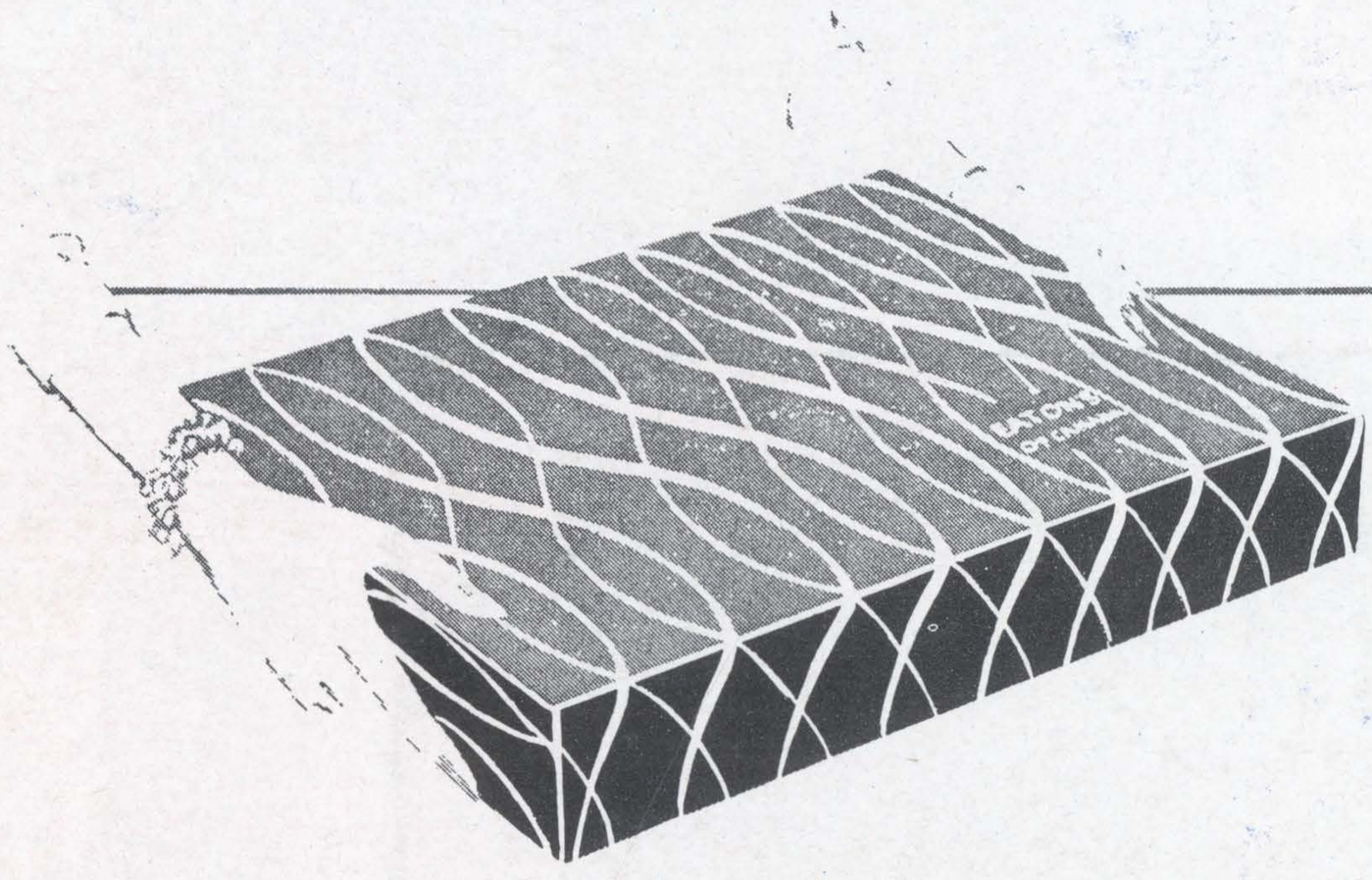

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